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# CONTENTS.


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA . . . . . | 1 |
| ISABELLA OF ANGOULEME, Queen of John of England . | 2 |
| MARGUERITE OF FRANCE, Second Queen of Edward the First | 16 |
| ISABELLA OF FRANCE, Queen of Edward the Second . . | 33 |
| ANNE OF BOHEMIA, First Queen of Richard the Second . | 47 |
| CATHARINE, Consort of Henry the Fifth . . . . | 62 |
| MARGARET OF ANJOU, Queen of Henry the Sixth . . | 100 |
| ELIZABETH OF YORK, Queen of Henry the Seventh . . | 133 |
| KATHARINE OF ARRAGON, Queen of Henry the Eighth . | 159 |
| MARY THE FIRST, Queen Regnant of England . . . | 200 |
| ELIZABETH, Queen Regnant . . . . . | 254 |
| ANNE, Queen of James the First . . . . . | 282 |


41X1281

# LIST OF PLATES.


| | ARTISTS | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA | SIR W. ROSS | 1 |
| ISABELLA OF ANGOULEME | A. BOUVIER | 2 |
| MARGUERITE OF FRANCE | E. CORBOULD | 16 |
| ISABELLA OF FRANCE | J. W. WRIGHT | 33 |
| ANNE OF BOHEMIA | A. BOUVIER | 47 |
| CATHARINE | A. BOUVIER | 62 |
| MARGARET OF ANJOU | A. BOUVIER | 100 |
| ELIZABETH OF YORK | E. CORBOULD | 133 |
| KATHARINE OF ARRAGON | F. NEWENHAM | 159 |
| MARY THE FIRST | A. BOUVIER | 200 |
| ELIZABETH | E. CORBOULD | 254 |
| ANNE | H. WARREN | 282 |

# The Book of Beauty.

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ON THE PORTRAIT

OF

## HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY H. F. CHORLEY.

'Tis a mad masque of Kings! Some driven a-field,
Into lone corners wan and beggared steal;
Some robed in tinsel to their subjects kneel,
Who smite them down while piteously they yield.
But thou, Our Queen! behind thine ample shield
Of British arms that dare and hearts that feel,
Shalt sit unmoved, though the Earth round thee reel,
And the old depths of Chaos are unsealed.
True wife, fond mother, hold secure thine own,
Though fierce the forkèd lightnings round thee move;
Thou hast as warders of thine island-throne
Justice and Wisdom, Charity and Love!
They need not fear the darkest clouds above
To whom the place divine of every star is known.[1]

*August* 1848.

[1] This thought is Mr. Carlyle's.

# ISABELLA OF ANGOULEME,

## QUEEN OF JOHN OF ENGLAND.

BY HENRY CURLING,

AUTHOR OF "SHAKSPEARE: THE LOVER, THE POET, THE ACTOR, THE MAN."

Few things can be more melancholy to contemplate than the spectacle of a lovely and high-born woman wedded to a mean, selfish, and unworthy husband. It is, indeed, sufficiently disagreeable to picture such a circumstance even in our own dull, calculating, and money-getting age, but when we look backward "into the abysm of time," and during the bright era of chivalrous deeds, and, even in such a period, behold a high-born lady wedded to misery in such a form—to see her "perked up in a glistering grief, and wearing a golden sorrow," the spectacle is doubly melancholy.

Isabella of Angoulême is, for the most part, known to the historian only as the consort of our English John, one of the meanest, most cruel, and evil-disposed monarchs that ever wore the circlet of royalty upon his brow.

That most facetious of volumes, humorously called the "History of England" (as Fielding describes it), has in its pages the following passage relating to this lady:—"John, when secure, as he imagined, on the side of France, indulged his passion for Isabella, the daughter and heir of Aymer Taillefer, count of Angoulême, a lady with whom he had become much enamoured." This is a somewhat brief notice of this beautiful and high-born female,—albeit,

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the romance of real life has been seldom better exemplified than in her history.

Beautiful as an Eastern houri, and living in an age when women were worshipped by the knightly and the noble, Isabella had been brought up to the anticipation of a bright fortune and a brilliant fate. The glittering knight, in arms of proof, had scarcely dared to cast "a far-off look" towards one so elevated. The feast, the tourney, and the lighted hall, had been the sphere in which she had moved from childhood's hour — cradled in ermined luxury, lulled to sleep by the soft strains of minstrelsy, which were wafted from "the perfumed chambers of the great," up to the fifteenth year of her age she scarcely knew adversity by name. The "ill-weaned ambition" of her parents, and her own wayward disposition, however, made shipwreck of all her fair prospects, and she lived to find that misery may be the portion of those even who attain the highest station existing in this sublunary world.

Her fate, indeed, might well serve as a warning to all parents who seek the aggrandisement of their offspring at the expense of every feeling of truth and honour. Isabella, as we have before said, was the only child of the Count of Angoulême; her mother, Alice de Courtenay, being the daughter of the fifth son of Louis the Sixth, king of France, and her inheritance was that lovely province named the Angoumois, in Aquitaine.[1]

In infancy her parents had contracted this fair and rich heiress to Hugh de Lusignan, a noble gentleman, brave and handsome as he was powerful, and who, through his influence as eldest son of the reigning Count de la Marche, governor of those provinces forming the northern boundary of the Aquitanian dominions, then called French Poitou,

[1] These domains were bounded by Périgord on the south, Poitou on the north, Saintonge on the west, and Limousin on the east. In the language of the time, fair and excelling was the province, and radiant and exquisite was its heiress.

could at any time raise the *ban* and *arrière-ban*, and pour the chivalry of a large portion of France on the southern provinces.

This match was, at the time of its contraction, considered an eligible one for the heiress, and she was accordingly, after the custom of the period, with all ceremonious observance, delivered over by her parents to the care and custody of her betrothed, and placed by him in one of his strong fortresses, where she remained strongly guarded, and with a brilliant retinue, up to the age of fifteen.

At this period of her life, however, it would appear that her parents suddenly conceived a project of advancing her to higher honours than her connexion with the family of Lusignan promised, and, taking into consideration the effect her beauty was likely to make upon a royal lover, to introduce her to "the majesty of England," just at that time about to receive their homage for the province of the Angoumois. They accordingly, in the absence of Lusignan, sent for the fair Isabella; and the brother of the count, in whose charge she had been left, deceived by their message, and hardly knowing how to deny the visit of the heiress to her own parents, suffered her to depart from his custody.

The first time of John's casting his evil eye upon this fair creature was at a festival soon afterwards held on occasion of the English monarch being recognised as sovereign of Aquitaine; and that glance was decisive of the fate of Isabella. The fierce king saw, and was instantly struck by her wondrous beauty; and, ever impetuous in all his motions, he suddenly—although he knew of her betrothment, and was himself married to Avisa, the grandaughter of Robert of Gloucester,[1]—offered her his hand.

[1] Avisa was the youngest of the three daughters of John's uncle, Robert, earl of Gloucester; but the Church forbade the pair to live together. She was never either crowned or acknowledged queen.

There can be but little doubt that Isabella was attached to her affianced husband; but urged by her parents in John's favour, she was unable to withstand the dazzling splendour of the crown. The island monarch, with the Lion of England emblazoned from seam to seam upon his surcoat, knelt at her feet, and, as he was then untainted by the horrible crimes which afterwards stained his name, she forgot her former vows.

John at this time was thirty-two, and Isabella just turned fifteen; and as the lady's parents managed matters so as to evade her return to the custody of her betrothed, she was married to her royal lover at Bordeaux in the month of August 1200. The Archbishop of Bordeaux and the Bishop of Poitou, who both assisted at the ceremony, declaring that no impediment existed to the union.

The ire of the gallant Lusignan on being informed of this marriage was great. Dearly had he loved the fair creature whose infancy he had so affectionately guarded; and her being thus dishonourably ravished from his custody, and bestowed upon one he knew to be unscrupulous and diabolical in disposition, rendered his feelings doubly acute. In his rage he at first sent a cartel to the English king, and defied him to mortal combat. John, however, affected to laugh at the message, and, whilst he sheltered himself beneath his crown, forgot his knightly spurs. "If," said he, "the Count of Lusignan wishes the combat, I will find and appoint a champion to do battle for me, but I decline in my own person to oppose him;" and so, as the valiant Marcher found it impossible for his sword to reach his more powerful rival, he wisely sheathed it, and resolved to bide his time. "A champion appointed by the unscrupulous king," he said, "would be either some mercenary ruffian or a common stabber, unworthy of my weapon."

Meantime, whilst the bereaved knight lamented over

his fate, John, with a brilliant retinue of knights and ladies fair, in triumph carried off the fair bride to England,—

"Bloody England! into England gone, o'erbearing opposition."

The coronation of John and Isabella took place at Westminster on the 8th of October, 1201, and, until "grim-visaged War" roused them from their voluptuous pleasures, they spent their hours in continued feasting and revelry. Perhaps this brief interval of pleasure was in reality the only period of comparative happiness the consort of John was fated to enjoy, as, after that, the thick-coming events which disturbed his uneasy throne, and his own villanous acts, kept the royal pair in a continual state of warfare and discomfort.

Arthur Plantagenet, supported by Sir Guy of Thouars, who had married the Duchess Constance of Brittany, just then asserted his claim to the crown; and whilst this startling piece of news disturbed the joys of the royal pair came further intelligence, that the wrathful Lusignan, together with his brother, the powerful Count of Eu, were raising Poitou.

Under these circumstances John and his bride, in all haste, embarked for Normandy, and establishing their court at Rouen (a town which afterwards obtained a dreadful notoriety for its being the place where Prince Arthur was murdered), resolved to grapple with the coming dangers.

The pleasures of the world, however, and the companionship of his lovely wife, so beguiled the time, that the king neglected after his arrival all necessary preparation, and, as was his wont, spent the hours, which should have been dedicated to sterner matters, in feasts and lighted halls. His days were, for the most part, passed in bed—his nights in riot, drunkenness, and debauchery. From these fierce vanities he was again suddenly aroused by news

that "the mother-queen," Eleanor of Aquitaine, was assailed at her castle of Mirabel, in Poitou, by the forces of Count Hugh of Lusignan and Prince Arthur—news which for once seemed to arouse the Plantagenet spirit of this *fainéant* king. He was "like lightning in the eyes of France," and, traversing with incredible speed towards his design, appeared so unexpectedly before Mirabel that he struck a panic into the hearts of his foes. Isabella had now the misery of watching a conflict between the forces of her husband and the man she really loved—of learning, at the same time that she heard of Arthur's defeat and capture, that her old lover was in the hands of the cruel John.

That her tears and entreaties for his welfare prevailed in Lusignan's favour with the tyrant John there can be little doubt; as, although he treated him with the grossest indignity, even carrying him in a tumbril-cart, bound hand and foot, in triumph through the country, yet he spared his life; whilst others of the insurgent barons of Poitou, having been conveyed to England, were consigned to a miserable end in Corfe Castle, being shut up in a dungeon and starved to death there by the king's especial order.

Bitterly now must Isabella have repented her splendid match, for the temper of John was gradually growing more morose and violent. Murder was upon the king's mind while Arthur lived, and the fiends of Jealousy and Avarice quickly followed the dire deed by which he had rid himself of his rival. Her former lover she felt was in jeopardy, and passed his weary hours in one of the dungeons of Bristol Castle, at the same time the lovely sister of the murdered Arthur (surnamed the Pearl of Brittany) was also a prisoner there. It is hardly to be supposed that a woman could long live the companion of such a fiend as John without eventually becoming the worse for such companionship, and we accordingly find reason for suspecting that the once innocent mind of the fair Isabella became in some sort infected and depraved.

John, whose evil disposition had been kept in check by the fierce Eleanor, after her death seemed to have more fully displayed himself; and as Isabella, perhaps, found it impossible to influence him to any good, she seemed rather to have given in to his way of life, and all but encouraged his evil propensities, until, as he began to weary of her, she herself became the object of his harsh and brutal treatment.

Our limits permit not of dilation upon the many events of John's reign, in which his queen must have participated with him in his troubles, jealousies, and fears. To have been the depository even of the secrets of such a husband would have been in itself sufficiently terrible; and there were times when remorse of conscience so troubled John that in his fits of despondency his savage temper seemed to eat into his own heart. At such moments how must the faithless beauty have wept over her fate, and regretted the ambition which led her to barter the rosy chaplet of true love for a crown of thorns!

The minds and dispositions of women at this period, in every rank of life, would appear to have been formed of somewhat sterner stuff than in our own more peaceable times, or they could never have borne up against the dreadful doings constantly exhibited before them.

The horrors Isabella of Angoulême must have almost daily witnessed during the cruel sway of John, one would have thought sufficient to drive her from his side, in place of which she seems to have borne the society of the monster with wonderful fortitude. It is not our purpose, however, in this memoir to dwell upon horrors further than truth obliges us, and we will therefore pass over some of the acts committed whilst the fair Isabella was fated to be the companion of the felon king. Suffice it, then, that amongst the changeful events of the world, the bereaved lover and the unscrupulous husband, actually entering into a sort of "half-faced fellowship," sailed together from England for the purpose of reducing Poitou to subjection; and, in conse-

quence of their seeming reconciliation, the principal part of southern France again owned the sway of the Plantagenet king. After his return to England, Isabella seems to have somehow fallen under the suspicion of her liege lord. Himself in the constant habit of invading the honour of the female nobility, he scrupled not to listen to the reports of those dishonest knaves whom he about this time hired to watch the queen. Under the influence of jealousy he committed an act which even in a romance would scarcely pass current. He caused some of the hired bravoes, whom it was his pleasure to keep in pay and attendance, to waylay and murder no less than three persons against whom his suspicions were raised; and in order to strike terror into the heart of Isabella, he managed matters so that she discovered their dead bodies hanging over her bed. Soon after which, being herself arrested and placed under restraint, she lived for some days in constant fear of assassination. We now find the queen, when released and reconciled to her husband, subjected to another species of annoyance, in consequence of an alliance being again entered into between her former lover and her husband for the subjection of the revolted provinces.

The count, it appears, refused his aid unless John gave him his eldest daughter, then an infant, to wife—an atonement, as he said, for having robbed him of the mother in former years; and John actually delivered over to Lusignan's custody Isabella's infant daughter, Joanna, in order that she might be placed in one of his castles, as her mother had been before her.

After this somewhat trying event, the queen found herself suddenly superseded in the affections of her consort by Matilda,[1] the lovely daughter of Lord Fitzwalter; and Isabella was again imprisoned in order to keep her out of

[1] John was very susceptible of love at first sight it would appear, for he was captivated by every pretty face he saw.

the way. Fitzwalter was a noble specimen of his order. He deeply resented the insult offered to his family by John, and after the tyrant had murdered Matilda, the irate baron flew to arms, and was the primary cause of the French invading England.

Isabella, soon after this tragical episode, was again released from confinement, and intrusted with the custody of her son Prince Henry, the heir to the crown, and with the remainder of her children she took up her abode at Gloucester.

At this period of England's history it is easy to surmise that the life of the queen,—albeit she was, by the imminent state of the times, released from the presence of her husband,—could not have been very easy. Civil butchery, foreign invasion, and every consequence upon misgovernment and eluded laws, were in full sway.

> "Now powers *from* home and discontents *at* home,
> Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
> (As doth a raven on a sick fallen beast),
> The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
> A thousand businesses were brief in hand,
> And Heaven itself did frown upon the land."

After the death of John, which took place whilst she remained at Gloucester, Isabella seems to have roused herself to action, and assumed somewhat of the stern, resolved deportment of her fierce mother-in-law. Hitherto she had been of a yielding disposition, but she now put on the mother-queen, and exerted herself to meet the exigencies of the uncivil times.

Immediately on receiving the news of John's death, in all haste she assembled her followers, and together with the noble Pembroke[1] sallied from the castle and proclaimed her

[1] This presents a very noble picture to the mind's eye. The gallant Pembroke, "with all true duty," attending the boy king and his beautiful mother at such a time.

son Henry king in the streets of Gloucester; and a few days afterwards,—albeit the whole kingdom, and even the town itself, was divided as to the succession,—she caused the boy king to be crowned in the Cathedral. At this coronation, so hastily performed, a curious circumstance took place, and which sufficiently marked the spirit of the period. John, it would appear, a short time before his death, whilst marching with his hastily-levied powers across the seashore from Lynn to Lincolnshire, had lost the crown from his helmet. With his usual ill-luck he had chosen an improper time for passing the flats, and the rising tide swallowed up all his baggage and treasure. Shakspere beautifully alludes to this incident in his play of "King John." He makes Faulconbridge tell the story:—

> "I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night
> Passing these flats were taken by the tide:
> These Lincoln washes have devoured them;
> Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped."

In consequence of this loss, and the regal crown being in London, the queen, dreading the danger of delay, plucked the collar she usually wore from her throat, and the young king was crowned with it.

After England was restored to some sort of quietude Isabella returned to her native country. She was now thirty-four years of age, and although the mother of several children, still reputed the most beautiful woman of her time.

If we look to the events which followed the queen's sojourn in her native land, we shall be still more confirmed in opinion that she had never forgotten her first love, since she in a very short time became the successful rival of her own daughter Joanna, then but seven years of age; and in the year 1220, without leave or license of the king or his council, she re-married her former intended spouse, the affianced husband of her child, Lusignan, count de la Marche.

This marriage, contracted without his leave, so offended King Henry, her son, that he withheld her dower from her; and, although but fourteen years old, as their quarrel proceeded, with his own hand he wrote a letter to the Pope requesting him to excommunicate both his mother and father-in-law. To this somewhat unscrupulous request from so young a king the Pope wisely demurred. The thunders of the Vatican were not to be lightly used, and they had indeed been of late frequently hurled both on France and England. On inquiring into the cause of the quarrel, his Holiness accordingly conceived that matters might be easily made whole by "very easy arguments of love;" and, after a somewhat lengthened correspondence, a match was made up between the young king of Scots and "little Joan Makepeace," as she was afterwards called: the Scottish king receiving back his two sisters, who had previously been pawned to King John for a considerable sum of money.

Her early marriage and association with the vile John, whose character was a complication of vices as mean and odious as they were ruinous to himself and destructive to his subjects, appear to have had their effect upon the disposition and temper of Isabella in after-life. She was now married to one whom she had long regretted and still loved; but, woman-like, she felt dissatisfied with the more lowly estate to which she was necessarily reduced. She found it impossible to forget her former grandeur as Queen of England. The horrors of the situation she was willing to banish from her mind whilst she clung to its state and dignity. More especially was she incensed and annoyed on finding herself obliged to yield place and precedence to a female whose rank she considered inferior to her own. And this overweening pride eventually proved her ruin. Louis of France had created his brother Alphonzo count of Poictiers, and as possessor of Poitou Isabella's husband was obliged to do homage to him. This was wormwood to the

countess-queen; and her rage and disdain were increased tenfold when she found that Jane of Toulouse, the wife of Alphonzo, in like manner took precedence of herself. In her ire she stirred up her husband to throw off his allegiance to the French king, and involve himself in a most disastrous war, and from that moment the fate of both was sealed. Defeat followed defeat, and, notwithstanding the unlucky count was aided by Henry of England, to whom he had, at his wife's instigation, transferred his allegiance, the valiant Marcher found himself obliged to send his young son Hugh to sue for pardon from Louis.

This disastrous issue of her "pride and purposes" it might have reasonably been supposed would have humbled the spirit of Isabella. Such, however, was not the case. She seems, on the contrary, to have treasured up a secret feeling of revenge against the French monarch, and suborned some of her followers to attempt his life by poison.

Doubts have been thrown, by some writers, upon Isabella's participation in this attempt; but as she fled for sanctuary to the Abbey of Fontevraud immediately after the arrest of the assassins, and as they accused her in confession, there is sufficient cause to suspect her guilt. In the meantime, whilst she remained in sanctuary, her husband and her son Hugh were both seized by direction of the French king, and ordered to be brought to trial for participation in the diabolical attempt. Lusignan repelled the charge *in toto*. He demanded the duel, and defied Alphonzo, his accuser, vowing he would prove the innocence of himself and family in the lists. Alphonzo, however, declined putting the issue of his life and truth on such a venture. He backed out of the meeting upon the plea that a traitor like the Count de la Marche was unfit to meet a true knight. Isabella's youthful son, Hugh, upon this evasion, also rebutted the charge, and offered himself as an

antagonist. At first this second challenge was accepted, but eventually declined, by Alphonzo, whose courage seems to have been none of the greatest. He stigmatised the young Marcher as infamous, in common with his whole family; and, being backed up by place and power, he maintained his point, and evaded the encounter.

When the news of this slur upon the characters of her husband and son was brought to Isabella at Fontevraud, she felt that her worldly career was over. Her pride was already half subdued by close confinement in the secret chamber to which she had been consigned; grief and remorse did the rest. She felt that by her evil counsels she had deprived her husband of his patrimony, and nearly ruined her family; and the remainder of her life was passed in penance and prayer; and assuming the veil, she soon afterwards died. At her own request she was buried without pomp or ceremony in a lowly grave amongst the sisterhood of the abbey.

Three years after her death the Count de la Marche was seen amongst those who followed the expedition of the French king to Damietta,—

> "The cross upon his shoulder borne
> Battle and blast had dimm'd and torn."

According to Montfaucon, he fell fighting against the infidel in the same ranks with his old enemy, Alphonzo count of Poictiers.

And thus died Isabella of Angoulême and the Count de la Marche. Both may be said to have felt the evil influence of the bad John, and, through him, misspent their whole lives. Isabella left behind her a reputation for exceeding beauty, and pride as great; and from her having been the cause of the war of precedence—if it may be so called,—she was nicknamed by the French and Poictevins "Jezebel of Angoulême."

Previous to his departure for the Holy Land, the unlucky

Count de la Marche had bequeathed all his younger sons and his daughter Alice to Henry III. His eldest son, Hugh, who had so manfully asserted the innocence of his family, succeeded to both his father's patrimony and also to his mother's fair inheritance. Henry accepted the trust, and amply provided for his half-brothers and sister. The latter he gave in marriage to the Earl of Warren.

# MARGUERITE OF FRANCE,

## SECOND QUEEN OF EDWARD I.

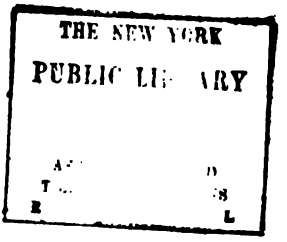
BY MISS POWER.

In perusing the annals of England, we find in but too many instances that the unions of our monarchs with French princesses were productive of but little happiness either to themselves or to their people. Although history does not dilate very largely on the life and character of Marguerite,—her star probably being somewhat shaded by the glories and adventures of her husband, the statesman and warrior, and by the brilliant virtues and noble qualities of her predecessor, Eleanora the Faithful,[1]—we have sufficient evidence to prove that, in this instance at least, the remark does not apply. It seems, however, that there is some reason to suspect that in this second marriage of "Sire Edward," he had a somewhat narrow escape of faring but little better in a French alliance than certain of his progenitors and successors.

The disconsolate monarch, who passed the earlier period of his widowerhood in devising and executing the most splendid memorials of his beloved Eleanor, whose death

[1] Speed gives us the following eulogy on the memory of this queen:—"To our Nation she was a loving mother, and (saith one[a]) the Columne and pillar (as it were) of the whole Realme. In her honour the K. her husband (who loved her above all worldly creatures) caused those many famous trophies, or crosses, to bee erected wheresoever her noble Coarse did rest, as it was conveyed from Lincolneshire to buriall in Westminster. Nor could anything but the respect to other weightie matters, now presently in hand, withhold our pen from paying to her memory a farre more copious commendation."

[a] "Thomas Walsingham."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"he lamented while himselfe did live," having left nothing undone that affection and grief could suggest to do honour to her manes, sunk from a state of restless and active affliction to one of the most profound and morbid melancholy. Accustomed for years to the fond companionship, the soothing attentions, the wise counsels, and the ready sympathy of the most faultless of wives, he pined in his lonely wretchedness; and though actively engaged in the commencement of that war with Scotland, which with little intermission occupied the remaining years of his reign, not all the cares and unceasing anxieties attendant upon his position could drive from his heart the brooding sorrow that preyed upon him, until at last, unable longer to endure this state of solitary woe, he turned to the resource so frequently adopted alike by those who seek to repair a cruel loss, or to indemnify themselves for past annoyances in the matrimonial state, by the possession of an object which they anticipate will secure their future felicity in that condition.

Edward, therefore, began at last to turn his thoughts towards a second alliance, and hearing much of the charms of Blanche,[1] daughter of Philippe le Hardi, the late, and sister of Philippe le Bel, the present king of France, he sent ambassadors to ascertain whether the reputation she had acquired was merited, and, such being the case, to treat for her hand. The reports of her exquisite beauty being so fully confirmed by those deputed to judge the point, that she was pronounced to be faultlessly lovely,—

"Creature fairer none might be,"—

Edward became so enamoured of her yet unseen perfections, that he entered upon the terms for the marriage with a haste and want of caution greatly out of keeping with his usual wise and thoughtful mode of proceeding.

Philippe le Bel, crafty and unprincipled, resolved to take advantage of his intended brother-in-law's anxiety to

[1] Piers of Langtoft.

complete the match, and declared that before he would consent, Edward must settle the duchy of Guienne on any son he might have by Blanche, after which it was to descend to the heirs of this son, finally reverting to England in the event of a failure of issue in that line. To this the king agreed, and surrendered the duchy to Philip according to the forms of feudal tenure, which demanded that the French king should be put in seisin of the province for the term of forty days to enable him to make a new feoffment of it to Edward, to be held by him during his life, afterwards descending to his posterity as stated above. But independent of the charms of Blanche, Edward had another reason for desiring the match—his wish to be at peace with France. Edward and Philip had been at issue since the preceding year, owing originally to a quarrel[1] between an English and a Norman sailor, who meeting at a well at Bayonne, disputed about their precedence in drawing water, and coming to blows, the Norman drew a dagger, which the Englishman endeavouring to wrest from him, a struggle ensued, wherein the Norman fell upon his own weapon and was killed on the spot. This had given rise to a series of contentions which were encouraged by Philip; and although the most reasonable terms that were consistent with his dignity had been offered by Edward for a reconciliation, he long refused to listen to them. At length, after much parley, a treaty was entered into by Edmund earl of Lancaster, brother to Edward, who, having married Blanche, queen of Navarre, mother to Jeanne, the consort of Philip, was in a position to treat between the two monarchs; his endeavours were seconded by these two queens, and also by Queen Marie, widow of Philippe le Hardi; and the affair terminated, as we perceive, by the arrangements for the marriage of Edward and Blanche, leading to the treacherous retention of Guienne by Philip. But this was not enough;

[1] Carte.

for in the treaty the name of the beautiful Blanche was erased, and that of her younger sister Marguerite,—a mere child, of whose charms but little account is given,—substituted.[1]

The cause of this second act of bad faith seems to have been, that Philip saw a prospect of his lovely sister's becoming Empress of Austria, by a marriage with Rodolphe, eldest son of the emperor, Albert I., to whom she was betrothed in 1299. Six years afterwards she died, leaving a reputation which leads us to infer that she would have been infinitely less calculated to ensure Edward's domestic felicity than the gentle and unpretending Marguerite.

A fierce war was the inevitable result of these shameless acts of injustice and treachery; and when Edward had with much trouble and at a vast expense raised an army, and bought, or otherwise obtained, the assistance of various princes, to regain his territory of Guienne, he was suddenly compelled to turn his attention to Wales, where an insurrection, which soon became general, now commenced. This rebellion, which broke out in July 1294, was not quelled till the July of the following year; thus Edward was compelled during that time to carry on two wars together, he himself heading his forces in Wales, while his nephew John de Bretagne, earl of Richmond, John de St. John, and other experienced officers, commanded the forces sent against Philip.

Two years later the war in Scotland called him thither. John Baliol, to whom Edward had awarded the Scottish throne, and who had done homage to him as his superior, taking advantage of the position of England, entered into a secret treaty with France, which Edward discovering, he marched against him with a powerful army to Newcastle-

[1] In most of our authorities, this fact is not stated, the name of Marguerite alone being mentioned as the intended spouse of Edward, but Piers of Langtoft affirms that Blanche was the first betrothed to him, and as he was a contemporary and gives many details that form strong circumstantial evidence, we can hardly admit a doubt of the fact.

on-Tyne. Here the Scots, taking the initiative, attacked him, led on by Robert de Ros, who had deserted from the English monarch. They then proceeded to assault Carlisle and committed various depredations in Cumberland, "which to Edward was not greatly displeasing (as was said), for that the first hostile acts were done by them whom he had a full purpose to subdue, *that at last hee might bee sole in Albion;* which, had not God reserved for other times, wee might wonder he effected not." He, therefore, on their retreat after their failure in the attack on Carlisle, pursued them to Berwick, and summoning the town to surrender, remained quietly before it the next day awaiting their answer.

During this delay, twenty-four ships of the seamen of the Cinque Ports, who, ever ready to take the lead where plunder might be obtained, and imagining that Edward was going at once to proceed to extremities, entered the harbour with such inconsiderate rashness that three or four of their vessels ran aground and were burnt by the enemy. Upon this, Edward's army advanced to the attack, and with much slaughter of the Scots possessed themselves of the town. After this all-important victory—for Berwick might be considered the key of Scotland—Edward continued his prosperous course against Baliol, who, with his nobles, had formally renounced their homage to him. Dunbar, Jedburgh, and Roxburgh, in their turn surrendered; Edinburgh, Stirling, &c., followed; and Baliol, seeing all further resistance was vain, resigned his crown July 10, 1296, and he and his only son were sent prisoners to England. The other nobles, including John Comyn of Badenoch, and the Bruces, father and son, swore fealty to Edward.

Great expenses being incurred by these wars, Edward was compelled to resort to additional taxes to supply his necessities. These were readily granted by all classes except the clergy, who refused to resign the fifth of all their moveables, which they were called upon to contribute: Edward

insisted, upon which Archbishop Winchelsey obtained a bull from Boniface VIII. prohibiting all princes to levy any taxes upon the clergy in their dominions, and forbidding the clergy to pay such taxes in the event of their being imposed, upon pain of excommunication. A violent controversy followed, which ended in Edward's favour, the clergy being deprived of all the privileges common to the rest of his subjects, placed without the protection of the law, and exposed to insults of every kind, till they were fain to concede the point in question.

Hardly was this point settled, when Humphrey de Bohun, earl of Hereford and Essex, constable of England, and Roger Bigod, earl of Norfolk, marshal of England, began to shew strong demonstrations of rebellion, refusing to go to Guienne where the duties of their offices demanded their presence, or to permit the taxes on wool and leather to be levied on their estates. Edward, who was then on the point of setting out for Flanders, and was anxious not to postpone the expedition by taking measures to punish their disobedience, offered them a certain time to reconsider the matter, but they still persisting, he appointed Thomas de Berkeley to fill the office of constable, and Geoffry de Geyneville that of marshal; he became reconciled to Robert de Winchelsey, (who, despite his late resistance, was thought to be a good man and a lover of his country,) thinking thus to prevent a coalition between the clergy and the refractory earls, and recommended his son, Prince Edward, to his care and advice during his absence; he concluded by releasing and restoring to his favour Ralph de Monthermer, a gallant and accomplished gentleman, who had incurred his displeasure by privately marrying Jane, countess of Gloucester, daughter to the king, against his consent, and appointing him to the honour of Gloucester, to be ready to crush Hereford if he attempted to make any demonstrations in the Welsh marches.

Having thus, as he considered, completed his defences,

he embarked for Flanders, where he had hardly arrived when the Scots, headed by William Wallace, once more broke forth into open rebellion, took the castle of Stirling, and slew Hugh de Cressingham, treasurer of Scotland under Edward, "whose dead body for speciall hatred borne unto him the Scots did flea, dividing his skinne among them."[1]

These events imperatively demanded Edward's return. By this time, both he and Philippe le Bel were heartily tired of the expensive and unsatisfactory war they had been carrying on for three years, and being equally desirous of a cessation of hostilities, a truce of two years was appointed, and they agreed to put their quarrel into the hands of the pope and abide by his arbitration. He accordingly directed that Edward should marry Marguerite, and that Edward, prince of Wales, should enter into an agreement to espouse Isabel, Philip's daughter, when she should be of an age to become his wife. In the meanwhile the pope was to hold all the territories possessed by either king in the dominions of the other, till the differences between them and their respective allies should be arranged.

This important matter being thus satisfactorily arranged, Edward finding that the Scots had refused to appear at a parliament summoned at York by his directions, returned with all speed to England; and having transacted much important business in London, he proceeded to Carlisle, where he called a parliament, at which he summoned all the Scotch nobility to appear on pain of being denounced as public enemies. As, however, they neither came nor sent excuses, he appointed all his troops to rendezvous at Roxburgh, where he joined them; and after having more than once changed his destination, owing to various circumstances, he at length encamped on a moor near Linlithgow, on the 21st July, for the night. Here an accident which caused an alarm

[1] Speed.

through the whole camp occurred; this event is differently related by historians, but we give it in the words of Speed: "The next morning a terrible shout being heard from the Scottish host, the English ranne to armes; but the king's horse (affrighted with the sodaine tumultuous noise), as he was putting foot in stirrup, threw him to the earth, and striking with the hinder heeles, brake two of his ribs; who neverthelesse, upon the same horse, proceeded in person to the battell,"— not a mean feat for a king past sixty! A signal victory was the reward of Edward's prowess, after which he returned to Carlisle, taking the castle of Lochmaben in his way.

After this Edward confirmed many laws and liberties to his people; and the truce with France being extended into a settled peace, preparations were made for the marriage of the king and his youthful bride, now in her seventeenth year. She came over and landed at Dover, accompanied by the Duke de Bourgogne, as also several attendants and maids of honour, and the wedding took place at Canterbury, the ceremony being performed by Robert de Winchelsey in September 1299.

Hardly were the nuptials celebrated, when the struggles of William Wallace to accomplish the freedom of Scotland again demanded Edward's presence there; and he, accompanied by his son, marched into the country with such an army as he could get together, the barons having, during his absence, disbanded their feudatory militia.

Previous to his departure, Edward placed the young queen in the royal apartments at the Tower, giving strict commands that no one from the city, where the small-pox then raged, should be permitted to approach her, for fear of conveying the infection of the pestilence. Here she remained while Edward pursued his victories against the Scots.

He had, at the pope's request, released Baliol from his confinement, and sent him to France, where he had some

possessions. From him, therefore, he had nothing to fear, and all his efforts were to be directed against Wallace, who carried on a desultory system of warfare, extremely harassing to Edward's troops. These, however, steadily maintained their advantage, and pressed the enemy so hard, that they applied to the pope to request his interference in their behalf. In spite, however, of his commands, Edward refused to desist from his attacks, upon which they entreated him to grant them a respite till they should take counsel of their peers and the King of France, accompanying the request with a threat of the pope's serious displeasure in case of his non-compliance.

Edward's reply is too characteristic to be omitted: "Have you," said he, with a disdainful smile, "done homage to mee (as to the chiefe lord of the kingdome of Scotland), and now suppose that I can bee terrified with swelling lies, as if (like one that had no power to compell) I would let the right which I have over you to slip out of my hands? Let me heare no more of this, for if I doe, I sweare by the Lord, I will consume all Scotland from Sea to Sea."[1]

A second appeal from the Scots induced the pope to repeat his threats in case of Edward's pursuing his arms in their country, whereupon he drew up a defence of his conduct, and a statement of his determination not to change his course, couched in most resolute, but at the same time perfectly respectful terms. This was signed by no less than a hundred peers, and despatched from Lincoln, 1301, to Boniface, who, not wishing to come to a rupture, let the matter drop, and left the Scots to take care of themselves.

Edward now (at the conclusion of a short truce accorded to Scotland at the request of the French king) sent over Lord Segrave with an army to oppose John Comyn, who had been appointed by the Scots their governor.

[1] Speed.

At the battle of Rosslyn, 1304, the English were defeated, which caused Edward to proceed thither in person, with such a "dreadful host" that the Scots fled right and left into forests and marshes, or humbly submitted at discretion. The Castle of Stirling (or, as the older historians aptly name it, Striveling,) alone attempted to hold out, but was soon compelled to yield like the rest.

The long-maintained struggle of Scotland against the English sway being thus for the time ended, the conquering monarch proceeded to Dunfermline to spend the Christmas. During the earlier part of the campaign, Marguerite had followed her husband in his progress, but when the state of affairs and her situation (for she was about to become a mother) rendered her doing so no longer safe, Edward placed her at a village called Brotherton, on the banks of the Wherfe, Yorkshire. Here she gave birth to a son, Thomas Plantagenet, earl of Norfolk, from whom is lineally descended the noble family of Howard.[1] From Brotherton she removed to Cawood (or Cawarth) Castle, which was her principal residence, till summoned by Edward to join him at Dunfermline. From thence, after the Christmas festivities, the royal pair proceeded to London in triumph, the king, in his passage, removing the courts of King's Bench and Exchequer thither from York, where they had been holden for the preceding seven years, in order to be more within reach during the Scottish war. He also appointed justices of Traylebaston, whose duty was to make inquisition (says Grafton) "upon all officers, as maiors, shirifes, baylifes, exchetors, and other officers, that misbehaved themselves in their offices, or had used any extorcion or evil dealyng with the kinge's people, otherwise than they might lawfully do by vertue of their offices. By reason of which inquisition many were accused, and

[1] From him also the head of the Howards derives the hereditary distinction of earl-marshal of England.

redemed their offices by grievous fynes, to the kinge's great profite and advauntage."

That nothing might be wanting to complete Edward's triumph, Wallace, the most formidable of all the leaders Scotland had opposed to him, was captured, sentenced, and executed, and his head and quarters distributed through various parts of Scotland.

Although it is usual with historians to accuse Edward of injustice and barbarity in this case, and to hold up Wallace as a model and a martyr, we must confess that, in Edward's position, it was difficult to act otherwise, unless by condemning him to perpetual imprisonment, which would have been, at least, as severe a sentence; and whatever may have been Wallace's virtues as a patriot, his brutal, wanton, and indiscriminate cruelty must excite disgust in all possessed of the common feelings of humanity, and goes far to extenuate the harshness exercised towards him by his enemies. Neither sex nor age afforded a claim to mercy at his hands, and he seems to have shed blood quite as much for the pleasure of shedding it, as for the natural desire of getting rid of so many opposers. What can be said of such acts as the following? "Burning houses, wasting the country, and, either from a political view of rendering himself terrible, or out of a cruelty of nature, or, perhaps, an inveterate hatred of the English, committing the most inhuman barbarities on men, women, and children. There is somewhat so shocking in cutting off the breasts of women, in murdering infants, either in the cradle or hanging at their mothers' breasts, in shutting up two hundred boys in a school, setting fire to the place, and consuming them in the flames, that it is not easy to imagine how a man of true courage, however brutal, could be guilty thereof, and yet there is no room to doubt of the facts, since they were attested in the letters wrote to Pope Boniface in the Parliament of Lincoln."[1] Can we then wonder at the rigour

[1] Carte.

practised against him, or do other than consider his punishment "as very just and fitting for a man *who, having shewed no mercy, ought to find no mercy?*"[1] With regard to the alleged injustice of the case, it is absurd to suppose that Wallace had not rendered himself amenable to the sentence of death for high treason, being a native of Galloway, or the Cumbrian territories, which were held by the Scottish kings under the kings of England, and whose vassals were the sub-vassals of England, and exposed to the same forfeitures in cases of rebellion as the immediate vassals.

In order to celebrate his victories, Edward now prepared a magnificent tournament, which is said to have been the most splendid of those times. On this occasion Prince Edward was solemnly invested with his principality of Wales, and received the honour of knighthood. The ceremony of conferring the former distinction is as follows:— "He is presented before the king in princely robes, who putteth about his neck a sword bend-wise, a cap and coronet on his head, a ring on his middle finger, a verge of gold in his hand, and his letters-patent after they are read."[2] Many young nobles were also knighted on this occasion, and two of the king's grandaughters betrothed.

During the remainder of Edward's reign, Marguerite (who, strange to say, never was crowned) kept her court at Westminster, but the exhausted state of the exchequer, from the wars with the Welsh, French, and Scotch, precluded its being supported with any great degree of splendour. In the year 1301 Marguerite gave birth to her second son, Edmund, afterwards created Earl of Kent by his half-brother, Edward II.

Many are the instances recorded of this queen's using her influence with her husband to induce him to forgive certain debtors to the crown, and also of her excusing the payment of several fines due to herself. It was by her intercession alone that Edward was induced to spare the

[1] Carte. [2] Strutt's Customs.

life of Godfrey de Coigners, who had made the crown of gold for the coronation of Robert de Bruce, and had concealed it till the occasion should arrive for employing it. In fact, her generosity and charities were so extensive, that by far the greater portion of the large revenue apportioned to her was appropriated to the use of those who stood in need of assistance.

But the peace which had seemed permanently established by the downfal of Wallace and Fraser (who had shared his adventures, and was later to share his fate,) was not doomed to be of long continuance. Robert Bruce, whose ambitious views had, since the death of Baliol, which occurred in Picardy, 1306, pointed to the crown of Scotland, now began to take active measures to accomplish this step, and being encouraged in his attempts by the Abbot of Scone, and several of the Scotch nobility, he appointed a meeting at the monastery of Scone, to consult them as to their willingness to acknowledge his rights. In this council he met with decided opposition from but one man, John Comyn, of Badenoch, who, though he had been the friend and confederate of Wallace and Fraser, was, for various reasons, entirely indisposed to renew the war with England or support Bruce's cause. Being a man whose rank and influence placed him in a most elevated position among the nobles of Scotland, his determination to oppose the designs of the new candidate induced so many to follow his example, that Bruce, urged on alike by vengeance and the dread of so formidable an enemy, pursued him from the chapter-house, and, with his followers, fell upon him, and left him for dead. Here he was found by the friars, and carried to the high altar, where, recovering sufficiently to state the names of his assassins, they, learning the fact, returned, and, with brutal cruelty, completed their murderous design, shedding his blood on the very altar. Having thus got rid of his most formidable opposer, Bruce had himself crowned King of Scotland in the Abbey of Scone.

Great was the wrath of Edward at learning these events. Without a moment's delay he assembled an army, and, previous to his taking the field himself, despatched his son and a chosen band of nobles to check the progress of Bruce. Aymer de Valence, Henry de Percy, and Robert de Clifford, who had preceded the prince, came upon the Scottish army near Methuen, and attacked them so suddenly, that, though they made a vigorous resistance, they were compelled to fly, and Bruce's wife, daughter, and three brothers, were, among many other important persons, taken prisoners. The Lady de Bruce, who was the daughter of the Earl of Ulster, was kept in confinement in England, where she was treated with all honour and consideration; but Neil, Thomas, and Alexander de Bruce, having been principally concerned with Robert in the murder of Comyn, were tried and executed at Carlisle. The English also secured the Countess of Bucquan, sister to the Earl of Fife, who being prevented by his absence in England from performing his appointed task of crowning Robert Bruce, she resolved to supply his place, having "stolne from the earle her husband, with all his great horse, to set the diadem upon Bruce's head; it was devised that shee should bee set in a woodden cage (made crownewise), upon the wals of Berwick castle, for all to wonder at;"[1]—a punishment which must have sorely vexed the spirit of this "manlike woman." This was the last victory achieved against the Scots by the great "Sire Edward," whose death occurred just in time to prevent his seeing that nation accomplish its freedom, though, indeed, it is highly probable, that had he still occupied the throne, instead of his weak, dissolute, and frivolous son, that event would not have taken place when it did. While on his way to join his army, he was attacked with a violent illness at Burgh-on-the-Sands, and, feeling his end approaching, he sum-

[1] Speed.

moned Prince Edward to come and receive his parting admonitions. In these he commanded "that hee should carry his father's bones about with him in some coffin till he had marched through all Scotland and subdued all his enemies, for that none should be able to overcome him while his skeleton marched with him;" that he should "love his brethren, Thomas and Edmund; but especially to tender and respect his mother Queene Margaret. *That upon paine of his malediction and curse, hee should not presume, without common consent, to repeale Piers de Gaveston,*[1] *who, for abusing the tender yeares of the prince with wicked vanities, by common decree was banished.*" Finally, he directed, that as the continued outbreaks of the Scots had prevented his fulfilling his vow of going to the war in the Holy Land, his heart should be sent thither, accompanied by seven score knights and their retinues, for whose support he had set aside thirty-two thousand pounds of silver.

Shortly after this, while his servants were raising him up to eat something that had been prepared for him, he expired in their arms. Thus died one of the greatest, wisest, and best sovereigns that England ever possessed;

[1] This young man, the son of a gentleman who had rendered Edward great services in the wars of Guienne, was by him appointed guardian to the famous Roger Mortimer, first Earl of March, on the death of his father, Edmund de Mortimer. But though possessed of great accomplishments, and particularly agreeable in person and manner, his vices and frivolity rendered him so dangerous a companion to a prince so weak and futile as the young Edward, that the king found it necessary to pronounce sentence of exile upon him, but not before he had led his son into numerous outbreaks and follies of a nature too serious to be lightly passed over.

On one occasion, the prince having, as usual, exceeded the allowance made him by his father out of the Exchequer, demanded a further supply from the treasurer, Walter de Langton, bishop of Lichfield, which the bishop refusing to grant, the prince broke out into the most opprobrious and insulting expressions, and, not content with this indignity, committed all sorts of mischief in his park, breaking down the inclosures, and making havoc in all directions. For these outrages his great father banished him from court for half a year, and would not suffer him to approach his person till he had rendered satisfaction to the bishop for his offences.

an heroic warrior, an enlightened statesman, a just and merciful ruler.

Of his strength and valour various instances are related, as in his combat with the Earl of Chabloun, who was considered a powerful and gallant warrior. "After some strokes had passed, the earl cast his arms around the king's neck, intending by the weight of his body (for he was a man of very large stature) to have dragged the king from his horse; but he, keeping himself upright upon his saddle, and setting his spurs to his horse's sides, carried the earl from his saddle, and, by main force, shaked him from him to the ground."[1]

Of his person Carte gives us the following description: He was one of the goodliest personages that could be seen; taller than most men, finely shaped and well made; a lively, piercing eye, a manly beauty in his visage, a majestic air, mixed with an indescribable sweetness, a noble port, an easy and engaging manner of address, which, without lessening his dignity, was full of goodness and condescension; an inimitable gracefulness in his look, his speech, his gestures, and behaviour: in a word, all his exterior commanded reverence, and inspired at once affection and admiration."[2]

In the last and thirty-fifth year of his reign, and sixty-eighth of his age, Marguerite gave birth to a daughter at Winchester, who was named Eleanor; this was Edward's sixteenth child. She died early, and was buried in St. Peter's Church, Westminster, with her half-brothers, John, Henry, and Alphonso, the sons of Eleanor of Castille.

[1] Strutt.

[2] The unmerited *sobriquet* of "Longshanks," which has adhered to Edward, was given him by the enraged Scots, who, on his taking Berwick, composed certain lines, the point of which is about equal to their poetic merit:—

"What wenys King Edward with his Longshanckes:
To have wonne Berwicke, all our unthankes," &c.[a]

[a] Fabian.

Marguerite's grief for her great husband was as sincere as her affection had been. Her first appearance in public after his death was only in obedience to his dying commands, that no time should be lost in fulfilling the treaty for the marriage of the Prince of Wales with Isabella of France, Marguerite's niece. She assisted at the nuptial ceremony at Boulogne, after which she led a life of the utmost retirement, expending almost all her large dowry in charity and the encouragement of art.

Edward II. seems fully to have carried out his father's wishes with regard to his step-mother, for he ever treated her with the utmost affection and respect. She died at Marlborough Castle, in 1317, at the early age of thirty-six, and was buried at the Grey Friars' Church, before the altar in the choir, which she herself had built.

During her life the conduct of Isabella was as blameless as it was afterwards infamous. She was thus spared the pain of witnessing the shame and vices of her niece, and the unhappiness brought by her on the heir of her beloved husband.

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# ISABELLA OF FRANCE,

## QUEEN OF EDWARD II.

BY MARY ROBERTS.

"Sit not in judgment on them, they are gone;
Nor speak harsh words—thou know'st not what deep snares
Beset their paths: but rather humbly bless
That Power which keeps thee in thy onward way."

NEXT in the procession of sister-queens passes Isabella of France. Her birth, exalted even among the great ones of the earth, for her father, Philippe le Bel, was king of France, and her mother Jane, sovereign of Navarre. The era in which she lived was that of chivalry, when knights richly caparisoned, and mounted on chargers covered with heraldic trappings, tilted at tournaments, and when, with the flourish of trumpets and loud cymbals, ladies awarded the victor's prize.

Methinks a beauteous, yet somewhat mournful vision, rises on the mental view. A fair child, scarcely thirteen years of age, stands before the high altar in the old Cathedral of Boulogne. Winds and tempests are abroad, with the moody breaking forth of sunbeams through the racking clouds, now lighting up the tombs and recumbent effigies with unwonted brightness, and again as suddenly withdrawing, when the pelting of rain is heard against the richly-storied windows;—typical, it may be, of the chequered lives that extend before the princess and her youthful consort, who plight their vows in the presence of four sovereigns and as many queens.

France never before witnessed such an assemblage at a nuptial feast. But who among the noblest and the fairest may vie with the bride and bridegroom, the one already surnamed the Fair, in consequence of her surpassing beauty, the other a noble-looking gentleman, tall and finely formed, with a profusion of light hair, denoting his Saxon origin?

Gorgeous spectacles flit by,—feasts, and tournaments, and banquets in spacious halls; and often jostling one the other, because of their numbers and attendants, pass and repass the nobles of four kingly courts — now mingling in the dance, now riding forth with hawk and hounds, now meeting in small groups, with jest and pleasant conceit, or watching all comers and goers from the terrace walk belonging to the palace.

Forth from that palace of the olden time proceeds a fair young girl, nobly escorted and attended. A king and queen are seen on the steps of the grand staircase, with such befitments as pertain to their high estate; but laying aside their stateliness, and heeding not the acclamations of gathered thousands, their tears flow fast when that fair child is handed into her litter, and the bridegroom curvets beside her on his noble charger. Sad partings are there. "Young eyes look love to those who look again," and grave and bearded men speak words of counsel to young courtiers, who appear somewhat serious, and rein their prancing steeds as if unwilling to depart.

The litter, with its attendants and armed men, moves onward through the avenue of trees; and right and left are riding the noblest peers of France, followed and attended by a long array of gallant gentlemen appointed to wait on the young queen.

That fair girl looks beautiful; her light hair falls in clusters round her neck; her eyes are blue, though somewhat dimmed with tears; and her hands, finely proportioned, seem fitted to hold a sceptre. Considerably in advance are

seen a train of horses, they are loaded with large bales, and led by men in royal liveries; and ponderously rings on its way a huge waggon, drawn by twelve oxen, with gilt horns and gaily-adorned necks, yet drawing with some effort the heavy-laden waggon and large oak chest which contains the wardrobe and jewels of the princess. The keeper of the robes tells, concerning the array of oxen and horses, that her royal mistress has with her linen and presents of great value, besides two golden crowns, adorned with gems and precious stones; twelve large silver dishes, and as many lesser ones; fifty silver porringers, and a number of gold and silver vessels, with golden spoons: that, further, the royal dresses are made of gold and silver tissue, velvet and shot taffety, and that the queen, her mother, gave her at parting six magnificent dresses of green cloth from Douay, six of rose scarlet, and six beautifully marbled, besides a variety of costly furs, four hundred and nineteen yards of linen, and six dozen coifs. Tapestry also, the lady says, are carefully packed in chests on the same waggon for the hangings of the young queen's chamber, figured in lozenges of gold, with the arms of France, England, and Brabant. Costly presents are also provided for the king, consisting of rings, and jewels, and precious articles, the product of the lapidary's skill, beautifully wrought and mounted. Alas, that those royal gifts should ever be recklessly transferred to that unworthy favourite Gaveston!

Hark to the gentle rippling of the ocean on the beach at Dover! Scarcely may that murmuring sound be heard amid the mingled neighing of impatient steeds, and human voices, and the rattling of wheels over the stony road. A vast assemblage is already gathered, and ever and anon come rushing down the steep towards the sea motley groups, all eagerly inquiring whether the queen has landed. At length a stately vessel nears the shore, and a deafening shout is sent up by gathered thousands. Noblemen and gentlemen begin to range themselves in lines, and

soldiers, with large staves, are driving back the impatient crowds. Ladies mounted on palfreys, led by squires, timidly advance in order to receive the princess; they have come from their old castles, eager to shew their fealty; and among them is Alicia duchess of Norfolk, and the Countess of Hereford, with other ladies of distinction, for so the king commanded, that all honour might be shewn his queen on her way to Westminster.

Methinks the coronation is little in harmony with the splendid nuptials at Boulogne. Many of the English nobility look dissatisfied, and the queen's uncles, who accompanied her from France, angrily remark on the want of courtesy towards their niece. Words fitly spoken are good and profitable, but the Counts of Valois and Evreux, and the Duke of Brabant, high-chamberlain of France, seek rather to augment the sadness that ill befits the passing ceremonial. They even whisper in her ear, and their looks are full of defiance. Observe the indignation of the nobles when the envied office of bearing King Edward's crown is assigned to Gaveston, and the answering countenances of the queen's uncles. The spectators seem dissatisfied, and all goes wrong. It is nearly dark, torches are scant and small, and as yet the queen's table is unsupplied. The banquet, men say, is badly arranged, the provisions ill dressed; and instead of numerous attendants pressing one upon the other, eager to serve the guests, there is great want of these, and hence few of the ceremonials used on such great occasions are observed. All this proceeds from the mismanagement of Gaveston.

But youth is not long depressed, and the bride and bridegroom seem happy in their home at Eltham. The French nobles are returned, greatly exasperated at the public neglect—even affronts—shewn to their niece; and full of complaints to Philippe le Bel against Gaveston, who presided at the coronation, and drew away the attentions due by Edward to his bride. Ah, woe worth the day!

From the period of their interview with the King of France commence a tissue of political intrigues, and firm resolves to strengthen the discontented barons against Gaveston, —eventually, as it proved, against the king himself.

They are gone, however, and the young queen recovers her spirits. Days pass pleasantly: the king with his young bride ride and walk together, and the palace of Eltham resounds with cheerful voices. Years of happiness might have been spent beneath its roof, if the startling truth, that his treasury had been emptied in favour of Gaveston, did not press heavily upon the mind of Edward; and the young queen feels for the first time that she is utterly without money, till the king her father, hearing of her distress, assigns for his daughter's maintenance the broad lands of Ponthieu, and directs Richard de Rokeslie, his seneschal, to give the queen's deputies peaceful possession of the same.

Days begin to lengthen, and green leaves are seen at Eltham. The temple-haunting martlet builds her nest among the jutting coinage of that old building, and far and wide are heard the songs of innumerable birds filling the wide forests with their melody. All look verdurous and joyful; but the poor young queen cannot rejoice with them. She is standing in a spacious oriel, dejected and gazing sorrowfully over the wide landscape, while the king is pacing up and down the terrace walks in an angry mood. He has been constrained by the Earl of Lancaster and his compatriots to dismiss the unworthy favourite; who, not contented with usurping the state and dignity of a king, and offending the nobility by his ill-timed raillery and personal affronts, controlled all state affairs, and led the king into a reckless course of dissipation, equally unbefitting his royal state, and most distressing to the queen.

The queen is much beloved throughout the realm, and receives every outward mark of respect from the nobles of the state; but her domestic happiness is sorely embittered by the sullen discontent of the king, and by discovering

that her husband bestowed on Gaveston, at parting, every jewel he possessed, with the rings and brooches, and many articles of exquisite workmanship and beauty, which she had given him as memorials of her affection.

Look at that lovely woman, weeping bitterly, and with clasped hands imploring her husband not to desert her. Vain are her entreaties. He has recalled Gaveston, who does not even refrain from uttering contemptuous language towards her, when remonstrating with him on the ruin he entails upon her husband. The royal family fly to Newcastle, when the queen is little able, from her situation, to undertake such a long and weary journey. For the Earl of Lancaster, at the head of the malecontent barons, has taken up arms in order to limit the royal authority, and compel young Edward to dismiss once more his favourite. The king has consequently left Eltham for York, taking Gaveston with him; but not thinking either himself or his myrmidon safe from the valorous barons, who are pressing after him, he flies to Newcastle. The old castle is both strong and well armed, but Edward dreads to remain; and, reckless of the agony of his young wife, he totally abandons her, and takes shipping with Gaveston for Scarborough.

"Yon castle rises on the steep
Of the green vale of Tyne.
While far below, as low they creep,
From pool to eddy, dark and deep,
Where alders bend, and willows weep,
Are heard her stream's repine."

Yon castle receives Isabella, who hastened thither with a few attendants, through bye-ways and forest-paths, in order to avoid falling in with the army of the barons; and there, all desolate and afflicted, her time is employed in works of charity and mercy.

Men are mustering throughout the length and breadth of England. The national indignation is bursting forth like a war-cry, and in vain does the king endeavour to levy

forces in the midland counties. Every generous feeling is excited against the man who could desert his beautiful young wife when about to become a mother, preferring rather to provide for the safety of a despicable favourite, who had treated the queen with arrogance and contempt. Hence men rise *en masse* to storm her adversary in his stronghold of Scarborough. Helmed mails crowd and jostle one the other, and terrible is the tug of war around the fortress, till Gaveston, finding escape impossible, surrenders to the confederate barons, on condition of safe conduct; but the barons, regardless of their promises, cause him to be beheaded. Sitting on the green hill's side, they witness the death of their prisoner; and having ordered the contents of his luggage to be spread on the grass, they find many of the crown jewels, with gold and silver plate belonging to the king: ornaments also, and trinkets of various kind, given by the queen to her husband, and not to him only, but to his married sisters and persons of high rank.

A noble apartment in Windsor Castle comes before the view, and over the cradle of a fair young child is seen bending, as if in an ecstasy of joy, the father of that child, Edward II., and near him is the Count of Evreux, with English and French noblemen of the highest rank. Voices are heard in the inner room speaking low, but their whispers are those of gladness. Not a few of England's noblest ladies are waiting beside their queen, then in the eighteenth year of her age, and fifth of her unhappy marriage.

There is a deep well of love in woman's heart, which neither time nor wrongs may lessen. The past seems forgotten in the love of the first-born, and the royal parents pass much of their time together, in admiring his vigour and manly beauty. The young queen's influence seems daily to increase, and is manifested in winning her husband to much that is excellent and of good report. Through her mediation peace is effected between the king and barons, and tranquillity restored throughout the realm; hence the queen is

universally beloved: men speak concerning her as of one who had brought tranquillity to her adopted country, and they wish for her long life and prosperous days. Her conduct is both feminine and wise; and during a visit with her husband to Aquitaine, thence to Paris, where they remained amidst great festivities at the court for nearly two months, the demeanour of Isabella is uniformly such as becomes her state — courteous with dignity and cheerful without levity, receiving the attentions of the gallants who crowd round to do her honour without the slightest deviation from her queenly bearing.

Heralds are going forth with words of mercy from the king. The windows of old London are thronged with the faces of those who look abroad and give thanks, and many a tearful eye is lifted in thankfulness to Heaven for the grace thus unexpectedly vouchsafed. The heralds proclaim full pardon to all who had taken arms against their sovereign, and thus commences the wording of the royal mandate: — "Pardon and remission granted by our sovereign lord, through the prayer of his dearest companion Isabella, queen of England."

Events such as pertain to domestic life chequer with their light and shade the passing on of years. At one time a messenger is rewarded by the king with a hundred pounds for bringing the glad tidings of the birth of a young prince, called John of Eltham; and the queen, when able to exert herself, sends costly presents, as thank-offerings, to Rome, and invites the Bishop of Norwich and Earl of Lancaster to stand sponsors for her son in the chapel of the palace, on which occasion the baptismal font is covered with a cloth of gold. Similar rejoicings occur again when Isabella, Edward, and Joanna, are added to the royal family. Festivals and tournaments sweep by; twelfth-nights, and the keeping of memorial days, with the setting forth of the king and queen to courtly weddings at Windsor, Woodstock, and Havering Bower, where money is thrown over the brides

and bridegrooms, with kindly presents to the youthful couples, such as befit the royal pair to give.

The fair young girl, who has appeared at intervals in different conditions, and variously circumstanced, in the vision of bygone days, at one time suffering and depressed, at another looking proudly on her son, and happy in the affections of her hitherto neglectful husband, has gradually advanced into middle life, still beautiful and with queenly bearing, while around her has arisen a blooming family of sons and daughters.

But a change is passing over that noble lady who delighted in peace, and whose honoured name had mainly tended to keep her country from the horrors of civil wars. Suddenly it seems, and as if by some strange perversion, this change is wrought. To the casual observer it appeared sudden; yet, doubtless, evil has been working secretly—some unresisted temptation found an entrance, or, it may be, some offence permitted to rankle in the mind. Vain, however, is all conjecture, for who may tell aright concerning what has passed in the heart of that once estimable woman, or in what unguarded moment she had given credence to those whispers of the Tempter, which eventually turned aside the current of maternal love and withered all household duties?

A strange vision is sweeping by. The queen goes on pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury, and with her a goodly train of knights and ladies, threading many a wide forest, and crossing over streams, in their onward course, till, as night draws on, two marshals and the steward are sent forward to announce her intention of halting at her own castle of Leeds, over which Bartholomew Badlesmere, one of the associated barons, had been appointed by King Edward to preside.

Badlesmere is absent; involved in the treasonable designs of the Earl of Lancaster, and, fearful of an unexpected surprisal, he charged his lady to maintain the castle against

all comers; and the Lady Badlesmere, mistrustful of the queen's visit, although that castle was a dower-palace, replied with insolence to the royal mandate, and bade the knight to tell his mistress that she might seek some other lodging, for that she should not enter within the gates.

Words run high, for the messenger loudly demands admittance, and with equal wrath answers the proud lady from within her barred gate. By this time the queen arrives, with her ladies and attendants, when forth from the nearest tower flies a volley of arrows, which kill six of the royal escort, and force the queen to retire with great precipitation. Well may the queen complain of the gross insult thus offered to herself and train, and entreat the king to revenge the insolence of Lady Badlesmere in thus excluding her from her own castle, part of the splendid dower settled by Edward I. on Queen Margaret, Isabella's aunt, and to which she has succeeded. Nor is it a slight aggravation that the baron, instead of acknowledging the fault of his wife, writes a most insulting letter to the queen, in approval of her insolence and cruelty; and hard, indeed, it seems to be thus set at naught by one who held a chief office in the palace and royal household before the king appointed him as castellan of Leeds.

Forces are mustered at Leeds castle, and provisions laid in, should need require, for a rumour is abroad that the king is about to chastise the insolence of Badlesmere. His heralds are sent forth through London, calling upon all men between sixteen and sixty to take arms, in order that the said baron and his wife may be punished as they deserve for their insolence and contumely; the one for excluding his beloved consort, Isabella, from her own dower-castle when faint and weary with hard travel, the other for upholding the unwarrantable insolence manifested on that occasion.

Leeds castle is well encompassed, and a train are seen before the gates, not headed by a weary queen pleading for admittance, and consisting of ladies mounted on way-worn

palfreys, but of armed men, who take no denial. An angry dame "looks forth as heretofore;" her voice responds in no measured terms; and beside her stands her seneschal, Colepepper, who does not shrink from defying the king himself when he appears before the gate. The virago hopes to obtain relief from the confederate barons; but in this she is mistaken. The Earl of Lancaster has no intention of coming to an open rupture with his niece, and the strong fortress of Leeds castle is readily overcome.

Summary vengeance is taken on the baron and the seneschal, who had aided, and perhaps prompted, the Lady Badlesmere. The baron is surprised at Stowe Park, the residence of his nephew, Bishop of Norwich, and ends his turbulent life on the scaffold. The seneschal is hanged with eleven of his treasonable associates, and the dame herself is conveyed a close prisoner to the Tower.

Passing now before the mental view goes on a mournful train of feuds and hollow reconciliations in the royal family: deadly hate on the queen's part towards the Despensers, who obtain the same ascendancy over the weak mind of Edward as Gaveston formerly possessed; and hence the discharge of all her servants, and the substituting of an inadequate pension for the royal demesne, which had been assigned for her maintenance by the king. Roger Mortimer, an audacious and unprincipled rebel, whose pardon had been obtained by the queen, acts a conspicuous part; and shortly afterwards the queen goes forth, at the express desire of the king, to prevent hostilities between himself and her brother, who loudly expressed his wrath at the indignities offered to his sister, and threatened war. Darker grows the vision, and loud sounds of a gathering tempest fall upon the ear. Isabella, laying aside all self-respect for her own dignity and the welfare of her son, who is with her in France, urges him to rebellion against his father, and lands at Harwich with Roger Mortimer, where she is met and welcomed by her uncle, Henry of Lancaster, with

Thomas of Brotherton, the king's brother, nearly all the bishops, and numerous barons and knights.

Dark rumours had floated from abroad with regard to the conduct of Isabella; some even whisper that the king her brother, scandalised by her behaviour, had commanded his once beloved sister to leave his kingdom without delay. The English cannot, however, believe aught against their queen; they remember the meekness and forbearance with which she bore the trials of her youth, and men gather from all parts to support their sovereign lady.

A small boat launches from the castle of Bristol, and after tossing about for some days, striving vainly against the winds and waves, is driven back within sight of the old fortress. Armed men watch its uncertain progress, and the strenuous efforts of the exhausted boatmen, till, seeing that small hope remains of safety, Sir Hugh Beaumont ventures in his barge with a strong force, and speedily captures the king and the younger Despenser. Regardless of his duty and the entreaties of the fallen monarch, Sir Hugh surrenders them as captives; and henceforward prisons and scaffolds, acts of remorseless cruelty, with the developement of all evil in the character of the queen, make terrible the vision as it mournfully sweeps by, uncheered by aught of beauty or of greatness.

Castle Rising, a noble building in Norfolk, receives the queen, by order of her son, King Edward. Those who approach the royal apartments may hear at intervals loud and bitter wailings breaking on the silence of the place. Afflicted with violent attacks of mental aberration her agonies are terrible, and wretched it is to witness the condition of that once honoured woman, now only in the thirty-sixth year of her age.

Few speak of her without the strongest reprehension; yet still the king her son pities his unhappy parent, and seeks by kindness and attention to soothe her perturbed spirit.

A magnificent funeral procession passes at length through London towards the church of the "Grey Friars" within Newgate; the streets have previously been cleared, by order of the king, from all impurities, and Bishopsgate Street and Aldgate are gravelled, against the coming of the body of "his dearest mother, Queen Isabella."

As a series of dissolving views, melt away the incidents of Isabella's life: the mental eye looks no longer upon them; and the last sad scene is darkly clouded over. Scarcely may a few dim forms be discerned of ladies who seem carefully to enwrap, in garments of the order of St. Francis, an aged woman, shortly to be summoned to her account. That garment is deemed a security against the attacks of the foul fiend; for men know not the words of inspiration—the Holy Book which speaks of pardon is sealed to them.

Thus closes an eventful drama, which has few parallels in history. Isabella had passed eleven years of her married life with little in its early portion either to soothe or elevate the mind, and yet without a shade upon her blameless conduct. She had grown into a noble lady, and all classes of society loved and honoured her with peculiar affection. Her high character tended to preserve peace; and when the king her husband was extricated from the dominion of unworthy favourites, she won him, by all gentle appliances, to rise into his kingly standing. Six children were growing up around her, when passing, by an inexplicable transition, from all that was beautiful and feminine to the opposite extreme, she who loved peace fomented discord—she who had followed her husband amid scenes of war and peril became his enemy—she who had lived blamelessly abjured her standing, both as a wife and mother!

Surely it is a solemn act, even briefly to write concerning one over whom the night of four centuries has darkly brooded; to record, perchance for the amusement of some passing hour, events which bear on the weal or woe of an

immortal being: for Isabella of France still lives, with the power of remembering past events, and of looking forward to the future. This the Volume of Inspiration teaches. All, too, who figured in the annals of the times wherein she lived, live also, awaiting, with joy or dread, the period of their arising from the grave—that period which draweth near, when many who "sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life and eternal felicity, some to shame and everlasting contempt!" (*Daniel*, xii.)

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# ANNE OF BOHEMIA,

## FIRST QUEEN OF RICHARD THE SECOND.

BY MISS POWER.

It is ever a grateful task to bear testimony to departed virtue. None of the little prejudices and petty jealousies that too often drop gall into the ink of contemporary historians interfere to dash with satire the praises of those whom "the atoning grave" has long enclosed within its portals; party feeling—imagined slights—merit, actual or supposed, that considers itself unrewarded,—all are in this case silent, and the truth stands forth, unobscured by the blinding and distorted medium through which it is too often viewed by those who have been actors in the scenes they record.

Few, however, seem to have suffered less in this respect than the subject of the present memoir,—"Good Queen Anne," who in all womanly virtues stands forth conspicuous in the annals of our female sovereigns,—a fond and faithful wife, a kind mistress, an earnest and sincere friend; never interfering in matters of import or affairs of state, except to entreat for clemency and mercy where they might be used without danger to the realm, the tongue of envy could find no point on which to attack this "wisest, virtuousest, best" of sovereigns, and most blameless of women.

Anne of Bohemia was the daughter of the Emperor Charles IV., and of his fourth wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Bolislas, duke of Pomerania, and was born at Prague in the year 1367. Previous to her having been demanded in marriage during the minority of Richard, other alliances had been proposed and contemplated for the youthful

monarch; Katherine, daughter of the late Emperor Louis, and Katherine, daughter of the Duke of Milan, were the princesses in question. It seems, however, that the personal merits of Anne were considered to outweigh all the advantages of these ladies, for we are told by Speed that "King Richard tooke to wife the Lady Anne, daughter to the Emperour Charles the Fourth, and sister to Wenceslaus, king of Bohemia, called the Emperour, which lady, by the Duke of Tassill, was, in the name of her said father, formerly promised and assured unto him, as one whom the king did specially affect, though the daughter of Barnabus, duke of Millaine, was also offered, with a farre greater summe of gold" (1382). Indeed, so little was the king's pecuniary interest allowed to interfere in the match, that Carte informs us, that so far from Anne's bringing him a dowry, "a loan was made to Wenceslaus of 18,000 marks, a moiety whereof was to be remitted upon the delivery of his sister at Calais, according to the conventions."

Sir Simon Burley, warden of the Cinque Ports, and constable of Dover,—who is described as "one of the finest gentlemen in England, a man of excellent parts, great sweetness of temper, politeness, and affability,"[1]—was intrusted to complete the treaty, and to conduct the Princess Anne to England; where, after innumerable delays, difficulties, and dangers,—owing partly to some French vessels which were cruising about between Holland and Calais, with the intention, it was reported, of seizing upon the person of the princess, and partly to a violent ground-swell, which, rising at the moment she was about to embark, rent the ship in pieces,—she arrived in safety.

At this period Richard was sixteen; Anne, a year younger. He is described as "the loveliest youth that the eye could behold," singularly fond of splendour and magnificence, generous and munificent; "fair, and of a ruddy

[1] Carte.

complexion, well made, finely shaped, somewhat taller than the middle size, and extremely handsome." He had a lisp in his speech, which would have "become a lady better, and an hastiness of temper, which subjected him to some inconveniences; but he had an infinite deal of good-nature, great politeness, and a candour that could not be enough admired."[1]

As to the person of the young queen, it is more difficult to form a correct notion; she is repeatedly called "the beauteous queen;" but the portraits that exist of her do not give an idea of great loveliness. Her dress seems to have been more remarkable for singularity than for elegance or taste. Stow tells us that the female fashion of the day (which she introduced) was a high head-dress, with piked horns, and a long training gown; it seems, however, that they occasionally wore hoods instead of these wide-spreading and monstrous *coiffures*, which must have been equally ridiculous and unbecoming. Side-saddles (more resembling pillions than the side-saddles of the present day) were also brought into England by her.

Nothing could exceed the splendour that attended the royal bride's entrance into London; she was met by the Goldsmiths' Company, splendidly attired. At the Fountain in Cheapside the citizens presented to her and to the king a gold crown, of great value each; and when the procession had proceeded a little further, a table of gold, with a representation of the Trinity richly embossed or chased upon it—worth about ten thousand pounds of the present money—was offered to Richard, and to the queen a table of equal value, on which was displayed a figure of St. Anne.

It is evident that at, and even before this period, England was extremely rich in gold and silver plate, and that the art of working in those metals had attained a very considerable degree of perfection. Knighton states, that when the palace of the Savoy, belonging to the Duke of Lancaster,

[1] Carte.

was burnt during the insurrection of 1381, the keeper of the wardrobe asserted upon oath, that the gold, silver, and silver-gilt plate then destroyed, would have laden five carts. Enamelling, and the setting and cutting of jewels, were also practised with great success, for in the collection of the unfortunate Piers Gaveston were found many articles of enamelled plate; and among the jewels given in pawn by Henry III. to the King of France, were no less than 324 gold rings set with various precious stones. This king also possessed several other articles of great value and curious workmanship. In 1395, the sum of four hundred pounds was paid to Nicholas Broker and Godfrey Prest, citizens of London, for two statues of the king and queen made of copper and gilt, with crowns on their heads, sceptres in their left hands, and their right hands united. Leland also speaks of the wonderful astronomical clock made at this period by Richard de Wallingford, abbot of St. Alban's, which represented the revolutions of the sun and moon, the ebbing and flowing of the sea, the fixed stars, and various other marvels of mechanism.

The marriage of the royal couple took place at the conclusion of the Christmas holydays. "Shee was with great pompe and glorie at the same time crowned queene by the hand of William Courtney (a younger sonne of the Earle of Devonshire), bishop of London, lately promoved from London to the see of Canterbury,"[1] at St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster.

Great were the rejoicings and splendid the festivities which followed these events, and tournaments were held for several successive days. It was at this period that the royal bride obtained the title of "good Queen Anne," for her intercession with Richard that a general pardon should be granted to the people, who since the rebellion of Wat Tyler had been subjected to continual severities and executions.

[1] Speed.

Shortly after the marriage and coronation of the queen, parliament, "which by this great ladie's arrivall was interrupted and prorogued," re-assembled, the grant of a subsidy to defray the various expenses demanded, and "many things concerning the excesse of apparell," &c. "were wholesomely enacted,"[1]—with what advantage a few extracts will shew. Holinshed mentions one coat belonging to the king which was so covered with gold and jewels as to cost the sum of 30,000 marks; while Sir John Arundel was thought even to surpass the king in magnificence of attire, having no less than fifty-two rich suits of cloth-of-gold tissue. Camden tells us, that the commons "were besotted in excesse of apparell, in wide surcoates reaching to their loines; some in a garment reaching to their heeles, close before, and strowting out on the sides, so that on the back they make men seeme women, and this they called, by a ridiculous name, *gowne;* their hoods are little, tied under the chin, and buttoned like the woman's, but set with gold, silver, and pretious stones; their lirrepippes[2] reach to their heeles, all jagged. They have another weede of silke, which they call a *paltock;*[3] their hose are of two colours, or pied, with more; which, with latchets (which they call *herlots*), they tie to their paltocks, without any breeches. Their girdles are of gold and silver, some worth twenty marks; their shoes and pattens are snowted and piked more than a finger long, crooking upwards, which they call *crackowes*, resembling the devil's clawes, which were fastened to the knees with chaines of gold and silver."

Chaucer, Harding, and Stow, also give us lengthened details of the costumes of the day, which fashions excited considerable ire in the breast of the great father of English poetry.

The household expenses of Richard must also have been prodigious, for the last-named historian tells us, that "his

[1] Speed.
[2] Tippets hanging down in front.
[3] A close jacket.

royalty was such, that wheresoever he lay his person was guarded by two hundred Cheshire men; he had about him thirteen bishops, besides barons, knights, esquires, and others, more than needed; insomuch, that to the household came every day to meat ten thousand people, as appeared by the messes told out of the kitchen to three hundred servitors," &c.

Chaucer finds no less fault with the cookery of the period than with the dress: "Pride of the table apereth also full ofte: for certes riche men be called to festes, and pore folke ben put away and rebuked. And also in excesse of divers metes and drinkes; and, namely, such maner bake metes and dishe metes brenning of wild fire, peynted and castelled with paper and samblable waste, so that it is abusion to thinke." Another custom was to introduce what were called "intermeats," which represented battles, sieges, &c., in which machinery was introduced to put the show into action. Wines and beverages composed of the most costly ingredients, were no less abundantly employed; and Froissart congratulates himself that, having lived much at the courts of various princes, he had thereby had opportunities of enjoying "the wines,"—an entertainment consisting of different sorts of wine warmed, and flavoured with rich spices, and the most delicious cakes, served before going to bed.

The sports and amusements of the people consisted in "throwing stones, wood, or iron; in playing at the hand-ball, foot-ball, or club-ball; in bull-baiting and cock-fighting, or in more useless or dishonest games:"[1] while the upper classes held splendid tournaments, masques, mummeries, pageants, hunting and hawking parties. In 1389 a magnificent tournament was holden at Smithfield by Richard, in rivalry of the one in celebration of the entry of Isabel, queen of France, into Paris. At this were present the

[1] Rymer.

king, queen, and the greater part of the nobility: all the king's household "were of one sute, theyr cotys, theyr armys, theyr sheldes, and theyr trappours, were embrowdred all with whyte hertys (harts), with crownes of gold about theyr necks, and cheynes of gold hangyng thereon; whiche hertys were the king's leverey (livery), that he gaf to lordes, ladyes, knyghtes, and squyers, to know his houshold peple from other; then four-and-twenty ladyes comynge to the justys, ladde four-and-twenty lordes with cheynes of gold, and alle in the same sute of hertes as is afore sayd, from the Tour, on horsbak, thurgh the cyte of London into Smythfeld."[1] Then followed other lords, ladies, minstrels, and crowds of spectators, foreign as well as English, and the festivities lasted a week.

Dancing was also a very favourite amusement, insomuch that the gravest dignitaries joined in this diversion; for Rymer tells us, that at the coronation of Richard, as soon as dinner was over, the king, nobles, and *prelates* (!), with the rest of the company, spent the afternoon in dancing in Westminster Hall.[2]

There is no doubt but that Anne made use of her influence over the king to save the life of Wickliffe under the persecutions with which he was pursued; and that the cause of the reformed religion was favoured alike by her and by her mother-in-law Joanna, princess of Wales, whose power over the yielding, though impetuous nature of her son, was so well employed in 1386, when civil war threatened to embroil the country, owing to a quarrel between the king and his uncle, the haughty and arrogant John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, who was informed that Richard intended to have him arrested and tried on some capital points before Sir

[1] Caxton.

[2] Some notion of the levity of the age, and of the amusements that found favour in the eyes of the people, may be formed from the fact, that at one of the great festivals, a horse danced on a rope, and two oxen rode on horses and sounded trumpets.—*Mém. sur Chevalrie.*

Robert Trevilian, a man entirely in the monarch's interest. That there was some truth in the report is certain, and that those about the king were most anxious to promote the arrest is not less positive. "Neverthelesse, the hopes of wicked men, delighting in their countrie's miseries and civill combustions, were made voide by the great diligence of the king's mother, the Princesse Joan, who spared not her continuall paines and expenses, in travailing betweene the king and the duke (albeit she was exceeding tender of complexion, and scarce able to beare her own bodie's weight through corpulency), till they were fully reconciled."[1]

The result of her interference was doubly happy, occurring as it did at a moment when England was threatened with invasion by Charles VI. of France, who, as Speed quaintly says, was "a yong and foolish prince, who, having in his treasury, left to him by his prudent father, eighteene millions of crownes . . . . and being, moreover, set on fire with an inconsiderate love of glory, rather than upon any sound advice, (though some impute the counsell to the said admirall, John de Vienne,) would needs undertake the conquest of our countrey. These newes stirred all the limbes and humours thereof, though the event (God not favouring the enterprise) was but like that of the mountaine, which, after long travaile, brought forth a ridiculous mouse. Neverthelesse it had beene a most desperate season for a civill warre to have broken forth in England."

An event which occurred during Richard's campaign in Scotland, was destined to end for ever the influence of Joanna. Lord Stafford, son to the Earl of Stafford, being sent by the king with messages to Anne (who had appointed him her knight, and shewn him many well-merited marks of favour), he was met at York by Sir John Holland, the king's half brother, who having long entertained towards him the most violent jealousy, partly on account of the ado-

[1] Speed.

ration shewn him by the army, and partly from the queen's regard, sought a quarrel with him, the ostensible cause of which was that Lord Stafford's archers had, while protecting a Bohemian knight, an adherent of the queen's, slain a squire of Sir John Holland's. Seizing upon this pretext, Sir John attacked Lord Stafford, and, without hesitation or parley, killed him on the spot.

The king, furious at this brutal murder, and still further excited by the passionate appeals of the bereaved father for vengeance on the slayer of his noble son, declared that justice should be done; and despite the prayers and tears of the unhappy Joanna for her guilty son, vowed, that as soon as his brother should leave the sanctuary whither he had fled, he should suffer death as the punishment of his crime. Such was the effect of this determination on the princess, that after some days of violent grief she expired at Wallingford, and Richard was so deeply shocked and afflicted at this melancholy event, that he pardoned the offender, who shortly afterwards departed for Syria on a pilgrimage.

It is with regret that we have to record one act of the gentle queen, the injustice of which there is no defence for.

Richard's prime favourite, Robert de Vere, duke of Ireland, having fallen violently in love with an attendant of the queen's, resolved to put away his wife Philippa, granddaughter to Edward III., being the child of his daughter Isabel, by Enguerrand de Coucy, the king's near relative, in order to marry this woman.

Historians differ widely in their statements as to the birth of the lady in question. Speed says she was "a Bohemian of base birth, called in her mother-tongue Lancerone;" and Walsingham calls her "*Sellarii filia*," a saddler's daughter; while Rymer states that she was landgravine of Luxembourg; and Carte mentions her as "a Bohemian lady of the queen's bedchamber, called the *landgrave*, a fine woman, very pleasant and agreeable in conversation."

However this may be, Richard, so far from indignantly resenting such injustice and insult to the blood royal, aided the efforts of his favourite to obtain a divorce from his fair and noble kinswoman; and the queen, we grieve to own it, wrote with her own hand to Pope Urban, to entreat him to grant the duke permission to put away his wife and marry the object of his guilty passion. By this unjustifiable act she offended many of the greatest nobles in the land to whom Philippa was related, and this without gaining any advantage for her favourite, as the divorce never was accomplished.

It was not long after this that a great grief arising from this very act befell the queen, in the impeachment and execution of Sir Simon Burley, for whom she had ever entertained a warm and constant friendship. The Duke of Gloucester, enraged at the insult offered by the king, queen, and Duke of Ireland to his kinswoman, resolved to be avenged, and after much plotting and underhand dealing on both sides, this powerful and unscrupulous noble, for whom Richard, king though he was called, was no match either in strength of position or authority, accomplished the destruction of several of the king's most attached adherents, who were ignominiously executed at Tyburn by having their throats cut; "Sir Simon Burley onely had the worship to have his head strucken off. Loe the noble respect which the gentle lords had to justice and amendment."

It is difficult to conceive a position more painful and humiliating than the one occupied by Richard at this period. Not only powerless, but possessing not even the shadow of power, he was treated with open disrespect by the insolent nobles, who, headed by Gloucester, had entirely usurped the regal authority, making him a cipher in his own kingdom, and leaving him not so much as the means to keep up the semblance of a court or royal household. The queen had also to suffer from the persecutions which

were carried on against her attendants, many of whom were sacrificed without justice or mercy. Robert de Vere, duke of Ireland, who, judging from the steps taken by Anne with regard to his divorce and second marriage, seems to have been as great a favourite with her as with Richard, had, like several others, fled to the Continent, where he died in 1392, at Brabant, having been mortally wounded in a boar-hunt.[1]

Richard had by this time attained his twenty-second year, and weary of the ignoble restraints imposed upon him, he resolved to shake off the fetters that weighed upon him, and declare himself ruler of his own kingdom. He was encouraged in this resolve by the example of Charles VI. of France, who, from being kept under the closest tutelage by his uncles, had, by a sudden effort, freed himself from their authority and established his right to govern alone.

Accordingly, on the 3d May, 1389, at an extraordinary council held at the Easter holydays, the king, to the great surprise of the assembled lords, rose and demanded "What age he was of?" and on receiving their reply, he proceeded to declare that "he was certainly of age to govern his own house, family, and kingdom, since every man in the nation was admitted earlier to the management of his estate and affairs; and he saw no reason why his condition should be worse than theirs, and why he should be denied a right which the law gave to the meanest of his subjects."

The lords, in considerable confusion, replying that he surely had a right to take the command of the kingdom, he

[1] Richard's grief at the death of his prime favourite was as violent as his affection for him had been warm and sincere. He caused his body to be arrayed in princely garments, with a rich gold chain round his neck, and costly rings on his fingers, with his face uncovered; he was then laid in a coffin of cypress, "as a special mark of love" (says Strutt), "for in general common wooden chests were employed for the purpose of enclosing the corpses of the dead."

continued, "that he had long enough been under the management of tutors, and not suffered to do the least thing without them; but he would now remove them from his counsel and manage his own affairs." He then proceeded to displace the Archbishop of York, Duke of Gloucester, Earl of Warwick, Bishop of Hereford, and Earl of Arundel, with all the other officers of state appointed by Gloucester, and to bestow their appointments on persons selected by himself. He issued proclamations calculated to conciliate and reassure the people; and such were the good effects of these wise measures, that in spite of all Gloucester's endeavours to excite a spirit of rebellion and opposition, he could not succeed in disposing the nation against their youthful monarch. The Duke of Lancaster returning from his Spanish expedition at this period, he proceeded to Reading, where the king then was, "as well to present his dutie to his soveraigne, as to be an author of love and peace betweene the king and lords . . . . . which he graciously effected, as seeming to addict his mind to offices of pietie and publique benefit." Gloucester was included in this peacemaking business, but we may guess how much of cordiality subsisted between uncle and nephew.

Richard, who, notwithstanding the mediation of Lancaster, was by no means desirous of retaining him in England, bestowed upon him the duchies of Aquitaine and Guienne. A grand festival and tournament took place on this occasion. At the same time, his son, Henry Bolingbroke, departed for the wars in Prussia, where his presence was much more desirable than in the dominions of his royal cousin. Little of importance occurred from this period till the year 1392, when Richard demanding from the citizens the loan of a thousand pounds, they had not only refused to grant it themselves, but had beaten and brutally ill-used a Lombard who had offered to lend the sum. For these and other disorders their liberties were seized, their magistracy

dissolved, and the mayor and some of the principal officers imprisoned. These active measures brought the Londoners to their senses; they humbly entreated for forgiveness, and by the earnest intercession of the queen, Richard, after much persuasion, consented to pardon them. Upon this occasion they prepared a magnificent entertainment to conciliate the offended monarch. A body of citizens, to the number of about four hundred, all dressed in splendid livery and well mounted, met the king and queen at Blackheath, where they were on their way to Westminster, and besought them to pass through London, to which the king finally agreed. They then escorted the royal couple to London bridge, where (says Fabian) Richard "was presented with two fayre stedes, trapped in ryche clothe of golde, partyd of redde and whyte," (one was for the queen;) "then rydyng on til he came to Standarde in Chepe, the cytezyns of the cyte standyng upon eyther syde of the stretes in theyr lyvereys, and cryeng Kyng Richarde, Kyng Richarde, and at theyr backes the wyndowys and wallys hanged with al ryche tappettes and clothes arasse in moste goodlye and shewyng wyse. And at the sayd standarde in Chepe, was ordeyned a sumptuouse stage, in the whych were sette divers personages in ryche apparel, amonge the whyche an aungell was ordeyned, whiche sette a ryche crowne of golde garnyshed wyth stone and perle uppon the kynge's hede, and another on the queen's as they passed by."

This was but a small portion of the pageant prepared for this great occasion; there were mysteries and mummings, music and merriment; gifts and offerings were presented to their majesties to a vast amount, so that after riot, bloodshed, imprisonment, and disgrace, the Londoners were glad to spend ten thousand pounds to purchase the king's forgiveness, when by the willing loan of one, they would have been saved from all the evils they suffered.

The following year (1394) Richard resolved to cross over, to quell in person the rebellion that had arisen in Ireland, but was prevented by an event which threw all England into mourning. This was no other than the death of the queen. Speed, after alluding to the demises of the Duchess of Aquitaine, the Countess of Derby, her daughter-in-law, and the Duchess of York, which all occurred the same year, with much pathos says, "But all the griefe for their deaths did in no sort equall that of the king's for the losse of his owne Queene Anne, which about the same time hapned at Sheene in Surrey, whom he loved even to a kinde of madnessse."

The blow was the more severe, as her illness being of but a few hours' duration, Richard was totally unprepared for it: he gave way to the most vehement expressions of sorrow, and in the first moments of his grief is said to have ordered that the palace of Shene, which had been the favourite retreat of himself and of his lost Anne, should be levelled to the ground. Certain it is that he never approached it afterwards.[1]

The funeral obsequies were performed with extraordinary magnificence, and the king "caused so many torches and tapers to be lighted up, that the like was never seen before." The queen was buried at Westminster, as some historians state, on the 26th July, St. Anne's day, while others name the 3d of August; and a splendid monument was erected to her memory.

Richard mourned her loss long and deeply, and the

[1] In Camden's "Britannia," there is the following notice of this queen's decease, in the description of Shene: "Heere also departed Anne, wife to King Richard the Second, sister of the Emperor Wenyslaus, and daughter to the Emperor Charles the Fourth, who first taught English women that manner of sitting on horsback which now is used: whereas before time, they rode very unseemely astride, like as men doe. Whose death also her passionate husband tooke so to the heart, that he altogether neglected the said house, and could not abide it." We cannot but smile at the chronicler's choosing to mention Anne's introduction of side-saddles in preference to all her queenly and domestic virtues.

people universally deplored their "good Queen Anne," to whose gentle influence they had many times owed their escape from the evils brought upon them by their readiness to listen to the counsels of those interested in alienating them from their sovereign, and by the struggles of the times in which she lived.

A NOTICE OF

# THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CATHARINE,

## CONSORT OF HENRY THE FIFTH.

BY F. MANSEL REYNOLDS, ESQ.

HENRY V. was a conqueror, and a votary of "the goddess of battell, called Bellona," who, Holinshed adds, "has three handmaidens ever of necessitie attending her, as *blood, fire, famine;*" yet has he succeeded in transmitting to posterity a name not unaccompanied by agreeable associations. For this advantage he is indebted, in some degree, to his own personal qualities, and, in a still greater measure, to the genius of Shakspere. Thanks to the latter, what a host of pleasant memories is summoned by the mere mention of the "chartered libertine," Harry, Hal, the merry and reckless Prince of Wales, and his jovial confederates! A sort of Arabian-Night charm is attached to the *pococurante* crew; the veriest disciplinarian in morals grows bewildered and benighted as he reads; little by little he loses all clear perception of the difference between right and wrong, until at last he becomes convinced that it is certainly venial, if not quite virtuous and laudable, to rob a coward traveller on Gad's hill. Rightly said Dr. Johnson, that "perhaps no author, ever in two plays, afforded so much delight," as has Shakspere in the first and second parts of Henry IV. The trifler, who is roused into a hero, and then again reposes in the trifler, Falstaff, unimitated, inimitable Falstaff, Shallow, Bardolf,

A. Buckler

Francis Hall

Queen to Henry 5th

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Pistol, and the rest, form a group of personages so masculine, easy, various, and pleasant, that they equally fascinate the mature and accomplished scholar, and him who is utterly ignorant of all the canons of art and criticism. In fact, age and youth, the grave and the gay, the reasoning and the thoughtless, can all feel the spell of this unrivalled combination of history and fiction.

But our task is, to treat of Catharine; and therefore, for the present at least, we must eschew further mention of the amiable warrior and chivalrous monarch, her husband, and begin at the beginning.

Catharine was the daughter of Charles VI. of France, surnamed the Well-Beloved, seemingly *lucus a non lucendo*, for his life was the counterpart of that of his unfortunate grandson, our own Henry VI. A sort of football between contending factions, he appears to have been kicked by everybody in turn; the love which his subjects shewed for him resembling that which the duke and duchess may be supposed to have possessed for Sancho when they made him governor of Barataria. And, like his illustrious parallel, the poor king might have said to the potent and turbulent nobles, who successively bedecked him with the semblance of royalty, in order to possess the reality for themselves and their own party: "Give way, gentlemen; I was not born to be a governor, nor to defend islands or cities from enemies that assault them. Give way, and let me pass; let me begone to plaster myself; for I verily believe all my ribs are broken."

Yet, like many another unfortunate monarch, Charles's career commenced not inauspiciously. He succeeded to the throne in 1380, when he was twelve years and nine months old. Between this period and 1390, he quelled a formidable insurrection of the common people, fought the famous battle of Rosebecque, in which Philip d'Artevelle and twenty-five thousand Flemings were killed; and subdued the Duke of Gueldres, whom he compelled to return to his

allegiance. In 1385 he married Isabel of Bavaria,—*cette furie de l'état*, as Moreri calls her. But in August 1392, he was attacked by madness, which manifested itself in a remarkable manner and under singular circumstances, while engaged, during a sickly state of body, on an expedition against the Duke of Brittany. "As he was riding through the forest of Mons, a stranger, bareheaded, with naked feet, clothed in a jerkin of white russet, rushed out from the trees, and boldly seized the reins of the king's horse. Having thus stopped him, he said, 'King, ride no further, but return, for thou art betrayed.' This speech made such an impression on the king's mind when he was weak that his understanding was shaken. As the man finished his speech the men-at-arms advanced, and beat him soundly on the hands, which made him drop the reins. They suffered him to run off without paying attention to what he had said, thinking him some madman, for which they were by many afterwards greatly blamed and disgraced.

"The king and his army passed on; and it might be about twelve o'clock when they were clear of the forest. They now entered an extensive sandy plain; and the sun was so resplendent, and in such force, that scarcely anybody could endure the heat, which was much greater than had ever before been known or felt in that season. The horses suffered much; and there were none so used to arms as not to complain of the oppressiveness; the king, besides, was dressed in a jacket of black velvet that added to the warmth, and had only a simple hood of crimson, ornamented with a chaplet of large beautiful pearls, which the queen had presented to him on leaving her. He was followed by one of his pages, who had a Montauban cap of polished steel on his head, that glittered in the sun, and behind him another page rode on horseback, carrying a vermilion-coloured lance, enveloped with silk for the king, the head of which lance was broad, sharp, and bright. As they were thus riding, the pages, who were but children, grew negli-

gent of themselves and their horses; and the one who bore the lance fell asleep, and forgetful of what he had in his hand, let it fall on the casque of the page before him, which made both the lance and casque ring loudly. The king, being so near (the pages rode almost on the heels of his horse), was startled, and shuddered, for he had in his mind the words the wise-man, or fool, had spoken, when he seized his horse's reins in the forest of Mons, and fancied a host of enemies were come to slay him. In this distraction of mind he drew his sword and advanced on his pages, for his senses were quite gone, and imagined himself surrounded by enemies, giving blows of his sword, indifferent on whom they fell, and bawled out, 'Advance, advance, on these traitors!' The pages, seeing the king thus wroth, took care of themselves, for they imagined that they had angered him by their negligence, and spurred their horses different ways. The Duke of Orleans was not far distant from the king, who made up to him with his drawn sword, for at that moment his frenzy had deprived him of the means of knowing either his brothers or his uncles. The Duke of Orleans, seeing him approach with his naked sword, grew alarmed, and, spurring his horse, made off, and the king after him. The Duke of Burgundy, hearing the cries of the pages, cast his eyes to that quarter, and seeing the king pursuing his brother with his drawn sword, was thunderstruck, and cried, 'Fly, fair nephew of Orleans; fly, or my lord will murder you.' The duke was much frightened, and galloped as fast as his horse could go, followed by knights and squires. There were now great shoutings, insomuch that those at a distance thought they were hunting a wolf or hare, until they learnt it was the king who was not himself.

"The Duke of Orleans, however, escaped, by making several turns, and was aided by knights, squires, and men-at-arms, who surrounded the king and allowed him to waste his strength on them. When he made a blow at any knight

or squire, they fell before the stroke; and I never heard that in this fit of madness any one was killed.[1] At last, when he was quite jaded, and running down with sweat, and his horse in a lather from fatigue, a Norman knight, who was one of his chamberlains, and much beloved by him, called Sir William Martel, came behind and caught him in his arms, though he had his sword still in his hand. When he was dismounted, and gently laid on the ground, that his jacket might be stripped from him, to give him more air and cool him, his three uncles and brother approached, but he had lost all knowledge of them, and rolled his eyes in his head without speaking to any one."

The minuteness and particularity of the foregoing description impart to it an air of reality and truth, which surely is very impressive and pleasing. The whole scene is most vividly brought before the reader,—so vividly that he may almost be called a spectator of it; and the manner in which he is prepared for the turbulent catastrophe, by the introduction of every little possible accessory by which the notion of an insupportable temperature may be established and enforced, could not be excelled by the most ingenious and artful modern writer. The resplendent sun, the fiery sand, the sleeping pages, the suffering horses, the colours, the reflectors, the black which absorbs the rays of the sun, and the crimson, and the arms, and the armour, which both admit and return it, all combine to give a picture of intense light and heat quite sufficient to have converted the coolest and steadiest brain into a state of combustion and bewilderment. What, then, may not be anticipated to have been its effect on the invalid Charles? Rightly does Froissart remark, "That the physicians of his

[1] Monstrelet says very differently. He states that the king killed the bastard of Langres and his valet; and wounded the Duke of Orleans and the Lord de St. Poy, whom he would have slain also, but that in making his thrust he fell to the ground, where he was disarmed by the Lord de Coucy. Other chroniclers affirm that he destroyed five persons.

body declared that, considering the weak state of his health, he should not have thus exposed himself to the heat of the day, but have rode in the cool of the mornings or evenings. Those who had advised otherwise were disgraced; but he had long been led by his ministers to act just as they pleased."

Rabelais calls one of the chroniclers of this school and time *plus bavard qu'un pot de la moutarde;* but their *bavardage*, if *bavardage* it may be termed, is a quality in them which has conferred an infinite pleasure on all the inquisitive of their distant posterity. Possibly, scarcely a man exists, who, having a taste and feeling for literature, does not also possess his pet heroic personages, fragmentarily and dimly delineated in the misty pages of history. What would not be the extent of the joy of such a person if he could suddenly find that the object of his admiration had been *Boswellized*, made substantial, distinct, and complete! Kindred sentiments, though less in the degree, may be entertained by many for the detail of any particularities of antiquity and the middle age, though to others they appear prolix and dull.

When the madness of this monarch was known in England, "The king and lords were greatly concerned thereat. The Duke of Lancaster especially testified his sorrow, and said to the knights near his person, 'On my faith, it is a great pity, for he shewed himself a man of courage, with strong inclination to do good. When I took leave of him at Amiens, he said, 'Fair cousin, I earnestly entreat that you will exert yourself to the utmost of your power, that there may be a solid peace between your nephew the king of England and myself. We may then march a powerful army against this Amurath, who has conquered the kingdom of Armenia from its lawful monarch, and intends to destroy all Christendom.' Now,' added the duke, 'there is an end to this, for he will never again have that confidence which he before enjoyed, put in him.' 'That is true enough,' said those who heard him, 'and

the kingdom of France seems likely to fall into much trouble.'"

This unfortunate sovereign at length recovered through the means of "the great physician, Master William de Harsley." His paroxysm of madness happened in August, and in the ensuing January, 1393, he became the hero and victim of another incident, which could not have been more strange and impressive, if it had been invented expressly to interest and amuse a modern reader.

An attendant of the king married a damsel of the queen. "The court was much pleased at it, and Charles resolved to keep the wedding-feast at his expense. It was held at the Hôtel de St. Pol, and great crowds of lords were there.

"In the royal household was a Norman squire, called Hugonin de Gensay, a near relation of the bridegroom, who thought of the following piece of pleasantry to amuse the king and ladies:—He provided six coats of linen covered with fine flax the colour of hair, and dressed the king in one of them, the Count de Joigny in another, Sir Charles de Poitiers in a third, Sir Evan de Foix had the fourth, the son of the Lord de Nantouillet the fifth, and himself the sixth. When they were all thus dressed by having the coats sewed round them, they appeared like savages, for they were covered with hair from head to foot. This masquerade pleased the king greatly, and he expressed his pleasure to his squire. It was so secretly contrived that no one knew any thing of the matter but the servants who attended on them. Sir Evan de Foix, who seemed to have some foresight of what was to happen, said to the king,—

"'Sire, command strictly that no one come near us with torches; for if a spark fall on our coats, we must inevitably be burnt.'

"'Evan,' replied the king, 'you speak well and wisely, and your advice shall be attended to;' and, sending for one of the sergeants-at-arms that waited at the doors of the apartment, he said to him,—

"'Go to the room where the ladies are, and command, in the king's name, that all the torches be placed on one side of it, and that no person come near six savage men who are about to enter.'

"The sergeant did as he had been ordered by the king, and the torch-bearers withdrew on one side. The apartment was then clear of all but ladies, damsels, knights, and squires, who were dancing with them. Soon after the Duke of Orleans entered, attended by four knights and six torches, ignorant of the orders that had been given. He first looked at the dancing, and then took part himself, just as the King of France made his appearance with five others, dressed like savages, and covered with flax, to represent hair, from head to foot. Not one person in the company knew them, and they were all fastened together, while the king led them dancing. On their entrance, every one was so occupied in examining them, that the orders about the torches were forgotten. The king, fortunately for him, quitted them to shew himself to the ladies, as was natural to his youth, and, passing by the queen, placed himself near the Duchess of Berri, who, though his aunt, was the youngest of the company. The duchess amused herself in talking with him, and endeavouring to find out who he was; but the king, rising from his seat, would not discover himself. The duchess said,—

"'You shall not escape me thus, for I will know your name!'

"At this moment a most unfortunate accident befell the others, through the youthful gaiety of the Duke of Orleans: he was very inquisitive in examining them, to find out who they were; and as the five were dancing, he took one of the torches from his servants, and, holding it too near their dresses, set them on fire. The flax was instantly in a blaze, and the pitch with which the cloth had been covered to fasten the flax added to the impossibility of extinguishing it. They were likewise chained together, and their cries were

dreadful; for the fire was so strong, scarcely any dared approach. Some knights, indeed, did their utmost to disengage them; but the pitch burnt their hands very severely, and they suffered a long time afterwards for it.

"One of the five, Nantouillet, recollected that the buttery was near; broke the chain, and, flying thither, flung himself into a large tub of water, which was there for washing dishes and plates. This saved him, or he would have been burnt to death like the others; but he was withal some time very ill. When the queen heard the cause of the cries, she was alarmed lest the king should be hurt (for he had told her he would be one of the six), and in her fright fainted and fell down. Her ladies and knights hastened to her assistance, and the confusion was so great no one knew what to do. The Duchess of Berri saved the king by throwing the train of her robe over him and detaining him, for he wanted to quit her.

"'Where are you going?' said she. 'Do you not see that your companions are in a blaze? Who are you? for it is not now a time to keep your name a secret.'

"He then declared himself, saying,—

"'I am the king.'

"'Ah, my lord,' replied the duchess, 'put on quickly another dress, and shew yourself to the queen, for she is very much distressed about you!'

"The king, on this, left the room to throw aside his mummery; and the duchess went to the queen and said,—

"'Madam, do not be alarmed for the king: you will shortly see him, for I have been talking with him.'

"As she thus spoke, the king appeared, and the queen trembled for joy. She was carried by her knights to her chamber, where the king attended and comforted her. The bastard of Foix, when on fire, cried aloud, 'Save the king! save the king!' who indeed was saved in the manner I have related. It was the providence of God that inspired him to converse with the ladies; for had he remained with his

companions, he must inevitably have been burnt to death. Of the four who were on fire, two died on the spot; the other two, the bastard of Foix and the Count de Joigny, were carried to their hotels, where, a couple of days afterwards, they expired in great agonies. This melancholy event happened on the Tuesday before Candlemas-eve, and it made a great noise in France and in other countries."

The unfortunate monarch evidently had a masquerading propensity in a degree worthy of Haroun al Raschid himself. "At the grand feast of Queen Isabella's public entry into the city of Paris, the king, having heard what fine pageants were preparing, said to Savoisi, who was one of his *valets-de-chambre*,—

"'Savoisi, I beg that thou wouldst mount my good horse, and I will get up behind thee; and we will disguise ourselves so that no one shall know us, and go and see the entry of my wife.'

"Savoisi did all he could to persuade the king from this; but the king would be obeyed. They therefore disguised themselves, and the king rode behind Savoisi to different parts of Paris. They came to the Châtelet as the queen was passing, and the crowd was so great that Savoisi got into the midst. Bailiffs armed with staves had been stationed there to prevent any person being close to the pageant, who laid about them most lustily to keep off the crowd. Savoisi and the king still pushing forward, the bailiffs, who knew not the king, gave to each several sharp blows on their shoulders. In the evening the king told the ladies what had happened to him at the Châtelet, and there was much laughing and joking on the occasion among them."

The next melancholy event, which shook the health of the poor king, was the violent death of his son-in-law, Richard II. of England; and in 1417 occurred the assassination of his only brother, Louis, the duke of Orleans, who occasioned the accident at the masquerade. He was

returning homeward from a visit to the queen, when, on his arrival at the Porte Barbette, "eighteen men, all well and stoutly armed, sallied out from an ambush, under shelter of a great house. The night was pretty dark, and as they rushed upon him one cried out, 'Put him to death!' and gave him such a blow on the wrist with his battle-axe as severed the hand from the arm. The duke, astonished at this attack, exclaimed, 'I am the Duke of Orleans!' when the assassins, continuing their blows, answered, 'You are the person we were looking for.' So many rushed on him that he was struck off his mule, and his skull was split that his brains were dashed on the pavement. They turned him over and over, and massacred him that he was very soon completely dead."

This murder was the foundation of all the English conquests, for it completed and perpetuated the division of the kingdom of France into two bitterly hostile factions, each of which was reckless of the state of the country, and only sought, at any sacrifice of patriotism, the discomfiture of its antagonist. The perpetrator, or at least the inciter, of this assassination, was the Duke of Burgundy, Jean sans Peur, the cousin of the king and of the murdered man. A contention had long existed between the uncles of Charles and his brother as to the possession of the regency whenever it was rendered necessary by the illness of the monarch. This rivalry engendered much animosity between the Duke of Orleans and his uncles; and when Philip, duke of Burgundy, died, his son John inherited his antipathy to such an extent that he determined to destroy a competitor both personally and politically odious. It is true that Brantôme says that the reasons of the murder were entirely private, and that the political hostility was only assumed, and promulgated as a plea to conceal the Duke of Burgundy's real injury, which was the dishonour of his wife. But the author of "La Vie des Dames Galantes" has a strong and characteristic propensity to trace to conjugal infidelity the origin of

many public crimes and striking catastrophes; and we must therefore receive his testimony with reserve, if not suspicion, and forbear to scandalise, upon so partial an authority, the memories of the Duchess of Burgundy and the Duke of Orleans.

Another remarkable result of this murder was its public defence and justification: this defence, which the editor of Monstrelet rightly denominates "the most extraordinary specimen of special pleading on record," was made by Jean Petit, a secular priest, whom Bayle as rightly calls "a mercenary soul, and an instrument of iniquity." This man, who certainly equalled in villany and audacity any subsequent or existing lawyer, had the depravity and the assurance to maintain publicly, in the great hall of the Royal Hotel of St. Paul, that the murder of the Duke of Orleans was lawful. This brief of "Master John Petit, doctor of theology," is extant verbatim, and is a criminal curiosity of the highest interest; but its bulk is prodigious, and it is impossible to abridge it so as to convey the impression of profound rascality which the entire and sequent document establishes in the mind. To the reader, therefore, who loves to study the extent of human shamelessness, and to the professional man who may chance to seek a precedent to keep him in countenance, we say, Turn to the pages of Enguerraud de Monstrelet; and see with what elaborate and theological ratiocination, with what noble and magnificent sentiments, and with what impious appeals to Heaven, a venal advocate can sanction the cause of murder:—

> "And prove by reason, in reason's despite,
> That right is wrong, and wrong is right,
> And white is black, and black is white."

But in the present instance neither criminal nor pleader ultimately escaped punishment: to the former it was meted in the exact measure in which he offended; and to the latter was awarded public reprobation and proscription. He was supported by the duke, and he struggled to sustain himself

against the indignation and disgust of all honest men, but eventually he died an exile at Hedin.

This occurred in 1411, and in 1413 went to his grave "Henry of Lancaster, king of England. He had in his time been a valiant knight, eager and subtile against his enemies, as is recorded in history, which also has enregistered the strange and disgraceful manner of his obtaining the crown of England, by dethroning his cousin-german Richard, after he had reigned peaceably for twenty-two years. He was, before his death, sorely oppressed with leprosy, which pitifully put an end to him, and he was royally and honourably interred among his ancestors in Westminster Abbey. This king left behind him four sons, namely, Henry, prince of Wales, who succeeded to the throne; Thomas, duke of Clarence; John, duke of Bedford; and Humphrey, duke of Gloucester; and a daughter married to Philip Barbatus, duke of Bavaria.

"All the four sons were handsome, well made, and versed in the different sciences, and in process of time each had great commands. But we must not omit to report a conversation which passed between the king and his eldest son in his last moments. He was so sorely oppressed at the latter end of his sickness, that those who attended him, not perceiving him breathe, concluded he was dead, and covered his face with a cloth. It was the custom in that country, whenever the king was ill, to place the royal crown on a cushion behind his bed, and for his successor to take it on his death. The Prince of Wales, being informed by the attendants that his father was dead, had carried away the crown; but shortly afterwards the king uttered a groan, and his face was uncovered, when, on looking for the crown, he asked what was become of it. His attendants replied, that 'My lord the prince had taken it away.' He bade them send for the prince, and on his entrance the king asked him why he had carried away the crown.

"'My lord,' answered the prince, 'your attendants, here

present, affirmed to me that you were dead; and as your crown and kingdom belong to me, as your eldest son, after your decease, I had taken it away.'

"The king gave a deep sigh, and said,—

"'Fair son, what right have you to it? for you well know that I had none.'

"'My lord,' replied the prince, 'as you held it by right of your sword, it is my intent to hold and defend it by the same during life.'

"The king answered, 'Well, act as you see best: I leave all things to God, and pray that He will have mercy upon me!'

"Shortly after, without uttering another word, he departed this life."

This is Monstrelet's account of an incident which Shakspere has rendered so celebrated. From Holinshed he drew his knowledge of it, and it may therefore be interesting to compare with the foregoing the version of the English chronicler.

"The prince his sonne being hereof advertised (that is, of his father's supposed death), entered into the chamber, tooke awaie the crowne, and departed. The father, being suddenlie revived out of that trance, quicklie perceived the lacke of his crowne, and having knowledge that the prince his sonne had taken it awaie, caused him to come before his presence, requiring him what he meant so to misuse himself. The prince, with a good audacitie, answered, 'Sir, to mine and all men's judgments you seemed dead in this world, and therefore, I as your next heire apparant tooke that as mine owne, and not as yours.' 'Well, faire sonne,' said the kynge, with a great sigh, 'what right I had to do it God knoweth.' 'Well,' said the prince, 'if you die kynge, I will have the garland, and trust to keepe it with the sword.'"

It is also stated that the dying monarch counselled his son to occupy, in a war against France, the minds of the

English in order to prevent them from continuing to dwell on the defects of the Lancasterian claims to the throne. This advice was as cogent and convincing to the understanding, as it may be supposed to have been agreeable to the inclinations of his military son. It is this great contrast in their respective positions, which originates the difference of feelings one entertains in considering the characters and conduct of the two great invaders of France. Edward had no incentive to sustain him in his long and resolute maintenance of a war, which he waged most ferociously, but a selfish, cruel, and ruthless ambition; whereas Henry may almost be said to have inherited with his crown the alternative of either resigning it or of wearing it at the expense of his neighbours. A plea of irresistible expediency is certainly neither an atonement for, nor a justification of, a wrong deed; but it may be received in mitigation of the severity of condemnation. Nor, at this distance of time, can we be sure that if Henry had preferred to sacrifice himself and relinquish the throne, rather than employ the restless and the factious in a foreign invasion, peace would have been secured; a war far more terrible to a mind capable of such an act of patriotic disinterestedness, might have occurred—a civil war among his own countrymen. While, therefore, human nature remains imperfect as it is, a youthful king who chooses to draw his sword on the foreigner, and be a hero and conqueror, to prevent him from abdicating his native sceptre, or being violently deposed from it, will never appeal wholly ineffectually to the sympathies and commiseration of posterity.

Henry thus being driven on war by policy, prosecuted it with an ability which shewed that he had a natural aptitude for it. The imbecility of the poor king of France, the mutual animosity of the factions contending to rule him, and the consequent paralysis of the government, all afforded an assailant the utmost opportunities of success. But such was the natural strength of the kingdom that for

some time he could make no permanent impression on it. Indeed, the great battle of Agincourt only produced the result which occurred to Edward after similar victories,—a retreat. Instead of pursuing his conquest, and obtaining the seemingly inevitable submission of the enemy, he immediately departed for England. Had either of these princes been vain or irresolute, this conduct might have been attributed to an avidity to receive homage and flattery; but they were both most sagacious and determined men, and we must therefore look to other causes for the explanation of their retrograde movements. Yet these causes are obvious enough,—want of money. With a certain restless race, that is, with those who love to fight, and to be paid for fighting, war is popular; but the grave and respectable part of a nation are always friends to peace, and the opulent and trading portion of it are still more strenuously opposed to subsidies. Between the two divisions, therefore, a hero is often condemned to be painfully recalled from his visions of glory, to the sober, but very instructive and beneficial realities of life.

When Henry had sufficiently replenished his purse, he raised an army, and returned to France, when another incident occurred most favourable to his ambitious objects. He had already demanded the hand of the Princess Catharine, and had been rejected in consequence of the enormous territory he required with it; but, as Monstrelet relates,—

"About this time, while the Queen of France resided with her court at the castle of Vincennes, she was visited by the king her lord. On his return to Paris in the evening, he met Sir Louis Bourdon, knight, coming thence, and going to Vincennes, who, on passing very near the king, made a slight inclination of his head as he rode by, and gaily pursued his road. The king instantly ordered the provost of Paris to follow and arrest him, and to take especial care to give a good account of him. The provost

performed his duty, and confined Sir Louis in the Châtelet of Paris, where he was, by command of the king, severely tortured, and then drowned in the Seine."

Now this deed was quite sufficient to infuriate Isabella, who was supposed to be too partial to the luckless knight; but, "Some few days afterwards, by order of the king, the dauphin, and those who governed in Paris, the queen was banished to Blois, and thence to Tours. She was placed under the guard of Master William Sorel, Master John Picard, and Master Lawrence du Puys, without whose consent she could not do any thing, not even write a letter; and the dauphin, by the advice of his ministers, took possession of the immense sums of money the queen had placed in different hands in Paris."

About this seizure of the money some little doubt seems to exist; for, as there were no less than three dauphins in one year, the old chroniclers are somewhat indistinct in their appropriation of their actions. For instance, Monstrelet has already made the Duke of Aquitaine, the eldest of these three dauphins, dispossess his mother of her treasures, and now he makes Charles, the youngest of them, the despoiler. Which, therefore, got the gold appears to be uncertain; but most sure is it that Charles obtained the unbounded hatred of his most unnatural and depraved mother. The result of this detestable animosity was, that from the moment she was rescued from her captivity by the Duke of Burgundy, she devoted her entire life to the injury of the interests of her son. The first effort she made was to renew the negotiation to marry her daughter to Henry. While he was engaged in the siege of Rouen, ambassadors were sent to him, "Who brought with them a portrait of the Princess Catharine, which was presented to the king, who liked it well; but he made too great demands for her marriage-portion, namely, a million of crowns of gold, the duchy of Normandy, the duchy of Aquitaine, the county of

Ponthieu, and other lordships, the whole to be held independent of the crown of France. Nothing, therefore, was concluded."

Catharine was the youngest daughter of the twelve children which the unprincipled Isabella bore to her unhappy husband. She was born in the Hôtel of St. Paul, at Paris, on the 27th of October, 1401. At this period, therefore, she was but seventeen years old, and, consequently, was easily persuaded by her mother to adopt her views and sentiments. Accordingly she abandoned herself entirely to the interests of the English party, and seems to have been desirous to unite herself with Henry. Mother and daughter being in this opinion, but a brief time elapsed before another, and far more strenuous effort was made to arrange matrimonial matters with the covetous and ungallant invader. They went in person to meet him at Meulan, and dragged with them, though then very ill, the unhappy king, who seems to have been invariably the most humble servant of all his successive custodiers, and their name was Legion. However diametrically opposite their views, he adopted them all in turn, not *malgré*, but *de bongré*, with perfect good-will; and, instead of opposing, he was always prompt to see with the eyes and hear with the ears of those who were nearest to him. Rightly does Bayle select this unfortunate period as an illustration of what he calls "the weak side of monarchical governments," for, he observes, whatever political ills may occur, other constitutions are "not subject to infancy, or craziness, as kings are."

"When the day appointed for the conference with Henry was come, the king, the queen, and Princess Catharine, the Duke of Burgundy, and the Count de St. Pol, with the members of the council, escorted by a thousand combatants, went to the place of conference, near to Meulan, and entered the tents that were without the inclosure. Soon after the King of England arrived, attended by his

brothers the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester, and a thousand men-at-arms. He entered the tent that had been pitched for him, as the others had done; and when they were about to commence the conference, the queen on the right hand, followed by the Lady Catharine, the Duke of Burgundy, and the Count de St. Pol, entered the inclosure. In like manner did the King of England, with his brothers and council, by another opening; and, with a most respectful obeisance, saluted the queen, and then kissed her and the Lady Catharine. After this the Duke of Burgundy saluted the king, bending his knee a little, and inclining his head; but Henry took him by the hand, embraced him, and shewed him great respect. After they had remained in conference a long time, they separated, taking most respectful leaves of each other. On the morrow three weeks they again met there, and remained together for several days in the same state, and with the same number of persons as before, with the exception of the Lady Catharine, who had been brought the first time that the King of England might see her. King Henry was very desirous to marry her, and not without cause, for she was very handsome, of high birth, and of the most engaging manners."

Nevertheless, in spite of the maiden's beauty and the hero's admiration, his territorial acquisitiveness remained undiminished. Such was the exorbitancy of his demands, that even all the interest of the queen could not persuade the council to comply with them; and the conference ended without any satisfactory result.

"The King of England was much displeased and very indignant with the Duke of Burgundy, whom he considered the cause, he being the principal leader of the government. The last day they were together he said to him, 'Fair cousin, we wish you to know we will have the daughter of your king and all that we have asked, or we will drive him and you out of your kingdom.' The duke replied, 'Sire,

you are pleased to say so, but before you can drive my lord and me out of his kingdom I make no doubt that you will be heartily tired.'"

After this rejoinder, which certainly is not witty, and probably therefore is literally true, they separated; and the prospects of Henry seemed destined to be deprived of some of their brilliancy, when an event occurred which was productive of the most deplorable consequences to France and of benefit to him. This was the assassination of the Duke of Burgundy by the dauphin; who seems to have selected for the perpetration of his crime, the very moment in which the object of it appears to have been awakening to a right sense of his duty to his country and to his sovereign. The atrocious deed, too, was combined with circumstances of the basest perfidy, and, altogether, it may be considered as one of the most treacherous and abominable murders recorded in the history of even feudal and chivalrous ages.

After a solemn treaty of peace had been ratified between the duke and the dauphin, he was lured, by the most affectionate protestations and the most earnest assurances of safety, to consent to confer with the latter on the bridge of Montereau. Circumstances of suspicion were subsequently detailed to him; but, after hearing the diversity of opinion which they originated among his council, he declared that he would proceed, and wait whatever it might please God to ordain; for that the peace and reformation of the kingdom might be delayed by his failure.

"The duke was accompanied by ten persons, namely, Charles de Bourbon, the Lord de Nouaille, John de Fribourg, the Lord de St. George, the Lord de Montagu, Sir Anthony du Vergy, the Lord d'Ancre, Sir Guy de Pontailler, Sir Charles de Lens, Sir Peter de Giac, and a secretary, named Pierre Seguinat. In company with the above, he advanced to the front of the first barrier on the bridge, where many of the dauphin's people came to meet him, and again renewed the promises and oaths that had been taken

before. They said, 'Come to my lord, he is waiting for you on the bridge;' and then they returned towards the dauphin. The duke turned to his companions, and asked if they thought he could advance in safety on the securities offered to him. They having upright intentions, answered in the affirmative, adding that they were willing to incur the same risk as he should. On this reply he proceeded, ordering his attendants to keep close behind him, and entered the first barrier, where he found others of the dauphin's men, who again said, 'Hasten to my lord, for he is waiting for you.' He rejoined, 'I am going to him,' and entered the second barrier, which was instantly closed and locked by those appointed to do so, so soon as he and his company were within it. As he advanced, he met Sir Tanneguy du Chatel, and, from affection, slapt him on the shoulder, saying to the Lord de St. George, 'This is he in whom I trust.' He then passed on until he approached the dauphin, who was completely armed and girt with his sword, and leaning on one of the barriers; when near, to pay him greater honour, the duke dropped on one knee, and most respectfully saluted him. The dauphin, however, made no return, nor shewed him the least sign of affection, but reproached him for not disbanding his forces from different garrisons. At the same time Sir Robert de Loire, taking him by the right arm, said, 'Rise, for you are too great a man thus to bend.' The duke, as has been said, was on one knee, and his sword having turned too much behind him as he knelt, he put his hand to replace it properly, when Sir Robert cried, 'What! do you put your hand on your sword in the presence of my lord the dauphin?'

"During these words Sir Tanneguy du Chatel approached him on the opposite side, and making a signal, said, 'It is now time!' and struck the duke with a small battle-axe he had in his hand, so roughly on the face that he felled him, and cut off part of his chin. The duke on

this put his hand to his sword to draw it, and attempted to rise to defend himself, but at the instant Tanneguy, with others, repeated their blows, and laid him dead. While he was on the ground, Olivier Layet, assisted by Pierre Frotier, thrust a sword under the haubergeon into his body. The Lord de Nouaille, seeing this, drew his sword half out to defend the duke, but the Viscount de Narbonne held a dagger ready to strike him. The Lord de Nouaille now turned towards him, and vigorously wrested the weapon from him; however, while he was thus engaged, he received a blow from a battle-axe on the back part of his head, which terminated the scuffle and his life. All this while the dauphin leaned on the barrier looking on, but soon drew back as one much frightened, when he was immediately conducted to his lodgings by Jean Lauret, president of Provence, and other of his councillors.

"Thus was the Duke of Burgundy cruelly murdered, trusting to the promises and securities of the Duke de Touraine, dauphin of Vienne, and his ministers. The act, and the manner of perpetrating it, were most horrible; and the hearts of noble and worthy men, natives of France, must suffer the greatest shame and grief to witness the noble blood of the *flower-de-luces* and princes so nearly allied destroy each other; and the kingdom, by these and other acts done prior to this, put to the infinite risk of changing its sovereign, and all things thrown into confusion and peril."[1]

The old chroniclers and many subsequent historians, in their commiseration of the victim, seem to forget that he was the slayer of the Duke of Orleans; for the atrocious nature of his punishment obliterated the memory of his offence, and the crime of the murderer was lost in the blood of the murdered. Yet, enormous as was the deed in cruelty and perfidy, the folly of it was almost equal in magnitude,

[1] Monstrelet.

supposing that it was perpetrated to rid the dauphin of a political antagonist. However, though this is the prevailing supposition, there is much reason to infer that a thirst for vengeance was the chief incentive to it; for the principal assassins had been attached adherents of the Duke of Orleans.

But, whatever were the real motives of this crime, its consequences were such as might have been anticipated by the most unreflecting. Philip, the son of the murdered prince, immediately succeeded to his estates and power, and devoted his whole energy and resources to punish the murderers of his father. To promote his attainment of this object, he united himself in a close confederacy with the queen and with Henry; and the marriage of the latter with Catharine then speedily ceased to become a subject of difficulty.

"At length it was concluded, by favour of the Duke of Burgundy and his party, that Charles, king of France, should give to Henry, king of England, his youngest daughter Catharine in marriage, and, in consequence of this alliance, should make him and his heirs successors to the throne of France after his decease: thus disinheriting his own son and heir, Charles, duke of Touraine, and dauphin, and annulling that principle of the constitution which had been, with great deliberation, resolved on by former kings and peers of France, namely, that it should never be governed or inherited by a female, or by any one descended from the female line. The King of France also agreed that should King Henry have no issue by this marriage, he and his heirs were to remain successors to the crown of France. All this was granted by King Charles; but, to say truth, he had not for some time past been in his right senses."[1]

Shortly afterwards, "Henry, king of England, accompanied by his two brothers, the Dukes of Clarence and of

[1] Monstrelet.

Gloucester, the Earls of Huntingdon, Warwick, and Kyme, and many of the great lords of England, with about sixteen hundred combatants, the greater part of whom were archers, set out from Rouen and came to Ponthoise, and thence to St. Denis. He crossed the bridge at Charenton, and left part of his army to guard it, and thence advanced by Provins to Troyes in Champagne. The Duke of Burgundy and several of the nobility, to shew him honour and respect, came out to meet him, and conducted him to the hotel where he was lodged with his princes. Shortly after his arrival, he waited on the king and queen of France, and the lady Catharine their daughter, when great honours and attentions were by them mutually paid. When all relating to the peace had been concluded, King Henry, according to the custom of France, affianced the lady Catharine.

"On the morrow of Trinity-day, the King of England espoused her in the parish church near to which he was lodged: great pomp and magnificence were displayed by him and his princes, as if he were at that moment king of all the world."

From the celebrated treaty which was then ratified we need but extract the passage relating to the Princess Catharine:—

"*Item*, It is agreed that our said daughter Catharine shall have such dower paid her from the revenues of England as English queens have hitherto enjoyed, namely, sixty thousand crowns. *Item*, It is agreed that our said son King Henry shall, by every means in his power, without transgressing the laws he has sworn to maintain, and the customs of England, assure to our said daughter Catharine the punctual payment of the aforesaid dower of sixty thousand crowns from the moment of his decease. *Item*, It is agreed, that should it happen our said daughter should survive our said son King Henry, she shall receive as her dower from the kingdom of France the sum of forty thousand francs yearly; and this sum shall be settled on the lands and lordships which were formerly held in dower by our very dear

and well-beloved the lady Blanche, consort to King Philip of France, of happy memory."[1]

With regard to the rest of the treaty, its nature may be very pleasantly expressed by two speeches which Shakspere has put into the mouths of Henry and Catharine:—

"*Katharine.* Is it possible that I should love the enemy of France?

"*Henry.* No, it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but in loving me you should love the friend of France: for I love France so well, that I will not part with a single village of it: I will have it all mine; and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine."

The treaty was but a technical expression of this passionate sentiment, and legally assigned both the lady and the land to the acquisitive monarch; by whom it was taken with expressions of affection, and who in return was tenderly styled, "*Noster præcarissimus filius, Henricus rex Angliæ, hæres Franciæ.*"

After the conclusion of the feasts and ceremonies of the marriage, Henry and Charles, accompanied by their queens, the Duke of Burgundy, and the whole army, departed from the city of Troyes to besiege the town of Sens in Burgundy, which was occupied by a party of the dauphin's men. When they had taken it, they proceeded with a similar purpose to Montereau-faut-Yonne. The governor, who held it for the dauphin, made a gallant defence, but was soon overpowered, and the place entered by assault.

"When this had been done, some of the Duke of Burgundy's people, by the direction of the women of the town, went to the spot where Duke John had been buried, and instantly placed over the grave a mourning cloth, and lighted tapers at each end of it. On the morrow, by orders of the Duke of Burgundy, several noble knights and esquires of his household were sent thither to raise the corse and examine it. On their arrival, they had the body dug up;

[1] Monstrelet.

but in truth it was a melancholy sight, for he had still on his pourpoint and drawers, and there was not a man present who could refrain from weeping. The body was again put into a leaden coffin, filled with salt and spices, and carried to Burgundy, to be interred in the convent of Carthusian friars, without Dijon."

This extract reveals that the men of that time *could* weep from commiseration and affection; information which is received with satisfaction and sympathy, as a human trait is but of painfully rare occurrence in the annals of the chivalrous ages. To say that these ages were ruthless and sanguinary, is only to condemn them very inadequately. Most persons are conscious that they possessed these features; but it is only the reader who has waded through their chronicles, who is thoroughly acquainted with the disgusting features of perfidy, dissimulation, meanness, and baseness of every kind which the institution of knighthood tolerated and practised. The order professed both speciously and well, and doubtlessly, in the lapse of years, some worthy members of it existed; but it is difficult to find in the pages of history a record of one who can be pronounced to have been a gentleman in heart and mind. An orator and statesman of great intellectual power, but with much theatrical taste and predilections, has given almost the celebrity of a proverb to his sentimental lamentation, that "the age of chivalry is past!" But no man of common feeling and common information could ever have heard or read this affected speech, without internally and heartily rejoining, "Thank God that it has!"

Henry then proceeded to besiege Melun, and Charles and the two queens fixed their residence at Corbeil. Catharine was attended by the Duchess of Clarence, and other noble English ladies; and while there she was frequently visited by her husband. But after a time Charles and the princesses were brought to the camp, in order that the inhabitants of Melun might be enticed to surrender to their

own sovereign; they replied, however, that they would cheerfully throw open the gates to him, but that they would never pay obedience to a king of England, the ancient deadly enemy of France. Nevertheless, Charles continued to dwell in the camp, under the care and management of his son-in-law, not indeed with his former state and pomp, for, as Monstrelet adds, "it was a poor sight now to see him. But Isabella was grandly attended by ladies and damsels; and in company with Catharine remained for about a month in a house which Henry had erected for them near to his tents, but far enough from the town to prevent the cannon from annoying them. Every day, at sunrise and nightfall, eight or ten clarions, and divers other instruments, played most melodiously for an hour before their dwelling. In truth, the king of England was more magnificent during this siege than at any other during his reign."

While he was engaged in it, "The Lord de l'Isle-Adam, marshal of France, who had been sent to garrison Joigny, returned to the camp. He had caused to be made a surcoat of light grey, in which he waited on the King of England relative to some affairs touching his office. When he had made the proper salutations, and had said a few words respecting his business, King Henry, by way of joke, said,—

"'What! l'Isle-Adam, is this a dress for a marshal of France?'

"To which he replied, looking the king in the face, 'Sire, I have had it thus made to cross the Seine in the boats.'

"The king rejoined, 'How dare you thus look a prince full in the face when you are speaking to him?'

"'Sire,' answered l'Isle-Adam; 'such is the custom of us Frenchmen; and if any one addresses another, whatever may be his rank, and looks on the ground, he is thought to have evil designs, and cannot be an honest man.'

"The king replied, 'Such is not our custom.'

"After these, and some few more words, the Lord de l'Isle-Adam took leave of the king, and departed from his

presence, but he perceived that he was not in his good graces. He was shortly afterwards deprived of his office as marshal of France."[1]

This is a curious and interesting anecdote, and significantly expressive of the haughtiness and injustice of the period.

After the surrender of Melun, the two kings, attended by the Dukes of Clarence, Burgundy, Bedford, and Exeter, went to Paris. A numerous body of citizens, in handsome array, came out to meet them, and the streets were covered and ornamented with very rich cloths. Charles and Henry rode side by side, and on their entrance carols were sung in all the squares through which they passed. As they advanced, they met different processions of the clergy on foot, who halted, and then presented the holy relics borne by them to be kissed by the two kings. When they were first offered to the French monarch, he turned towards Henry and made him a sign to kiss them; but with equal courtesy, this sovereign, putting his hand to his head, and bowing to King Charles, replied, "That he would kiss them after him." This order was adopted, and practised all the way to the church of Notre Dame, where the monarchs and attendant princes dismounted and entered the church.

The two queens made their entry into Paris on the ensuing day, when the Duke of Burgundy, with many English lords, went out to meet them. Great joy was displayed on their arrival, and numberless presents were offered by the city of Paris to the monarchs, but especially to Henry and Catharine. The whole of the day and night wine was constantly running through brass cocks in the squares in such abundance that all might partake of it; and the chroniclers add, "More rejoicings were made throughout Paris than tongue can tell, for the peace that had been made between the two kings."

At the feast of the Nativity, Henry and Charles, with

[1] Monstrelet.

their queens and households, kept open court at Paris, the former at the Louvre, and the latter at the Hôtel de St. Pol. But their state was very different; for that of the French monarch was poor and mean, and he was attended only by persons of low degree and some old servants; while of his victorious antagonist and Catharine, the magnificence was unbounded. The highest nobility came from all parts to do them honour; and from that day Henry took on himself the whole government of the kingdom, appointing officers at his pleasure, and dismissing those to whom their monarch and the late Duke of Burgundy had given appointments.

When the festivities were concluded, the English prince and his fair consort, with a gorgeous retinue, proceeded to Rouen, accompanied by the Dukes of Clarence and Bedford, and the Red Duke of Bavaria, who had married Henry's sister, and had come to support him with five hundred men-at-arms. When the public affairs had been arranged in that town, the sovereigns departed thence, and repaired to Amiens, where they were received enthusiastically and magnificently, and very costly presents were made by the municipality to the consort of their king elect. Thence they continued their journey to Calais, where they stayed a few days, and then crossed the Channel to England, his subjects cheering their victorious prince, as if, says Monstrelet, "he had been an angel. He lost no time after his arrival, in having Catharine crowned queen of England in the city of London, the metropolis of that kingdom. The coronation was performed with such splendid magnificence that the like had never been seen at any coronation since the time of that noble knight, Arthur, king of the English and Bretons. After this ceremony, King Henry made a progress to the principal towns of his realm, and explained to them, with much eloquence, what grand deeds he had performed through his prowess in France, and what yet remained to be done for the complete conquest of that kingdom, namely, the subjugation of his adversary the Dauphin

of Vienne, only son to King Charles, and brother to Catharine, who styled himself heir to the crown and regent of France, and kept possession of the greater part of the country. To complete this conquest, he said, only two things were necessary—money and men; and these requests were so liberally granted that he very soon collected larger sums than had ever before been seen, and they could scarcely be counted."

At this time Catharine obtained a very fantastic addition to her society in London in the person of an errant damsel and princess; for a quarrel having occurred between John duke of Brabant and his duchess, Jacqueline of Bavaria, she left his palace. "The principal reasons for her so doing were commonly reported to be, that she found him of poor understanding, and that he suffered himself to be governed by persons of low degree. The Duke of Burgundy, who was equally related to both, and her mother, the Countess of Hainault, vainly attempted to reconcile them. She declared that she would find means to effect a divorce, so that she might marry some person who would pay attention to her becoming her rank. The duchess was at this time in the flower of her youth, beautiful, well made, and as fully accomplished as any lady of her age. After having resided with her mother for a short time, they proceeded together to Valenciennes, where the duchess took leave of her, and went, as she said, to amuse herself in the town of Brabant; but on the morrow she departed thence very early in the morning, and was met on the plain by the Lord d'Escaillan, a native of Hainault, but an Englishman in his heart. With him she had held many conferences while at Valenciennes, and he had promised to escort her to London, to seek redress from King Henry, and to concert with him as to the best means to be rid of her husband. In company with this knight, who had about sixty horsemen with him, she took the road to Calais, whence after some stay she crossed over to England, where she was most honourably received

by the king, who made her general promises of aid in all her concerns."

This eccentric personage is she who afterwards occasioned so much political confusion by her fatally precipitate marriage with the Duke of Gloucester.[1] To this union, which may be denominated absurdly rash, for it occurred while her first husband was still living, historians generally attribute the disasters which afterwards befell the English in

[1] In a *Book of Beauty*, a love epistle seems so appropriate and desirable, that the following most amusing and extraordinary sample of conjugal correspondence must not be omitted. It is only necessary to premise that when the Duke of Gloucester went to Calais, he left his lady duchess behind him in the town of Mons, at the entreaty of the nobles, and deputies, and burghers; having made them swear that they would guard and defend her against all who would attempt to injure her. How they fulfilled this oath the subjoined letter from the much-enduring princess will testify:—

"My very dear and redoubted lord and father, in the most humble of manners, in this world, I recommend myself to your kind favour. May it please you to know, my very redoubted lord and father, that I address myself to your glorious power, as the most doleful, most ruined, and most treacherously-deceived woman living; for, my very dear lord, on Sunday, the 13th of this present month of June, the deputies of your town of Mons returned, and brought with them a treaty that had been agreed on between our fair cousin of Burgundy and our fair cousin of Brabant, which treaty had been made in the absence and without the knowledge of my mother, as she herself signifies to me, and confirmed by her chaplain, Master Gerard le Grand. My mother, most redoubted lord, has written to me letters, certifying the above treaty having been made, but that, in regard to it, she knew not how to advise me, for that she herself was doubtful how to act. She desired me, however, to call an assembly of the principal burghers of Mons, and learn from them what aid and advice they were willing to give me.

"Upon this, my sweet lord and father, I went on the morrow to the town-house, and remonstrated with them, that it had been at their request and earnest entreaties that you had left me under their safeguard, and on their oaths that they would be true and loyal subjects, and take especial care of me, so that they should be enabled to give you good accounts on your return—and these oaths had been taken on the holy sacrament at the altar and on the sacred Evangelists.

"To this my harangue, my dear and honoured lord, they simply replied, that they were not sufficiently strong within the town to defend and guard me; and instantaneously they rose in tumult, saying that my people wanted to murder them; and, my sweet lord, they carried matters so far that, in despite of me, they arrested one of your sergeants, called Maquart, whom they immediately beheaded, and hanged very many who were of your party, and strongly attached to your interest, such as Bardoul de la Porte, his brother Colart, Gilet de la Porte, Jean du Bois, Guillaume de Leur, Sanson, your sergeant, Pierre, Baron, Sandart,

France; as it is supposed to have alienated from their alliance the Duke of Burgundy. This conjecture, however, will admit of much questioning; but as this is not the place to investigate it, we will proceed to narrate the proceedings of Henry, whose return to France was disagreeably hastened by the unlucky battle of Baugé, in which his brother, the Duke of Clarence, was killed. He disembarked at Calais with an army of twenty-four thousand archers and from three to four thousand men-at-arms; thence proceeded to Montes to meet the Duke of Burgundy. With this

Dandre, and others, to the number of two hundred and fifty of your adherents. They also wished to seize Sir Baldwin, the treasurer; Sir Louis de Montfort, Haulnere, Jean Fresne, and Estienne d'Estre; but though they did not succeed, I know not what they intend doing,—for, my very dear lord, they plainly told me, that unless I make peace they will deliver me into the hands of the Duke of Brabant, and that I shall only remain eight days longer in their town, when I shall be forced to go into Flanders, which will be to me the most painful of events; for I very much fear that unless you shall hasten to free me from the hands I am now in, I shall never see you more.

"Alas! my most dear and redoubted father, my whole hope is in your power, seeing, my sweet lord and only delight, that all my sufferings arise from my love to you. I therefore entreat, in the most humble manner possible, and for love of God, that you would be pleased to have compassion on me and on my affairs, for you must hasten to succour your most doleful creature, if you do not wish to lose her for ever. I have hopes that you will do as I beg, for, dear father, I have never behaved ill to you in my whole life, and so long as I shall live I will never do anything to displease you, but I am ready to die for love of you and your noble person.

"Your government pleases me much, and by my faith, my very redoubted lord and prince, my sole consolation and hope, I beg you will consider, by the love of God, and of my lord St. George, the melancholy situation of myself and my affairs more maturely than you have hitherto done, for you seem entirely to have forgotten me. Nothing more do I know at present than that I ought sooner to have sent Sir Louis de Montfort to you; for he cannot longer remain here, although he attended me when all the rest deserted me; and he will tell you more particularly all that has happened than I can do in a letter. I entreat, therefore, that you will be a kind lord to him, and send me your good pleasure and commands, which I will most heartily obey. This is known to the blessed Son of God, whom I pray to grant you a long and happy life, and that I may have the great joy of seeing you soon.

"Written in the false and traitorous town of Mons, with a doleful heart, the 6th day of June." The signature below was, "Your sorrowful and well-beloved daughter, suffering great grief by your commands. Your daughter, &c.

"QUIENEBOURG."

prince it was arranged that he should return to Picardy to oppose Sir John Harcourt, and that the king should attack Dreux. After the surrender of this place, he besieged Meaux, where he heard of the accouchement of Catharine, whom he had left behind him in England, of a son and heir to the two kingdoms. The royal, and seemingly inevitably fortunate infant was, by command of his father, baptised Henry, and one of his sponsors was the whimsical Jacqueline. This event gave unbounded gratification to the king, and the rejoicings throughout England were on an unprecedented scale of pomp.

After the surrender of Meaux, "Catharine, queen of England, who had been for some time recovered of her lying-in of her first-born child, Henry, arrived at Harfleur in grand state, attended by ladies without number, and escorted by a large fleet filled with men-at-arms and archers, under the command of the Duke of Bedford, brother to the king. On landing she went to Rouen, and thence to Vincennes to meet the king. Queen Catharine travelled in royal state, always accompanied by the Duke of Bedford and the men-at-arms. King Henry departed from Meaux with his friends to meet her, and she was received by them as if she had been an angel from heaven. Great rejoicings were made by the King and Queen of France for the happy arrival of their son-in-law and daughter; and on the thirtieth day of May, Whitsun-eve, the Kings of France and of England, accompanied by their queens, left Vincennes, and entered Paris with much pomp. The King and Queen of France were lodged at the Hôtel of St. Pol, and the King of England at the Louvre. In each of these places the two kings solemnly celebrated the feast of Pentecost, which fell on the day after their arrival.

"On this day the King and Queen of England were seated at table, gorgeously apparelled, having crowns on their heads. The English princes, dukes, knights, and prelates, were partakers of the feast, each seated according to

his rank, and the tables were covered with the rarest viands and choicest wines. The king and queen this day held a grand court, which was attended by all the English in Paris; and the Parisians went to the castle of the Louvre to see the king and queen at table, crowned with their most precious diamonds; but as no meat or drink was offered to the populace, they went away much discontented; for in former times, when the Kings of France kept open court, meat and drink were distributed plentifully to all comers by the king's servants.

"King Charles had indeed been as liberal and courteous as his predecessors, but he was now seated in his Hôtel of St. Pol, at table with his queen, deserted by the grandees and others of his subjects. The government and power of his kingdom were now transferred into the hands of his son-in-law, King Henry; and he had so little share, that he was managed as the King of England pleased, and no attention was paid him, which created much sorrow in the hearts of all loyal Frenchmen, and not without cause."[1]

Poor King Charles! who was one of those unfortunate personages who seem born expressly to make manifest how much of ingratitude, selfishness, and meanness, exist in the majority of mankind.

The royal families then departed from Paris, and went to Senlis, where they made some stay. Thence Henry repaired to Compiègne, where, learning that a plot had been formed to betray the city of Paris to the adherents of the Dauphin, he hastened to that city, and detected and punished the conspirators. He then returned to Senlis, where the malady that occasioned his death manifested itself most painfully. Nevertheless, he took leave of the King and Queen of France, and of his own consort, whom he never afterwards saw, and proceeded to Melun in a litter: in order that he might join his army on the day appointed for a battle

[1] Monstrelet, ch. cclxi.

between the dauphin and the Duke of Burgundy. But he daily grew so much weaker, that he was forced to return to the castle of Vincennes, where he terminated his martial and adventurous life. Previously to his dissolution he gave some excellent political advice, which was not adopted.

For a time his decease was concealed from Catharine; but subsequently she was made acquainted with it, and followed, in great state, the funeral procession from Paris to London. At his interment, "and in regard to every thing concerning it," says Monstrelet, "greater pomp and expense were made than had been done for two hundred years at the burial of any king of England; and even now as much honour and reverence are daily paid to his tomb, as if it were certain he was a saint in paradise. Thus ended the life of King Henry in the flower of his age, for when he died he was but forty years old. He was very wise and able in every business he undertook, and of a determined character. During the seven or eight years he ruled in France he made greater conquests than any of his predecessors had ever done. It is true he was so feared by his princes and captains that none dared to disobey his orders, however nearly related to him, more especially his English subjects. In this state of obedience were his subjects of France and of England: and the principal cause was, that if any person transgressed his ordinances he had been instantly punished without favour or mercy.

"At this time a noble knight of Picardy used a joking expression to his herald respecting King Henry, which was often afterwards repeated. Sir Sarrasin d'Arly, uncle to the Vidame of Amiens, who might be about sixty years of age, resided in the castle of Achere, which he had with his wife, sister to the Lord d'Offemont, near to Pas, in Artois. He was laid up with the gout, but was very eager to hear news of what was going on. One day his poursuivant, named Haurenas, of the same age as himself, and who had long served him, returned from making the usual inquiries; and

on Sir Sarrasin questioning him, and asking if he had heard any particulars of the death of the King of England, he said that he had, and had even seen his corpse at Abbeville, at the church of St. Ulham, and then related how he was attired. The knight then asked him, on his faith, if he had diligently observed him. On his answering that he had, 'Now, on thy oath, tell me,' added Sir Sarrasin, 'if he had his boots on?' 'No, my lord, by my faith, he had not.' 'Then,' cried the knight, 'Haurenas, my good friend, never believe me, if he has not left them in France!' This expression set the company a laughing, and then they talked of other matters."

Whatever faults Sir Sarrasin d'Arly may have possessed, undoubtedly want of humour and of discernment cannot be said to be among them; for if boundless activity and boundless rapacity could ever have supplied a mortal with a plea for arising from the grave, Henry of Lancaster certainly was not the man to have failed to return to France to claim and fetch his boots!

The unfortunate Charles terminated his career within less than two months after the decease of his son-in-law. This event occasioned the Parisians to send an embassy to the infant Henry and to Catharine, to entreat that they would order that a sufficient force should proceed to France to oppose the daily advances of the new king, late dauphin of Vienne. Though the person to be thwarted was her brother, the proposition was joyfully received by Catharine, and the bearers were faithfully promised speedy and effectual succour.

Shortly afterwards Catharine withdrew into private life, by marrying Sir Owen Tudor, a knight of good lineage, and said to be descended from the ancient princes of Wales. Several children were the consequence of this union; among others, one who was created Earl of Richmond, and who, by marrying Margaret of Lancaster, a descendant of John of Gaunt, became the father of a successful claimant of the

throne, Henry VII. Catharine died in 1438, and was buried at Westminster.

We have stated our belief that in a *Book of Beauty* a love-letter is a valuable introduction; in a similar feeling we will now conclude this chronicle with a word on ladies' dresses during the period we have been describing. They were absurd to a degree which is ineffable; but Bayle shall make the attempt:—

"In those days women wore a rich ornament on their head, which they called 'hennins.' Mr. John Juvenal des Ursins says, that notwithstanding the wars during the reign of Charles VI. the ladies were excessive in their dress, and wore wonderful high and large horns, having on each side two ears so large, that it was impossible for them to come through a door. There were others about an ell long, and as sharp as steeples, with long crapes set off with rich fringes, hanging down behind their backs like flags."

This absurdity was so general and offensive, that at last it attracted the indignant notice of Thomas Cuecte, called commonly Friar Thomas. This reformer, if not eloquent, was certainly voluble, for he preached sermons of a prodigious length, chiefly directed against these noble personages who bedecked their heads with the costly and preposterous apparel which was odious to him. So inimical did he at last become to the prohibited monstrosity, that no woman wearing it dared appear before him; for he was accustomed, if ever he detected one, to incite the little boys of the place to torment and attack the unfortunate wearer. These imps, thus instigated, would pursue her shouting, "An hennin!" as if they were tracking some animal of chase; and if they overtook her, they would pull by violence the colossal deformity from her head. The affrighted ladies rarely escaped unless they found protectors; and then a miniature war was raised, for the mischievous urchins had also their advocates and abettors.

"These huntings," says Paradin, an author of the six-

teenth century, "lasted so long, that the ladies durst not appear in public, and were forced to come to Brother Thomas's sermons in disguise, with a linen head-dress as ordinary women. The result was that no more hennins were to be seen wherever he went. This was useful for some time till he left the country. Then the ladies lifted up their horns again, and did like the snails, which, when they hear any noise, pull in their horns, but when the noise is over suddenly raise them higher than before. So did the ladies, for the hennins were never larger, more pompous and magnificent, than after the departure of Brother Thomas. Thus we see what it is to be obstinate against the obstinacy of some brains."

Now, what does the existing and horrified votary of fashion imagine to have been the end of this fierce and remorseless reformer of feminine taste? Lady, he was burnt!

1726998

# MARGARET OF ANJOU,

## QUEEN OF HENRY VI.

BY MRS. OCTAVIUS FREIRE OWEN.

Age of Romance! era of soul-stirring and ennobling Chivalry! when infant Science disdained not companionship with Poetry, her fairer sister, and honour, not wealth, was the guerdon of ambition; when the shout of armed lists, or the approving smile of Beauty, supplied the youthful warrior's loftiest triumph, and

Life had yet a leisure hour for love!

—man dreams now no longer, ours is the iron epoch of utility, a self-complacent sneer relaxes the features of the disciple of modern progress as he gazes upon the rusty mail and empty vizor, from beneath which have issued thoughts, of whose language in action centuries have caught the echo; he forgets that pure and lofty principles may have been entombed with their knightly possessors; and that it were wiser, perchance, still willingly to be duped by the visionary enchantment of history's kaleidoscope, than to dissolve the charm by scrutinising too narrowly the transparent elements of the delusion!

The sun shone brightly upon the last days of autumn 1444, and lighted up a pageant, to whose component parts artistic skill lent a scarcely less brilliant effect than the picturesque and variegated landscape of central France, in which the scene was laid. Within the range of hills inclosing rich fields, and valleys deep shaded by trees, clothed in the warm tints of the declining year, the eye wandered over groups of mounted cavaliers, whose pavilions, each

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embellished by a blazoned pennon of device, reflected the morning ray, or rested upon painted galleries filled with fair women, their glances bent in sparkling pleasure on the crowd below, or raised in conscious power, and little needing the aid of waving banners, floating plumes, and martial music, to kindle an enthusiasm in the knightly objects of their interest, which, it might be, never slumbered more. It was a tournament in honour of a recent marriage, solemnised in the then prevalent fashion by proxy; and the assembled company, which included the entire royal family of one large realm, and many of the noblest in another, approached the close of festivities somewhat more elaborate than on similar occasions, and which had been already protracted beyond a week's space. But it was not the conclusion of the *fête* alone that elicited the regrets of the revellers: a parting was at hand,—and although it was one which, to most of those present, heralded for its heroine nothing but the inspiring auspices of a new and splendid destiny, yet some there were who sighed at its auguries, and more than one sad heart whose fondest hopes the recent ceremonial had erased—hopes never deemed impossible till now! To the spectator, however, nothing of this was visible, and a lovely and a gallant sight it was, when the throng of chivalry and beauty, defiling through the barriers into the open country, quitted those lists, the scene of the gorgeous tournay which had just closed, and prepared to accompany the slight and graceful girl who rode at their head some leagues upon her journey towards her new country and its hitherto unseen lord.

In the flush of opening womanhood—a womanhood predicted by youthful charms so long the theme of admiration at the court of her aunt, the Queen of France—scarcely fifteen, but possessing the germ of a mental vigour far beyond her years, and awaiting only the breath of circumstance to manifest its ardent energy, Margaret of Anjou, a portionless bride, save in the fatal dower of beauty and

talent, both carefully estimated by the ambassadors who had conducted their sovereign's espousals, was escorted by them to take her place upon the throne of England: with what proportionate views as to her happiness and their own aggrandisement it may be well to spend a few moments in investigating.

Henry VI., surnamed of Windsor, the only son of the hero of Agincourt and Catharine the Fair of Valois, had been called to assume the crown of his gallant sire when an infant not twelve months old. Arrived at his twenty-first year he was still unmarried, and apparently but little regardful if he retained that state during his entire life. "Of the most harmless, inoffensive, simple manners, of the most slender capacity, he was fitted, both by the softness of his temper and the weakness of his understanding, to be perpetually governed by those who surrounded him, and it was easy to foresee his reign would prove a perpetual minority."[1]

About this period the quarrel between the king's uncle Humphrey, the "good Duke of Gloucester," and his grand-uncle, the Cardinal of Winchester (more generally known as Cardinal Beaufort), had nearly reached its climax; and the latter, "who had filled the council with ecclesiastics," sought by this means, and the influence he had derived from being intrusted with the king's guardianship and edution, to thwart his nephew Gloucester's views, whose office of Lord Protector had given him an opportunity to become deservedly popular with all classes. Both parties and their respective factions were naturally anxious to select the future queen, less as instrumental to the benefit of either monarch or kingdom than to their own personal ambition; though the duke, "a generous prince, was worsted in all court intrigues, for which his temper was not suited." There is, indeed, a painful degree of sympathy attached to his memory; not only in connexion with his own mysterious

[1] Hume.

end, but as the victim of the diabolical plot formed against his duchess (the daughter of Reginald, Lord Cobham), who had been accused of the crime of witchcraft, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment. By this evil machination the cardinal, its undoubted originator, trusted to effect the voluntary removal of the duke from power, but, contrary to all expectation, the latter "took all things pacyently, and said little,"[1] repressing the sense of outraged affection by faithful adherence to the king; while, the persecution he had undergone being justly estimated by the nation, rendered him still more its favourite, and increased the difficulty and peril of superseding him.

The Count of Armagnac having proposed his daughter in marriage with Henry, Gloucester warmly seconded his views, and affairs were speedily brought to a conclusion, if not by the king's betrothal to the lady in question, by something very nearly akin to it. Authorities are sadly contradictory upon this point, and the editor of "Beckington's Journal" does not set the matter at rest; but it is evident that the duke was justly disappointed and mortified when this negotiation fell to the ground, and another was opened by the cardinal and his party, which it is a question with historians how far they were ever authorised to commence, and which was, moreover, from various reasons, likely to be particularly displeasing to many members of the English cabinet.

France, the scene of such long and desolating contest, robbed by death or captivity of many of her bravest princes, worn out by repeated drains upon her resources, and distracted with intestine feuds, desired to rest from war for a time, and to recruit her shattered energies by a truce with her stronger rival. This treaty afforded the pretext to Beaufort and his associates, who had long fixed their eyes on Margaret as every way suited to their purpose for

[1] Grafton.

cementing the peace about to ensue by an alliance with so near a connexion of the French throne. "While this treaty was going on," says Monstrelet, "several other matters were introduced, and a marriage proposed between King Henry of England and the daughter of René, king of Sicily, duke of Lorraine and Bar, which was afterwards concluded." On the first mention of this proposed alliance Gloucester strenuously set forth his objections; but "the Earl of Suffolk, being returned to England, figured forth the match as a means to end the wars, to promote peace, and to make the kingdom happy; whereby he blinded the council, and painted forth the lady in the most lovely colours that beauty could be set forth in, and in conditions the most sublime that might become a princess," so that he "allured Henry," and caused the Duke of Gloucester to find that it was "he alone who to his cost opposed it."[1]

The Earl of Suffolk was therefore empowered to espouse Margaret in the king's name, and to convey her with her suite to England; but to effect his purpose a cession was made to the family of the bride, which, though carefully concealed at the time from all but those immediately interested in the marriage, was soon to attract just reprobation at home. The province of Maine, vitally important to the English power in France, was promised to the uncle of Margaret, Charles of Anjou, "brother-in-law, prime minister, and favourite," of the French king; and it was easy for Gloucester, estimating so highly the value of his brothers' successes in France, and mindful of almost the last words which Henry V. uttered, strongly injunctive of his wishes with regard to that country, to foresee the total alienation which afterwards followed, of possessions dearly purchased by the flower of English gallantry. As it was, the stipulation being agreed on, the Earl of Suffolk (a devoted adherent of the cardinal), now created marquess, who had

[1] Biondi.

conducted both the treaty and its pendant, concluded an alliance, which afterwards proved, not only the "the source of destruction to himself," but of "infinite calamities to his country."[1]

Margaret, daughter of René of Anjou and Isabella of Lorraine, was the youngest of her parent's five children, and, according to history, the most favoured by nature of them all: her grandmother was Yoland, or Violante, of Arragon (at this time a constant visitant at the French court), and the Spanish blood thus intermingled did not slumber in this one, at least, of her descendants. Margaret's own mother, a scion of the line of Charlemagne, was also as spirited as she was beautiful; but René himself, so unfortunate in his career, appears to have naturally approximated more closely to the future consort of his daughter, being devoted to the refinements of art, and attached to the peaceful enjoyments of domestic life. The members of this family were united to each other by bonds of the strongest affection; and Margaret, we are told, was alike the favourite and admiration of France and themselves. Possessed of "a masculine, courageous spirit, of an enterprising temper, endowed with solidity as well as vivacity of understanding, she had not been able to conceal those great talents even in the privacy" of her father's narrowed court, "and it was reasonable to expect that when she should mount the throne they would break out with still superior lustre." She was "the most accomplished of her age, both in body and mind, and seemed to possess those qualities which would equally qualify her to acquire the ascendant over Henry and to supply all his defects and weaknesses."[2] With these attractions it is not extraordinary that other proposals, anterior to those of the King of England, had been made for the hand of the Infanta (as she was called among the Provençals); and, indeed, the gallant Count de St. Pol,

[1] History of France. [2] Hume.

and the Duke of Burgundy's handsome nephew, Count de Nevers, are both mentioned as favoured lovers of Margaret; in fact, to the first she is reported to have been engaged; but both these alliances were abandoned finally for the more splendid prospects opened by Suffolk's embassy, nor do we find any record of reluctance upon her part to acquiesce in her father's acceptance. The silence of history upon those events which make up the individual's secret life of feeling, from which, nevertheless, external striking changes in the world's narrative emanate, leaves us not only in many cases dubious in what aspect to regard objects of public observation, but also exposed to the danger of forming erroneous conclusions, by restricting our judgment to consequences.

The treaty had been signed at Tours, the present residence of the court, where Rapin, quoting Hall, Biondi, and others, states the marriage to have been celebrated, although the father and mother of Margaret, having been united at Nanci, it is on this, as well as upon other accounts, most probable that those authorities which fix the last-mentioned city as the scene of the nuptials are correct. A notice of the event, comprised in a dozen lines of Monstrelet's chronicle, states that here "with the king were René, king of Sicily, and numbers of great lords and knights, the queens of France and Sicily, the dauphiness, and the daughter of René, whom the Earl of Suffolk had come with a splendid embassy to demand in marriage for the King of England. After a few discussions every thing was agreed on; but before their departure with the new queen, a magnificent tournament was held, in which the Kings of France and Sicily, the Lord Charles d'Anjou, the Counts de Foix and de St. Pol, the Lord Ferry de Lorraine, and several other lords, tilted; these feasts lasted eight days, and the ladies were most splendidly dressed." The Lord Ferry of Lorraine, as he is here called, had recently married Margaret's only sister, having eloped with her upon the

occasion of this very tournament, since a steady disinclination was manifested by the family to his long-projected suit; and the rebellious, though forgiven pair, accompanied the Queen of England as far as Bar le Duc, where, we are told, "René and her mother took leave of her with floods of tears, and prayers for her welfare." Two leagues from Nanci the King and Queen of France had previously parted with their niece, "with many tears, and recommended her to the protection of God; their grief was so great that they could not speak."[1]

And now she, indeed, began to realise her new position in all its clear detail of light and shadow (for in the far-off horizon was even this last perceptible), as she embarked upon those surges—meet emblem of her subsequently stormy fate—so soon to separate her destiny from the land of her birth, and approached the English shore, where awaited her the same portentous fury of the elements which was ever the companion of her successive arrivals. There are moments when the soundest judgment is not impassible to such natural influences, and who shall say that the emotions of the queen might not have augmented the agony of the woman at the severance of every tie of national and personal attachment implicated in her brief but inauspicious voyage? It is not difficult to believe, that when the last line of the coast she fondly gazed on faded from the eyes of Margaret, the crown so soon to grace that noble head appeared about to encircle a brow aching with regrets, and, it might be, throbbing with some slight foretaste of grief, consequent upon the entwining of her own hitherto sequestered daisy with the thorny glories of the crimson rose of England! Aware, as she must have been, of the deficiencies of Henry's character, and of his total dissimilarity to the husband she herself would have selected, she *might* have considered herself in the light of

[1] Monstrelet.

a victim to her country's welfare, more especially if attached to either of her former lovers — no improbable surmise. Be this, however, as it may, and whether we are to reckon amongst her trials at this early period the unsuccessful struggle of love with policy and ambition, we find no mention of that endearing and plastic nature which her previous character predicted; on the contrary, there appeared a decision and energy probably attributable to her thorough acquaintance with the imbecility of her future spouse, and from the first, perhaps, more excessive than her advocates in England either expected or desired. All circumstances, therefore, combined, must have induced feelings totally dissonant to the best developement of her character, by bringing into exercise elements of sternness, which, in common with the grander quality of heroism, might, but for these, have lain dormant for ever, and which account for much that is repugnant to our prejudices in her after history.

Although the marriage had taken place in the month of November, delays upon her transit from Nanci rendered it the end of March or the beginning of the following April before Margaret landed at Porchester, whence, proceeding to Southampton, she was seized with a sudden and serious indisposition, which again protracted her meeting with her royal consort. According to Stow and others, Henry had been awaiting her at Southwick, where, on the 22d of April, 1445, the marriage was personally solemnised; the ring used on this occasion being made from one "of gold, garnyshed with a fayr rubie, sometime yeven unto us by our bel oncle the Cardinal of Englande, with the which we were sacred on the day of our coronation at Parys, delivered unto Mathew Phelip to breke, and thereof to make an other ryng for the quene's wedding-ring."[1] The Duke of Gloucester, whose near relationship inferred a due amount of

[1] Fœdera, vol. xi. p. 76.

courtesy, seems to have forgotten his disinclination to the match in his desire to shew every mark of honour to his new sovereign; for we find that he met her at Blackheath, and on the following Friday, May 28th, conducted her in triumph to London, "attended (Stow says) by the mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs of the city, and the crafts of the same on horseback." Another tournament completed the celebration of the event, which was distinguished by a costly magnificence and display hardly justified by the empty state of the exchequer on both sides, and somewhat in contrast with the scantiness of the young queen's personal wardrobe.

"The natures of the late married couple were, if not opposite, sufficiently differing: the husband was of a womanish inclination, the wife of a manlike spirit; the king was humble, devout, spiritually given, caring only for his soul's health; the queen was proud, ambitious, worldly given, and not to be quieted till, having brought the kingdom to be governed as she pleased, she might see herself free from rivals in the government. The Duke of Gloucester was no ways pleasing to her, as well for that he had opposed her marriage, an injury not to be forgotten, as likewise that her husband, being long since out of his minority, was still governed by him as formerly when he was under age."[1] This dissonance of taste and feeling, corroborated by every contemporary and subsequent writer, affords sufficient ground, even perhaps upon the score of necessity, for the independence assumed by Margaret in public affairs from the outset of her career, without reference to the instigations of Beaufort, Suffolk, Buckingham, Somerset, and others, who, through her instrumentality, attempted to promote their own political and private schemes.

So long as the secret article of the matrimonial negotiation (which relinquished the province of Maine, "the bul-

[1] Biondi.

wark of Normandy"), remained undiscussed, the Marquess of Suffolk was lauded to the skies for the part he had taken in obtaining a queen for the nation who seemed likely to secure its admiration and regard; but though the obnoxious topic had been hitherto studiously avoided, the rapid approach of the conclusion of the truce enforced the necessity of fulfilling its conditions. It was evident to Beaufort and his party that, so long as Gloucester opposed the relinquishment of Maine, as a measure most impolitic and fraught with fatal issue to the best interests of the crown, there could be no prospect of success, and therefore the removal of this powerful opponent to his public plans, and the object alike of his undying hatred, even by the foul means of treachery and murder, did not appal the unrelenting cardinal.

We readily avail ourselves of the discrepancies of historians upon this point to exonerate the queen from participation in so horrible a tragedy. Rapin, who in his eagerness to condemn her, forfeits all claim to impartiality, asserts that she "first encouraged the resolution;" and Biondi surmises that by "Gloucester's death the queen thought to have established her authority." The mind is indeed too fully awakened to a sense of the fell cruelty of some, "who even on their death-beds play the ruffian," not gladly to take refuge in every rational pretext from the supposition that revenge should ever so unsex the feminine character: in the case of Margaret, however, we have every presumption for her innocence, not only from the readiness of popular fury to involve the highest personages in the crimes of their subordinates, but also because it is admitted that her "usual activity and spirit made the public conclude that the duke's enemies durst not have ventured upon such a deed without her privity."[1] In fact, by no means a favourable writer is compelled to acknow-

[1] Hume.

ledge, that if Margaret connived at the murder she must have evinced an "ignorance in things to come," strangely at variance with her characteristic foresight, for this act "threw her headlong upon those evils which, with the price of her own blood she would willingly have redeemed;" and by it she "lost all that she could lose, her life excepted, her husband, son, and kingdom." The prejudice, however, of political partisanship caused the sentiments of the public to run strongly against the queen, and the stigma affixed to the plotters of the duke's death became indelible, no less from the excellence of the victim, than from the treachery of the crime. It was at first deemed advisable to lure the duke to his destruction by specious overtures of friendship, which inducing his distrust, might urge him to compromise himself by some undisguised act of retaliation. But this plan failing through the probity of his own conduct and intentions, a parliament was called first at Cambridge, and afterwards at St. Edmundsbury[1] (in preference to London, where Gloucester's popularity would have protected him), and shortly after his appearance there, he not only found himself accused of high treason, but discovered that the king's mind had been so abused to his prejudice, that, without being permitted an opportunity of exculpation, he was committed to close confinement, nor even suffered to retain his usual attendants. Seventeen days afterwards he was found dead in his bed; and though the public exposure of his body —the plausible evidence of his having sustained no violent end—was resorted to (an act so successfully tried in former cases, but of itself sufficient to excite suspicion), the universal belief that he had been murdered remained unshaken; which conviction acquired strength from the circumstance of the sudden decease of his arch enemy Beaufort ("a prelate much more proper for the world than the Church,"[2]) a few weeks subsequently.

[1] Cotton's Abridgment, pp. 632–634. [2] Rapin.

Crime is from its very nature short-sighted, and the enemies of the Duke of Gloucester soon experienced this truth by the influx of results inimical to their wishes and anticipations. So long as the duke (the heir presumptive to the crown) continued alive, the popular voice would have been too strongly in his favour to admit of the pretensions, however well founded, of another; but as his death removed an important safeguard from the reigning monarch, so it encouraged the Duke of York, descended from a branch senior to the house of Lancaster, to an indirect attempt upon the succession, by securing an extensive interest in his claims, although not appearing personally on the scene. To increase also the national discontent, Edmund, duke of Somerset, who had been some time since appointed governor of Normandy, was obliged to dismiss the greater portion of his troops from want of pecuniary supplies; and Charles of France, by a diligent employment of the period of the truce, having collected and disciplined fresh forces, renewed the war with England, with the success which might have been anticipated. This and a complication of other circumstances conspired to render the childless queen of England apparently devoted to the interests of her own relatives in France, and at the same time careless of those at home; and the unfavourable impression, studiously fomented by the duke's party, drew upon Margaret daily increasing odium and mistrust. Suffolk, advanced by the queen to the rank of duke, was branded with the appellation of "the favourite;" and it was complained that the council had been filled, at his suggestion, by her partisans, under the king's authority, without the smallest consideration of their fitness for the posts to which they were promoted, until the general tumult reached its acmé, upon the expulsion of the English from France, and the entire loss of possessions, some of which had been united to the crown of England for a period of three centuries.

The Duke of York meanwhile had been removed from

the more public arena, and sent to quell a rebellion in Ireland; and here not only did he distinguish himself by the skill and credit of his administration, but "so assuaged the fury of the wild and savage people, that he won such favour among them as could never be separated from him and his lineage."[1] Richard, a prince of valour and abilities, "of a prudent conduct and mild dispositions," added to the dangerous popularity such qualities inspired, was likely from his wealth and connexions to prove a most formidable opponent. The former resulted from the union of many successions, "those of Cambridge and York on the one hand, with those of Mortimer on the other, which last inheritance had been before augmented by an union of the estates of Clarence and Ulster with the patrimonial possessions of the family of March."[2] His duchess was a Neville (daughter of Ralph, earl of Westmorland), a house whose influence was almost hourly increasing; and the Earl of Devonshire, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Cobham, with many others, were already prepared to unite with its nobles in espousing the Yorkist cause.

The commencement of the year 1450 saw the popular commotion reach its height, and Suffolk, who could expect but little sympathy from the aristocracy, ill brooking, in their sensitiveness of hereditary pride, the exaltation of a merchant's grandson to the highest honours in the realm, seemed blindly resolved to brave the universal hostility so speedily to issue in his fall. This once determined upon, as common in such cases, no pause was allowed for reflection upon the honour or humanity of the means. Nevertheless, the queen's power, so decisively used in his behalf, rendered the accomplishment of Suffolk's ruin no easy task; for Margaret spared not endeavours to secure his safety, but herself suggested his temporary banishment, and furthered his escape to France. How terribly her efforts were frus-

[1] Stow. [2] Hume.

trated appears in the end of the unfortunate duke. At the moment when he imagined himself safe (perhaps from superstitious reliance upon the verity of a prediction which had declared that he should die in the Tower), he was intercepted near Dover, by emissaries sent to destroy him, in a vessel called "St. Nicholas of the Tower," his head was struck off and his body thrown into the sea; neither do we find that "any inquiry was made after the accomplices in this atrocious deed,"[1] though we may well conceive that Margaret deeply deplored the loss of this her first English friend, devoted to her, as was also his duchess, and that she was unrelaxingly, though silently, meditating schemes of vengeance towards the perpetrators, well known, though at present beyond her reach.

Hitherto the popular tumults incident upon the previous events had been suppressed with comparative ease, but the insurrection of Cade, formidable from the secret connivance of the Duke of York, added to a pestilence which broke out about this time, "swallowed up all concern for France, in the commotion which afflicted England, and shook the throne of Henry."[2] The king, accompanied by his consort, had gone out to meet the insurgents, but dreading carnage, was only too glad to avail himself of the news of their retreat to relinquish the command and retrace his steps to London. This conduct inspired the rebels with fresh courage, and the result was a success over the royal troops, which induced the council to urge the precipitate flight of their majesties to Kenilworth: nor was peace restored, until, by the intervention of Kempe, archbishop of York, and chancellor, certain conditions had been allowed to the rebels, (prior to their laying down their arms and the death of Cade, who was subsequently killed,) which conditions Margaret, with ill-advised laxity of honour, afterwards attempted to infringe.

[1] Hall. Hist. Croyland. Stow. Grafton. [2] Hist. of France.

The Duke of Somerset succeeded the unfortunate Suffolk in power with the council and credit with the queen, who, lately thrown upon her own guidance and responsibility, could scarcely have made a more unfortunate selection of her future adviser. His losses in France, added to his quarrel with the Earl of Warwick, rendered her favour, which she avowed so recklessly as to incur much bitter comment and censure, a sure means of attracting powerful opposition to their united plans; in fact, the position of affairs at this juncture was so critical as to induce an open and speedy rupture, when, upon York's return from Ireland, the king, by advice of his wife, opposed his landing, and absolutely compelled him to effect his purpose at another port, whence, hastening to London, he shortly after appeared in arms at the head of 10,000 men. The impending storm was averted by Henry's concession of York's principal requisition, namely, the committal of Somerset to the Tower, who, instead of being at once arrested, was, by the queen's contrivance, secreted behind the arras in the king's pavilion, during the latter's interview with his rebellious subject, whence, unable to bear tamely the contumelious terms in which his rival upbraided him to the sovereign, he rushed forth and confronted his accuser, to the latter's great amazement, and the sad discredit both of Margaret and the king. The scene terminated in the Duke of York's arrest, but Henry, feeling himself still sufficiently powerful in the realm to prevent further mischief, permitted him to retire to his castle of Wigmore, on the borders of Wales, leaving Somerset to enjoy unopposed the queen's blind partiality.

At this time was it, when threatened by all the sad disasters of civil war, and smarting under the loss of Guienne, and its attendant bloodshed in France, that Margaret became a mother; but the birth of this first, and, as it proved, only child, was regarded with no pleasure by the nation, and seemed fated to be the augury of fresh misfor-

tunes to its parents; occurring simultaneously with the illness of the king, who fell sick at Clarendon, in Wiltshire, and shortly after confirmed the fears of his friends by evincing decided mental aberration. These circumstances probably induced the Duke of York to relinquish at once all disguise, and to assume a more determined position: he is said to have cast doubts upon the legitimacy of the infant prince, which probably he himself in sincerity did not entertain. At all events the appearance of young Edward removed the last scruple in asserting his claim to a crown, which he might have patiently awaited until the death of the sickly monarch, but would not calmly surrender to the present unexpected succession. The hapless prince was born on the 13th of October, 1453,[1] at Westminster, to which palace his royal sire had been removed, and was lying utterly incapable of recognising the intelligence of an event, which he otherwise might have looked upon as

"—— the rainbow of his future years,"

in the midst of darkness and sorrow.

But the king's malady was productive of serious political embarrassment to the queen and her partisans, besides the infliction of domestic distress; for, unsupported by the shadow of Henry's authority, which hitherto had sanctioned all her measures, Margaret was compelled to yield a tacit consent to those laid down for her, in the imprisonment of the Duke of Somerset and the appointment of York as protector. In fact, the former was "arrested in the queen's greate chamber," and sent to the Tower, where, as Stow quaintly observes, "he kept his Christmas without great solemnity." York, meanwhile, "bearing all the rule, governed as regent;" but when all for a period appeared lost, the king unexpectedly "recovered, caused the Duke of Somerset to be set at libertye, and preferred him to be captain of Calais, wherewith not only the Commons, but

[1] Hall. Stow. Biondi.

many of the nobility, favourers of Richard, duke of Yorke, were greatly grieved and offended, saying that he had lost Normandy, and would lose also Calais."[1]

The limits of a brief sketch, restricted to individual rather than to national history, do not admit of more than passing allusion to those stirring events which reflected honour and happiness, or disgrace and affliction, upon their agents. Indeed, it is sufficiently remarkable, that, though living at, and involved in, the most momentous period of early English age, fewer records (and no personal correspondence) of this queen are preserved, than of any other so eminent character similarly circumstanced. We may, therefore, generally remark that York, from the contrariety of occurrences to his wishes, and foiled in his last expedient for preserving peace, hurried by his party into measures which his own moderation reprehended, after an unsuccessful attempt at the arbitration of his quarrel with Somerset, retired into Wales, and employed himself in raising an army, soon to strike the first blow in the memorable contest between the rival Red and White Roses, which plucked from the bosom of the isle "the pale and maiden blossom"—peace, and "incarnadined" the green fields of England with the blood of her noblest children.

After the battle of St. Albans, which was fought on the 23d of May, 1455, the king was taken prisoner by the Duke of York, and having sustained a slight wound was conducted with much care to London; while the death of Somerset, who, with Lords Clifford, Strafford, and Northumberland, fell in this action, would have apparently dissipated the expectation of a successful endeavour to regain power, to one less energetic than the queen. The engagement itself was indeed a signal warning of the disasters of future conflicts. It was the "first blood spilt in that fatal quarrel, which was not finished in less than a course of

[1] Stow.

thirty years, which was signalised by twelve pitched battles, which opened a scene of extraordinary fierceness and cruelty, is computed to have cost the lives of eighty princes of the blood, and almost entirely annihilated the ancient nobility of England."[1]

Thwarted, however, in her military manœuvres, and for a time subjected again to the restriction of the Duke of York's authority, who resumed the protectorship on the king's relapse, Margaret, to all appearance absorbed in her devotion to her husband and son at Greenwich, employed her energies secretly, and, as it appears, with success, in promoting division in the council, and neutralising by every obstacle in her power the efficiency and fulfilment of her opponents' plans. With Henry, son of the late Duke of Somerset, as her newly-established counsellor, whose ardent desire to revenge his father's death, rendered him a ready coadjutor in her resolute policy, it is not astonishing that in the beginning of the year 1456 we find York again removed from office, and the queen availing herself of Henry's partial recovery to address letters "under the privy seal,"[2] to York, Salisbury, and Warwick, requesting their immediate presence, as if on affairs of state, but in reality to get them into her power. The court was at this time at Coventry, whither Margaret had removed with the king, not thinking the latter safe in the capital; but by good fortune the three peers, who had already so far obeyed the writ of summons as to have commenced their journey, were warned by private emissaries of their danger, and withdrew with the greatest despatch, each to his safest place of retreat. "The queen was extremely vexed at this disappointment, but her comfort was that she had separated the three lords, and so rendered them less formidable to her."[3] Meanwhile the French and Scots taking advantage of the quarrel to invade the kingdom, she, in

[1] Hume. [2] Hall. [3] Rapin.

alarm, was this time sincere in her desire for domestic amity, to secure the king's and her own safety, and to present unanimity of counsel in resistance to the common foe.

For this purpose, and by means of ecclesiastical influence, a public reconciliation took place; the speciousness of which was betrayed by the pomp employed in its demonstration. There is something almost farcical in the parade with which the belligerents made their triumphal entry into London; the queen for once so far forced to "digest the venom of her spleen" as to walk hand in hand with the Duke of York, though the amount of real cordiality between them was speedily evinced by a trivial quarrel amongst the subordinates, sufficing to induce a renewal of hostilities, and to urge the procuring by Margaret of an order to arrest Warwick, the special object of her unconquerable hate. Of this, however, the earl again received timely warning, and escaped to his government of Calais, which, "as it gave him the command of the only regular military force maintained by England, was of the utmost importance in the present juncture;"[1] but the queen did not relax her efforts in raising troops; on the contrary, at the battle of Bloreheath, Henry, being too ill to assume the command, she, if not actually on the field, was sufficiently near to act as the presiding spirit of the fray. In fact, disaster seemed only to elicit fresh resources of energy and resolution, and upon the flight of the royalists we find her, after her return to Coventry, rallying her adherents with such success as to be able, in seven months, again to take the field against the rebels, to whom she offered terms. Fortune here appears to have favoured the queen's assumption of the entire management of the war; and with the troops she had by her own perseverance collected, she pressed the insurgents so vigorously as to force the Duke of York, with his second son, Edmund, earl of Rutland, to fly to Ireland, whilst the eldest, the Earl of March, followed Warwick to Calais,

[1] Hume.

there to remain until the ensuing year, when they both returned to London, reanimated by some recent naval successes, and found themselves possessed of sufficient strength to hazard the battle of Northampton. Neither was Margaret less desirous for the engagement, which occurred July 10th, 1460; though, notwithstanding her personal presence and direction, treachery assisted the banner of the White Rose, several of her most gallant adherents were slain, and her royal husband taken prisoner, having remained with characteristic placidity in his tent.

Immediately upon his return to London, the Duke of York, employing the king's name, convened a parliament, at the opening of which he "sate himself down in the king's chair, under the cloth of state, where, after having sate awhile, he told them a long rabble of reasons why he had sate down in that place, that by the law it was due unto him; and being desired to go visit the king, he said, God excepted, he knew no superior."[1] This account seems to imply that the duke's deference to his sovereign, hitherto so uniformly demonstrated, was somewhat lessened by exasperation; but at all events, Margaret, aware that she could expect but little forbearance, rather than confide in the magnanimity of her enemy, fled to Durham, whence, with only eight persons, she passed into Wales, and subsequently into Scotland. Here, tidings shortly after reached her, that Henry had formally conceded his own son's right to the succession of the throne in favour of the Duke of York and his descendants, yet even this, the bitterest intelligence to

> "——— A princess, whose declining head,
> Like to a drooping lily after storms,
> Had bowed to her foes' feet, and played the slave,
> To keep her husband's greatness unabated,"—

tidings full of anguish, sent by him who might at least have learned from her heroism to defend the claim of the hapless scion of royalty, now an exiled wanderer from his sire and

[1] Biondi.

heritage, in the helplessness of childhood,—failed to quench the fire of Margaret's indomitable spirit, and supplying, by the zeal of a mother's fondness, her husband's infirmity of purpose, she set about the levy of new subsidies in Scotland, where she experienced less difficulty than might have been anticipated. An obstacle was attempted to her designs in the shape of an order from the king to join him without delay, but recognising York as the originator of this manœuvre, she obeyed the mandate by marching into England at the head of between eighteen and twenty thousand men.

A surprisal so sudden took the duke utterly at a disadvantage; yet under the impulse of an obvious necessity, he hastened to check her warlike majesty's advance, with about five thousand men, the only force available at this critical emergency. Upon the discovery of his inability to cope with his threatening foe, he retired to Sandal Castle, a fortress strong enough to defy siege wherein he determined to await fresh succours; but alas! he was doomed to experience the truth that the tongue is sometimes a sharper weapon than the sword, and that a woman's taunts pierce through armour which might defy the thrusts of the steel. Secure in her superior numbers, Margaret resolved to force her adversary from his entrenchments, and marching her troops under the castle walls, assailed the duke in terms of such bitter contumely, and with such sarcastic reflection upon his cowardice in fearing to face a woman, that, exasperated beyond all prudence, he sallied from the gates and soon found himself overwhelmed by the vast disproportion of an enemy, whose advantage was augmented by an ambush previously prepared by the queen. The struggle was neither dubious nor protracted; "in less than half-an-hour" two thousand Yorkists, with their leader, lay dead on Wakefield Green; and so fiercely were the passions of the combatants inflamed, that even after the engagement, when Aspill, the late duke's chaplain, endeavoured to save the life of the young Earl of Rutland, his

pupil, by declaring his parentage to Lord Clifford, the latter "struck his dagger into the boy's heart, and went on his way rejoicing at the most barbarous and inhuman revenge that ever cruel man took."[1] It was this relentless soldier (whose strong political partisanship was aggravated by the recollection of his father's death at St. Albans) who brought the head of York to the queen placed on the point of a spear; and it is hardly credible that her soft and feminine regards could be so belied by the ferocious spirit of satisfaction she evinced,—true echo in her heart of the barbarity of the age in which she lived. Those long, languid eyes, whose reigning expression was a chastened and tender melancholy—that lofty brow, shaded by its sunny threads of silk, the throne of thought in its serenity — the clear outline of the Grecian profile—the lips gentle and loving, breathing refinement, and formed to part into graceful and artless smiles — who could have thought that these bright pencillings of Nature's lavish hand should be desolated by dread passions of the soul, inciting her to gaze with triumphant pleasure upon the spectacle of fallen greatness, and to follow up hateful carnage by the insatiate impulse of revenge? Salisbury was executed by the queen's command on the following day, and his head placed beside that of the Duke of York, which had been surmounted by a paper crown, "in derision of his pretended title." This further cruelty was equally needless as excessive, since the unhappy earl, already languishing from the effects of a wound, would scarcely have survived to endure the threatened horrors of captivity, but with blind fury Margaret "disgraced her triumph, and that of the House of Lancaster," by such acts as these; and "spent her time in the execution of her prisoners instead of improving the victory by rapid advances towards the capital."[2] But the season of retaliation was not long procrastinated, for upon her army's march from

[1] Biondi. [2] Hist. of Pontefract.

the north, the queen herself, commanding one division, and the Earl of Pembroke (the king's half-brother) the other, the latter was met at Mortimer's Cross by the Earl of March, now become Duke of York, and the defeat of the royalists presented an opportunity too readily embraced for the exercise of sanguinary reprisals. Margaret appears to have been more successful, and St. Albans was a second time the scene of a fierce engagement, which terminated in her favour, notwithstanding that Warwick, the leader of the rebels, had been reinforced by his friends the Londoners.

It may be supposed that the separation of the royal pair since the king's capture at Northampton rendered this victory doubly acceptable, in that its result was to procure their reunion, and to allow some respite from civil strife, in the hot and fiery atmosphere of which the affections so speedily decay. They met in the tent of Clifford, and the king, at his consort's desire, conferred the dignity of knighthood upon "their sonne, Prince Edward, and thirty more of them who had valiantly behaved themselves in the battell;" yet could neither the dictates of her gentler nature nor the promises of her lord avail to induce relinquishment of her unfeminine resolves, and on Ash-Wednesday, in defiance of Henry's personal protection, the execution of Lord Bouville and Sir Thomas Kyriel was perpetrated, (as we read,) even before her eyes, and in presence of the youthful prince!

Events had by this time assumed such an aspect that it was clearly impossible to ensure peace by the temporary success of either party, and hence, in the very moment of its triumph, Edward of York was rapidly advancing towards the royal army, which, to the last degree licentious and undisciplined, was in no condition to oppose him. Urged by these circumstances, and hopeless of enlisting the Londoners in her service, already so offended at the insulting tone with which she had demanded provisions for her soldiery and at the depredations of her northern cavalry,

as to close their gates against her, the queen was once more compelled reluctantly to retreat, leaving the field open to the victorious Edward. This trial of "hope deferred" was shortly afterwards bitterly augmented by intelligence that the latter on entering the metropolis had been received with acclamation by the people, who, upon Warwick's public demand "which they would acknowledge as their king, Henry or young Edward?" with every demonstration of universal consent, proclaimed the representative of the house of York by the title of Edward IV.

The newly-made sovereign was soon called upon to maintain his assumed prerogative against a foe whom experience had already proved unlikely to relinquish her rights without a struggle, but who, like Antæus, seemed to gather fresh vigour from each successive prostration. Scarcely had a week elapsed before he heard that the indefatigable queen, at the head of sixty thousand men, was anxiously awaiting him near the scene of her former success in Yorkshire; but the White Rose was now the object of Fortune's fickle favours, and Nature herself seemed to conspire to complete the ruin of the unhappy Henry, by annihilating the last hope of his energetic consort. A storm of sleet, driving full in the faces of the Lancastrians, decided the contest of Towton; in vain were their arrows spent upon the ground lately occupied by their opponents who, under cover of the snow, had retreated from beyond their range; incapable of further attack, by the exhaustion of their weapons, these last were returned upon them, and they were literally cut to pieces, "many being slain with their own shafts picked from the field." Upon receiving the account of this signal defeat, Henry and Margaret, possessed now of no refuge in the country, of which they were become but nominally the sovereigns, hurried with the Duke of Exeter to Scotland, where they were permitted for a short time to repose, the reigning monarch contenting

himself with passing a bill of attainder upon each several member of the exiled royal family. This was also extended to many of the noblest of their adherents, and the dethroned princes had soon to expend bitter and unavailing regrets upon the fate of those tried friends in their adversity, whose devotion to the interests of their fallen house was terribly to be expiated on the scaffold.

If forbearance towards her captive adversaries be a quality of heroism which Margaret needed, her pre-eminent magnanimity in misfortune justly entitles her to the appellation of a great queen; and it is difficult to express adequately our admiration of the fortitude and perseverance with which at this dark period of her history she endeavoured to obtain aid from Scotland, with every counter-influence employed against her. Not only had she to buy the assistance she required by the cession of the town of Berwick and the betrothal of her son to the sister of James, but to proceed alone to France, there to solicit further supplies of men and money from her first cousin Louis, who had succeeded his father, Charles VII. It was no new trial to our forlorn heroine to venture upon this difficult mission, unsupported but by its great purport, the restoration of her husband's rights; she had ever been the one to decide, and to a mind now cognisant of its own intrinsic power, action, ever preferable to apathy, assumed its fullest scope when unfettered by the opinions of others. But for her son she might have resigned the stake for which she so ardently played, and retired with contentment to the privacy more congenial to her mild and saintly spouse; but with the powerful incentive, not of Henry's right alone, but that of the anticipated line of his successors, indifference on her part would have been reprehensible, even if such a nature as hers could have affected it. Accompanied, therefore, by her son, the precious object of her fondest interest, she quitted at once for the Continent, being compelled to accept a passage thither at the hands

of a merchant who gratefully thus acknowledged a service she had rendered him in her youth.

Still in the prime of that extraordinary beauty which had ever rendered her remarkable, and appealing in the eloquence of forsaken sorrow to the sympathy and gallantry of her countrymen, Margaret, if she obtained not all she desired, yet received ample proof that the fascinations of her youth remained unimpaired by misfortune. The Duke of Bretagne first guaranteed his aid, while a former friend, the gallant and romantic Pierre de Brezé, count de Varennes, grand seneschal of Normandy, offered her his fortune and sword, and raised a body of men-at-arms in her service. Margaret somewhat imprudently, by her too evident gratitude to this heroic supporter, offended other partisans, and though she succeeded with Louis so far as to procure a loan in money, with two thousand troops, yet it is quaintly observed that the monarch, in giving the command of them to De Brezé, wished to ensure the count's destruction; who, though preserved, certainly proved a most unfortunate ally. The queen's fleet sailed, and, "appearing off Tinmouth," many of the ships were driven on shore near Bamborough by a storm; "the French took shelter in Holy Island, where they were attacked and beaten by a superior force, De Brezé himself narrowly escaping in a fishing-boat to Berwick."

Another but too common evil incident to the unfortunate occurred in the desertion of many from her standard, who did not resume their allegiance until some trifling successes had reassured them. Amongst these were Ralph Percy, (brother to the Duke of Northumberland,) Somerset, and Exeter, who had been recently pardoned by Edward; but the faint hopes engendered by their return were but expiring throbs in the existence of a royalty from which vitality had already flown. The defeat of the Lancastrians by Lord Montague on Hedgley Moor was rapidly succeeded by the battle of Hexham, and extinguished for the present

all prospect of retrieval. Sir Humphrey Neville, with the Lords Hungerford, De Roos, and the perjured Somerset, were immediately beheaded; Percy fell in the battle, with his last breath rejoicing at his return to loyalty in the remarkable exclamation, "I have saved the bird in my bosom." After a perilous escape, Margaret concealed herself and her son in the forest of Hexham, where the scene of her meeting with the robber occurred, familiar to our earliest associations, the gallant bandit, according to the historical narrative, attending the illustrious fugitives "willingly, and conducting them in safety towards the sea-shore, whence they arrived at Sluys, and afterwards went to Bruges, where they were received most honourably.[1] At Bethune a body of the Duke of Burgundy's archers met and escorted them to St. Pol; and, indeed, the treatment Margaret experienced from this prince was so opposed to the feelings she entertained for him, that it is said she repented much, and thought herself unfortunate that she had not sooner thrown herself on his protection, as her affairs would probably have prospered better." We may hope that similar examples of honourable commiseration alleviated in some degree the seven long years of subsequent separation from her husband, which she passed in devoting herself to the education of her son; who, under the instruction of Sir John Fortescue, expanded into an interesting and attractive youth, and cheered the weary exile, by the promise of a perpetuity of his father's virtues without the imbecility which obscured them.

The hopes, however, which still slumbered in her own breast, Margaret sedulously strengthened in her son, neither calculating the probability of a fatal issue to herself nor to him whom they were to consign to an early grave, while they accelerated his father's death. The year 1469 saw these too precarious visions assume a

[1] Monstrelet.

tangible form. Constantly informed by her emissaries of the state of England, where many continued their correspondence with the banished consort of the House of Lancaster, despite King Edward's efforts to secure their attachment; it was reserved, in the strange fabric of her fate, for the queen's bitterest enemy hitherto, now to weave the most critical tissue of her destiny. The Earl of Warwick, whose quarrel with the house of York has been variously accounted for, but whose anger was justified if only by the treatment he had sustained from the king respecting Edward's marriage with Bona of Savoy, sister to the French queen, quitted the English court in disgust, and applying to Louis of France, so far gained his co-operation, that Margaret was, the following year, sent for from Angers, where she had latterly resided, and after some difficulty persuaded to give him a meeting. It is fruitless to investigate the motives of either party for the reconciliation itself, or for the restoration of mutual confidence: that Warwick should marry one daughter to the Duke of Clarence, the reigning king's brother, yet negotiate an union for the other with the heir of Lancaster, whose interests he was thus solemnly pledged to promote, appears to the last degree inexplicable. Doubtless consistency was not the virtue of the age! Were any letters of Margaret extant, a clue might be afforded in this labyrinth of history; as it is, we have only to record the bare facts of the meeting and the reconciliation, followed by Margaret's consent to Warwick for the alliance between their children. The fair and unfortunate Anne Neville was married to the Prince of Wales in August 1470; and Warwick, upon the completion of the ceremony, sailed for England, there to enkindle again the flame of war, which had so long devastated her green vales. Under the joyous excitement of the earl's commencing success, and the prestige of its continuance afforded by tidings of Henry's emancipation, the queen, with the young married pair, the bride's mother, the prior of St. John, and as large an armament as King Louis

and her father could afford, set forth from France in the following February. But again was the stormy passage she encountered the sad presage of the fatal welcome awaiting her advent to the land of her adoption and misfortunes; and hardly had she touched the shore when intelligence was brought of the disastrous action of Barnet, the deaths of Warwick and Montague, and the recapture of the wretched Henry. The sudden transition from joy to the abyss of hopelessness, was too much even for the iron spirit which had stood unshaken, nor shewn a sign of weakness, under trials which might have made the sternest natures quail: her suffering was so intense and appalling, that "she fell down as if pierced with an arrow." For a space her energies seemed paralysed for ever, her courage vanished—her hopes, her fears, at an end! There is a point at which anguish becomes temporarily its own remedy, and insensibility is the anodyne of speechless sorrow. This solace was hers!

It had been well for the unhappy queen if she had never awakened from her swoon of despair, or reopened those eyes, fated so soon to rest upon a scene of woe unexampled even in her calamitous career. After a short sanctuary at Beaulieu, in Hampshire,[1] upon the receipt of the adherence of several lords she once more set forth with many misgivings for "the prince, her son's, safety," whom she vainly urged to retire to France, and, arriving at Bath, there assembled her friends with the wreck of the army of Warwick. On the 27th of April, "thirteen days after the battle of Barnet," Edward, who had again publicly proscribed herself and her partisans, set off in pursuit of the queen's army, with which he came up at Tewkesbury, Gloucester having refused to open its gates upon her approach. Occupying a position most advantageous to her enemy, inferior in strength, and subject to the treachery or cowardice of

[1] Hall.

one of her generals, with an army commanded by the prince her son, whose courage was neutralised by inexperience, Margaret witnessed on this her last battle-field the total dispersion of her faithful but diminished adherents, and with her son was dragged to the tent of her ungenerous and exasperated foe.

Shakspere has vividly portrayed the harrowing circumstances of this young prince's death, killed in cold blood before the eyes of his agonised mother, who survived to endure the miseries of imprisonment, after tasting, what to her spirit must have been worse than death, the disgrace of a public entry into London in the train of her conqueror, her wretchedness arriving at its climax in the dark and mysterious tragedy of her husband's murder. It was scarcely to be wondered at, that, though no longer formidable to the reigning family, she should have been subjected to a rigorous confinement; but by degrees this was considerably relaxed, and at the conclusion of the year 1475, the first instalment of her ransom being paid, she departed from her prison in Wallingford Castle, and sailed for France. It is a matter of question how much of credit for her delivery belongs to her father's affection, or to the liberality of her selfish cousin Louis, who has been generally supposed to have effected it. King Edward was at this time negotiating a marriage between Elizabeth of York (formerly offered to Prince Edward of Lancaster) and the dauphin, when the ransom of Margaret was arranged. The King of Sicily entered into engagements with the King of France, that the county of Provence after his decease should revert to the latter, and be united for ever to the crown,[1] in return for which she was released, and joined her father in the cession. Du Clos, however, affirms that "on the 7th of March, 1476, she renounced all her claims to the county in favour of the king; this was two months before

[1] Monstrelet.

the treaty with King René was concluded," and between four and five months after she had quitted England. The first instalment was paid in November 1475, the last in March 1480, the whole sum being 50,000 crowns.

Within a mile or two of Angers, in a castle belonging to King René, were spent the closing years of one who, in the solitude of her undisturbed retreat, could indulge to the full the melancholy reminiscences of her eventful life, absorbed apparently in the past, and with affections too exhausted to allow of any interest in the future. The death of her father in the year 1480 induced her removal to the vicinity of Saumur, where, two years after, Margaret breathed her last. The deaths of many noble persons of both sexes rendered this same year (1482) memorable; yet, though several amongst these exceeded the period of her own existence, fifty years, it is certain that no "storied urn or record" of her contemporaries comprehends an equal amount of fame or vicissitude as attach to her, whose resting-place is distinguished by no monument save the venerable pile of Angers cathedral, where she was entombed.

Hume says of her that she was "an admirable princess, but more illustrious for her undaunted spirit in adversity than for her moderation in prosperity. She seems neither to have enjoyed the virtues nor been subject to the weaknesses of her sex, and was as much tainted with the ferocity as endowed with the courage of that barbarous age in which she lived." Yet, when we consider the uncertainty, which to an extent greater than at any other time envelopes this portion of English history, how vague and contradictory, above all, how partial, are the records of the Wars of the Roses! an obscurity more remarkable in that it "falls upon us just on the eve of the restoration of letters, and when the art of printing was already known in Europe." Surely we may allow admiration for some of the events of her life, and pity for them all, to preponderate over the censure which her characteristics would probably seem less to merit, if

more accurate sources of information as to motives were available.

Could that fair form, long since dissipated into ashes, be restored by the magic art of the fabled resuscitator of Egypt's king, once more to revisit England's laughing isle, the influence of a refinement, which, notwithstanding adverse circumstances, must have been inherent in the possessor of so exquisite a face, might, in the expansion of a congenial atmosphere around the fair daisy of Provence, have elicited the gentle beauty typified by the flower, have realised in her character the tender radiance of the pearl—her emblem gem; like herself soft and yielding, till exposed to the chilly blast, though nursed amidst the billow and the storm; and, by an alchemy greater than all, have transformed her into the brightest ornament in the coronet of female virtue.

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# LIFE OF ELIZABETH OF YORK,

## QUEEN OF HENRY THE SEVENTH.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Elizabeth of York was the first offspring of Edward IV. and Elizabeth Woodville, whom his romantic passion elevated to a throne. She was born at the palace of Westminster, in 1466,[1] and was as warmly welcomed by her parents as if a prince had been granted them. Their satisfaction was not, however, shared by their subjects, for in the troubled times in which she first saw the light a male successor to the throne was felt by the people to be necessary to the maintenance of its strength and dignity, both much endangered by the marriage of her parents and the evils it entailed. Two more daughters followed Elizabeth, to the great discontent of the people; nor was it until they had despaired of a male heir to the crown that one was granted. A year after the birth of Elizabeth her father had embroiled himself with the all-powerful Earl of Warwick, by the resumption of the manors of Penley[2] and Widestone, formerly bestowed on his brother George, archbishop of York; and by depriving him of the Seals, which he bestowed on Robert Stillington, bishop of Bath, whom he made Chancellor of England. The grants conferred

[1] Carte, vol. ii. book xiii. p. 772. [2] Idem, p. 773.

on Warwick and his brothers, and particularly these last, though of great importance, were well merited, and the resumption of them being considered as acts of ingratitude, indisposed many towards the king, who could ill afford the loss of any portion of his popularity at that crisis, when the exactions of the queen[1] and the vast favour shewn to her family caused such general dissatisfaction.

From the commencement of the acknowledgment of his marriage, Edward had been incited to ill-will against Warwick and his brothers by the Woodvilles, or Widevilles, as they were then called, the family of the queen, who, jealous of the influence of Warwick with the king, sought all means in their power to diminish it. In 1468, Warwick was accused, on the hearsay evidence of a mean person, of favouring the party of Margaret of Anjou, and commissioners were sent to examine the earl at Middleham, where he was then residing.[2] The charge was proved to be wholly unfounded; but the insult was too great to be overlooked by a man whose pride and high sense of honour rendered him peculiarly sensitive to aught that impugned either. The unpopularity of the Woodvilles, to whom this insult was attributed, created such general sympathy in favour of Warwick, that the king, alarmed for the possible result, went in person to Nottingham, attended by a guard of two hundred gentlemen, and effected a reconciliation between the Archbishop of York and the Earl of Rivers, father of the queen, which a little later led to the archbishop's making peace between his brother the Earl of Warwick and Lord Herbert (brother-in-law to the queen), and the Lords Stafford and Audley.[3]

But though apparently reconciled, Warwick could not forget the injury he had received, nor could those who had inflicted it forgive the humiliation of being defeated in their attempt to destroy him. The king's brother, the Duke of

[1] Carte, vol. ii. book xiii. p. 774. [2] Idem, p. 775. [3] Idem, p. 775.

Clarence, was no less indisposed towards the queen's relations, on whom he saw all court favours lavished, while he was treated with indifference, if not with slight.

Warwick, aware of this, and desirous, for his own safety, of making a party against his enemies, offered his fair daughter Isabella's hand to Clarence, who gladly accepted the proposal, which secured him not only a beautiful woman, but one of the highest family and greatest fortune in the kingdom. Ill could Warwick brook the dissatisfaction betrayed by the king, when intelligence of the proposed marriage reached him, but still less could he pardon the efforts made by Edward to prevent the Pope from granting a dispensation for the union, rendered necessary by the consanguinity of the parties.[1] Paul III., then on the papal throne, granted the dispensation in spite of all the attempts of Edward to dissuade him from it, and on the 11th of July, 1469, the Duke of Clarence married Isabella, in the church of Notre Dame, at Calais, of which place her father, the Earl of Warwick, was governor.

The partiality of the king for the queen's relations, and the desire to advance their interests, continued unimpaired, and perpetually involved him in trouble. When the Duke of Clarence and Warwick returned to England they endeavoured to remonstrate with him; but sovereigns are seldom disposed to listen to advice, and least of all that coming from persons against whom they entertain any jealousy.

Another insult was offered to Warwick in 1470, well calculated to open old wounds and revive former animosities. The king being in Hertfordshire, was invited by the Archbishop of York to an entertainment at More Park, which he accepted. Before supper, John Ratcliffe, afterwards Lord Fitzwalter, gave him private notice that one hundred armed men were in ambush to seize and carry

[1] Carte, vol. ii. book xiii. p. 776.

him off; when the king secretly left the house, mounted his horse, and, attended only by a few followers, fled to Windsor.[1] The information was utterly false, and that the king should credit and act on it, was an offence not to be overlooked by even a much less susceptible person than Warwick.[2] The smouldering flames of animosity, kept down, but not extinguished, on this fresh provocation burst out anew; and notwithstanding that the king's mother induced him, Warwick, and Clarence, to meet at Baynard's Castle,[3] the peace there established between them resembled more a hollow truce than a sincere reconciliation. Shortly after the commotion in consequence of which Sir Robert Welles and Sir Thomas de la Saunde were beheaded, Edward, on suspicion of Warwick and Clarence being privy to the affair, published a proclamation, offering a reward for the apprehension of the duke and his father-in-law, of 100*l.* a-year in land for ever, or 1000*l.* in money for the capture of each.[4] They were in the west of England at this time, and embarking at Dartmouth sailed for Calais. Arrived in that harbour, no sooner did they attempt to approach the town, than they were fired at, and compelled to put out to sea, and the Duchess of Clarence being seized with the pangs of parturition gave birth to a son.[5] Warwick had counted on a better reception from his lieutenant at Calais, a M. de Vaucler, a Gascon, in

[1] Carte, vol. ii. book xiii. p. 779.

[2] Of the imprisonment of Edward at Middleham, asserted by various authors, Carte disposes in the following note:—

"The author of the 'Fragment,'" (one of the writers who stated Edward to have been a prisoner at Middleham) "does not mention the place to which, it was suggested, the king was to be conveyed; but if (as is not unlikely) it was to Middleham Castle, it seems to be the only foundation for that idle story adopted by most writers, taking it on trust one from another, of the king's being surprised by the Earl of Warwick at Wolvey, and sent to Middleham under the custody of the archbishop, who allowing him to hunt in the park, he made his escape thence to London. At least there appear no other grounds for this romantic relation." —Carte, vol. ii. book xiii. p. 779.

[3] Carte, vol. ii. book xiii. p. 779. [4] Idem. [5] Idem, p. 781.

whom he placed great confidence; but whether this person was more intent on securing his own safety, or was playing a double part, he so managed as to give every show of resistance to Warwick, who only, with difficulty, could obtain two flagons of wine for the refreshment of the ladies on board, who were extremely sick, and then sailed for Normandy. Here, however, by the entreaties of Louis XI. he was persuaded to a meeting with Margaret of Anjou, the cause of whose son he was induced, against his better judgment, to espouse, which led to a revolution in England. Unprepared for the landing of Warwick and the forces he brought, the intelligence of which was conveyed to him by Alexander Carlile, sergeant of the minstrelles, who found his sovereign in bed, Edward had no time to do more than consult with Lord Hastings, chamberlain of his household, and on whose fidelity he could rely. Following his counsel he lost not a moment in reaching the sea-side, and accompanied by the Duke of Gloucester and 800 light horse, he embarked at Lynn for Holland, wholly unprovided with money or clothes, so sudden and hurried had been his departure. He narrowly escaped being taken, but was safely landed at Alkmar, leaving Warwick master of England to replace Henry VI. again on the throne. The queen, alarmed for her safety and that of her children, took refuge with them in the sanctuary of Westminster, where she had her privilege registered. She was then within a short time of her *accouchement*, and in a month after gave birth to a son, of whom it might truly be said that he was "baptized in tears," so great were the difficulties and sorrows in which his mother found herself placed when he was born. The womanly gentleness of Elizabeth, and the patience with which under such trying circumstances she supported the privations and hardships to which she and her children were reduced, won her the sympathy of all the wives and mothers in the kingdom, and allayed the ill-will incurred by her too great devotion to her relations. Me-

lancholy must have been the reflections of the poor queen, when she looked on the innocent face of the first son God had given her, born in a prison, to the privileges accorded to which he alone owed his safety, and was made aware that her royal husband, his father, was a fugitive, declared a traitor to his country, and a usurper of the crown,—that infant son so long desired, whose birth but a few weeks before would have been hailed with public rejoicings and private rapture, now unnoticed, save by his doting mother, and surrounded by all the unmistakeable symptoms of the poverty and misfortunes to which he seemed born heir.

Too young to be aware of the dangers and troubles in which her parents were involved, as also that by the birth of her brother her claims to a crown were destroyed, the youthful Elizabeth knew sorrow only by seeing it pictured in the fair face of her mother, and in the gloomy ones of those around her. Happy immunity from care permitted only to childhood! But better days were in store for both mother and daughter.

The Duke of Bourgogne, less desirous to serve the interests of his wife's brother, Edward, than to forward his own against Louis XI., who had espoused the part of Warwick, now furnished Edward with money, and allowed Louis de Bruges, lord of Guithuse, governor of Holland, to supply him with forces.[1] With this powerful aid, and about 1000 or 1500 English soldiers, Edward made a descent on England, the successful termination of which at Ravenspur, in Yorkshire, may, in a great measure, be attributed to his having persuaded the Yorkists that he came not to depose King Henry, but to recover the duchy of York, his own patrimony.[2] Once in possession of York, he strengthened it, raised new forces, obtained money, and proceeded towards London, which by a train of fortuitous circumstances, the treason of some of Warwick's

[1] Carte, vol. ii. book xiii. p. 786. [2] Idem.

partisans and the devotion of Edward's, he was enabled to enter on the 11th of April, and immediately seized the palace of his helpless rival Henry VI., and committed him to the Tower. He then hastened to the sanctuary, where his infant son was presented to him by its joyful mother. The meeting must have been a touching one, for although Edward had been so successful, all danger was not yet over, for he knew Warwick too well not to be fully aware that that brave soldier would manfully contest the cause he had adopted; and although he removed the queen and his children from the sanctuary to Baynard's Castle that day, he could not count what the result of the battle, which he knew must be fought within a short time, might produce, or whether they might not again be driven to have recourse to it. Edward was not permitted to devote many hours to his wife and children, and having placed them in the Tower, where the unfortunate Henry VI. was a prisoner, he on Easter-day, the 14th of April, 1471,[1] gained the hard-fought battle of Barnet, in which he displayed no less courage than military skill. Here Warwick, and his brother the Marquis of Montacute, lost their lives. The first, having achieved wonders of bravery, fell dead covered with wounds. The second was said to have been killed by one of Warwick's officers, on seeing him, when the battle was lost, putting on Edward's livery to save himself.[2]

While Edward was quelling his enemies in Gloucestershire, the queen and her children were exposed to some danger in the Tower, by an attempt made by Thomas Neville, a natural son of the late William, lord Fauconberge, to take it. Edward having gained the battle of Tewkesbury, hastened to the defence of London, and having pursued Thomas Neville to Sandwich, to which place he had retreated, reduced that town, and put an end to the

[1] Carte, vol. ii. book xiii. p. 788.

[2] Idem, p. 789.

last attempt of the Lancastrian party to dispute the crown with him.[1]

Young as was Elizabeth, she had already, although unconsciously, experienced some of the vicissitudes of fortune, to which the great are more frequently exposed than the less elevated, and her destiny had been placed in other hands than those of her father. The sovereigns of the period to which we refer were in the habit of using their children as instruments for forming treaties between them. Was an enemy to be conciliated, a dangerous neighbour to be bought over, or a wavering friend to be secured, the offer of a prince or princess in marriage, with a dower in proportion to the importance of the object to be gained, offered a ready means for accomplishing it. Edward IV. availed himself of this royal privilege, for he offered the hand of Elizabeth when she was presumptive heiress to his crown, and still a child of not more than five or six years old, to various parties. To George Neville,[2] in order to conciliate the Neville family, creating him Duke of Bedford; to Margaret of Anjou for her son Edward,[3] as afterwards to Louis XI. for the Dauphin of France;[4] while Cecilia, his third daughter, not then five years old, he offered to James III., king of Scotland, for his eldest son.[5]

In 1480, Elizabeth being then in her fourteenth year, and the Dauphin of France, to whom she had been affianced in 1476, being in his ninth, Edward, dissatisfied with the want of desire to bring the affair to a conclusion evinced by Louis, sent John, lord Howard, to France, to arrange the time and place for the marriage, and for Elizabeth's going to France and taking possession of her dower.[6] The crafty Louis, who had gained all the objects for which he had made this treaty of marriage, was so little disposed to complete it, that he had entered into a new one for marrying the dauphin to Margaret, daughter of Maximilian of

[1] Carte, vol. ii. book xiii. p. 790. [2] Idem, p. 785. [3] Idem, p. 778.
[4] Idem, p. 795. [5] Idem, p. 794. [6] Idem, p. 799.

Austria, and Mary, heiress of Burgogne. Angered by this breach of faith and gross insult, Edward vowed to avenge it, but dared not carry war into France while on bad terms with Scotland. He, however, so successfully managed the invasion of Scotland, and so gratified his subjects by the recovery of Berwick, the maintenance of a garrison at which place had been so heavy an expense, that they by their liberality enabled him to prepare for a war with France.[1] While bent on this project, he was attacked by a quartan ague, which, after ten or twelve days, carried him off on the 9th of April, 1483, in the forty-first year of his age, leaving two sons and six daughters. No sooner had Richard, duke of Gloucester, brother to the late king and uncle to the present, obtained possession of Edward V., on his route from Ludlow to London, and imprisoned Anthony, lord Rivers, and Sir Richard Grey, the brother and son of the queen, than she, greatly alarmed, once more sought refuge in the sanctuary with the Marquis of Dorset and her daughters,[2] and her second son, Richard, duke of York. But the Duke of Gloucester, having succeeded in getting himself declared Protector and Defender of the Kingdom, proved too unequal a foe for the widowed queen to contend with, who having through her own exactions, and those of her family, incurred much enmity, now found herself friendless in her hour of need. Having craftily concealed his projects by proclaiming his young nephew king, and afterwards by making preparations for his coronation, Richard complained to the council of the queen's having entered the sanctuary, and keeping her second son there, as an insult offered to himself, and calculated to convey the worst suspicions against him.[3] He alleged, also, that the youthful king pined for his brother's company. This artful conduct blinded all parties, and the archbishops, with the Duke of Buckingham, the Lord Howard, and others of the council,

[1] Carte, vol. ii. book xiii. p. 802. [2] Idem, p. 805. [3] Idem.

were appointed to wait upon the queen and persuade her to deliver up the Duke of York. Whatever presentiments of danger may have filled the heart of the unhappy mother, and that she had such can hardly be doubted, by her still remaining with her daughters in the sanctuary,[1] she was lured into delivering the doomed boy to his enemy, and never more beheld him. The king and his brother now in the power of their ruthless uncle, he hesitated not to take measures, not only for their destruction, but for the ruin and degradation of the queen and her daughters, by having a charge brought forward to prove, that by a former marriage between Edward IV. and the Lady Eleanor Talbot his marriage with the Lady Grey was null and void, and his offspring by her illegitimate.[2]

The marriage between Edward and the Lady Eleanor Talbot was said to have been solemnised by Dr. Stillington, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Chancellor of England, who being urged by the Shrewsbury family to seek some reparation for this ill-used lady at the hands of the king, and being too mindful of his own interest to risk offending his master, declined doing so. They then addressed themselves to the Duke of Gloucester with the same prayer, and he—perhaps desirous to make the king feel that his secret was known to him—revealed the affair to his brother, who, far from affording any satisfaction to the woman he had betrayed, took vengeance on Dr. Stillington, whom he blamed for making the marriage known. He removed him from his privy council, and condemned him to prison, where he was long confined, and only released on the payment of a heavy fine. Such a secret in the possession of so artful and ambitious a man as the Duke of Gloucester was a dangerous weapon to use against the queen and her children, and he failed not to take advantage of it. He had consulted some learned civilians on the case, and they had declared the

[1] Carte, vol. ii. book xiii. p. 806. [2] Idem, p. 808.

marriage of the late king illegal in consequence of the former contract, and the children illegitimate, and consequently incapable of inheriting. The attainder of the late Duke of Clarence having rendered his offspring likewise incapable of inheriting, the Duke of Gloucester was pronounced to be the rightful heir to the throne. The partisans of Gloucester, and the enemies of the Woodvilles, alike lent credence to this opinion, so that Richard found himself, through his own crooked policy and the exertions of his friends, addressed by a large body of the spiritual and temporal lords to accept the throne, to which they asserted he was entitled. Not content with declaring the marriage of Edward with Elizabeth Grey illegal, they accused her of having accomplished it by her sorcery and the witchcraft of her brother.[1] Nay more, Richard himself in council bared his withered arm, and declared his infirmity to have been produced by the same cause, wrought by the same persons, although it was well known that he had been deformed since his birth.

But although Richard left nothing undone to prejudice the people against the claims of his nephews, whom he kept close prisoners in the Tower, he did not openly presume to usurp the throne of the elder until he had artfully arranged that he should be petitioned to accept it. This measure was accomplished through the Duke of Buckingham's going to Guildhall, accompanied by several lords, while the mayor, aldermen, and common-council were there assembled, and making them a speech, in which the grievances of the reign of Edward IV. were painted in the darkest colours, the rights of his offspring set aside on the plea of illegitimacy, and the just claim of Richard to the throne asserted, he, by his passionate address, won on some of the crowd who forced an entrance to the hall to cry out for King Richard. The persons thus crying out were of mean condition, being

[1] Carte, vol. ii. book xiii. p. 809.

only the servants and tools of Buckingham and his friends. Nevertheless he chose to accept their voices as those of the whole body present, and ordered the mayor, aldermen, and commons to attend the next day at Barnard's Castle, where the Protector was residing, to join with the lords in an address to Richard to accept the crown. The wily and ambitious plotter affected to decline the prayer, but Buckingham, with whom probably the whole affair had been concocted, declared in the name of all present that if he refused they should offer the succession to some other person, they having determined that no child of Edward IV. should reign. This declaration vanquished the affected scruples of Richard, and on the day after, the 26th of June, he went to Westminster Hall, seated himself in the chair of state his deceased brother had been wont to fill, and which had been prepared for his nephew, and the following day was proclaimed king. All the preparations made for the coronation of the unfortunate Edward V. were now used for that of his wicked uncle and his victim wife Anne, and the vast treasure amassed by the late king was employed to reward new friends, and conciliate old foes. The coronation over, Richard III. accompanied by his queen and their son Edward, created Prince of Wales, set out for the north in the early part of September. At Coventry the royal trio appeared in regal state, wearing crowns, and Richard exercised a princely generosity to gain the good-will of the people. But here news of the most unexpected nature was forwarded to him, namely, of the insurrection of the Duke of Buckingham, which called forth all the energy and courage which he displayed to preserve a throne which he had so unlawfully usurped. Perhaps, had this outbreak not occurred, Richard might not have caused the murder of his innocent and helpless nephews in the Tower; but this event proved to him the instability of his tenure of the crown, and urged him to remove by death those who had a better right to it.

The sanctuary, from the moment that Richard became aware of the arrangement entered into between the unhappy Elizabeth Woodville, or Lady Grey, as he commanded her to be named, and Margaret, the mother of Henry Tudor, for the marriage of their children, Elizabeth and Henry, was no longer a safe abode for the queen and her daughters. Closely guarded by Richard's orders, they were exposed to daily hardships, and might at any hour be sentenced to positive privation by the will of their remorseless foe. The wretchedness in which the unfortunate queen and her daughters were involved may more easily be imagined than described. The violent deaths of her brother and son, followed by the murder of the two princes in the Tower, inflicted such overwhelming grief on the queen, that her health and peace were crushed by the blow. Her eldest daughter, Elizabeth, was then of an age to keenly sympathise in her mother's sorrow, and so fondly attached to her brothers, as to experience the most heartfelt grief for their loss, and the utmost horror at the manner of it. In order to mitigate the censure he had incurred through the murder of the princes, and also probably with a view to a future union with his niece, Elizabeth, Queen Anne being then in a hopeless state of health, and Richard having lost his only son, he insisted on the queen and her daughters leaving the sanctuary, and resigning themselves to his protection. The terror he had inspired in the breast of his hapless sister-in-law may be judged by her making a condition that he should take a solemn oath to preserve the lives of her daughters before she would consent to leave the sanctuary. Again was this poor and helpless woman separated from her children, for while they were brought to court, and placed under the protection of their dying aunt, Anne, the wife of Richard, their mother was consigned to the care of one of the creatures of Richard, who ministered to her wants as if she were a lunatic, instead of a broken-hearted woman; the abode assigned her being in some mean apartments in the palace

of Westminster, formerly used only by menials. That she was under personal constraint, may be concluded from the instructions given to the person who had charge of her.

Queen Anne, who had drunk deeply of the cup of affliction, must have felt commiseration for the youthful nieces of her ruthless husband. She treated them with uniform kindness, and distinguished Elizabeth, by shewing a great preference for her society.

But while Richard believed that he had crushed insurrection and quelled his foes, intelligence reached him that Henry Tudor had effected a landing at Milford Haven with 3000 men from Normandy. Counting on the aid of Thomas, lord Stanley, who had married his mother, and whose brothers, as well as himself, possessed considerable power, he had disembarked at Milford Haven, knowing that Sir William Stanley, who was chamberlain of North Wales, was apprised of his coming. The battle of Bosworth and death of Richard was the result of Henry's invasion, and the marriage between him and Elizabeth, as arranged a considerable time before, was solemnised at Westminster on the 18th of January, 1486, when this union of the Roses of York and Lancaster put an end for ever to the wars of the rival houses. But though now wedded to him to whom she had been for some time betrothed, the lovely and amiable Elizabeth had no great reason to be gratified, for the indifference evinced by Henry VI. for the marriage proved that he had either depreciated her attractions or yielded his heart to those of another, neither of which conclusions could be otherwise than humiliating to one so fair. He had entered London as a victorious sovereign on the 28th of August, 1485, yet did not claim the fulfilment of Elizabeth's pledge to wed him until nearly five months after; nor without being twice reminded of his engagement, first by his privy council, and secondly by a petition from both houses of parliament. This dilatoriness on his part was certainly very unflattering to his future bride, and his ungracious

determination to claim the crown as his own right, without any reference to hers, was no less so. The delay required for procuring the pope's dispensation for the marriage could not be alleged as an excuse, for it arrived subsequently instead of prior to the marriage; and even as regarded the dispensations, for there were no less than three, Henry VII. betrayed a certain want of courtesy to his queen, for the two first, which acknowledged her as the undoubted heir to Edward IV. did not satisfy him, and in the third he stipulated to have a clause entered, that in case of Elizabeth's death without offspring, the succession was to be continued in any children he might have by another wife,[1]—an act of injustice as well as one of ungraciousness. How the fair and gentle queen bore this conduct we have no authority to judge; but her delicate health may be taken as an indication that she felt, although she might not have resented, that and the harshness with which he is said to have treated her.[2] Elizabeth had not been long a wife before she gave hopes of becoming a mother; and, as was the usage at that period, in due time withdrew from her courtly circle to the chamber designed for her *accouchement*. From the chamber of ladies so situated it was the custom to exclude air, as well as light, and women only were admitted.[3] The walls were covered with rich arras, which extended over the sides,

[1] Carte, vol. ii. book xiv. p. 824. [2] Idem, p. 825.

[3] For the regulations on this point we copy a copious passage from the "Excerpta Historica," p. 37 (taken from the Ordinances of Henry V.),—

"For Wemen that lye in Gesern,[a]

"Also that no maner of man be so hardy to goe into no chamber or lodging wher any woman lieth in gesern, her to robbe ne pille of no goodes the which longeth unto her refressing, ne for to make non affray wher through she and her child myght be in any disease or dispere, upon payn that he that in suche wise offendeth shall losse all his goodes, halfe unto that acuseth him, and halfe unto the counstable and marshall, and himselfe to be dede, but if the king gave him him grace."

[a] In childbed. "*Gésine*, Etat d'une femme en couche, accouchement." "*Gésir*, Etre couché, accoucher, enfanter."—ROQUEFORT'S *Glossaire de la Langue Romaine.*

including the windows and ceiling; that part of it which enveloped the doors and windows being made to be drawn back if required. Rich plate, and other costly decorations, and furniture, were placed in this chamber of retreat, in order that the queen might lack none of the splendour suitable to her rank. At the door she took leave of all the officers of her court, and from that hour until she left the room was waited on only by ladies, who had all things needful for her service brought to the door. The queen's *accouchement* took place at Winchester on the 20th of September, and occurred a month sooner than was expected; notwithstanding which, the infant, afterwards named Arthur, was a promising child, with no appearance of the delicacy peculiar to children born before the regular time. But though the birth of an heir to his crown might be thought to be the completion of the felicity of Henry VII., it was not so, for there were those amongst his subjects who were little disposed to be obedient, or to let him enjoy a peaceful reign. These were the partisans of Richard III., who had neither forgotten nor forgiven their defeat at Bosworth. The first outbreak was that headed by Lord Lovell, Sir Humphry Stafford, and Thomas Stafford his brother,[1] who, while the king was proceeding to York, left the sanctuary at Colchester, at which they had taken refuge and remained ever since the death of Richard, refusing to trust to Henry's clemency, and who now, collecting their forces, determined to dethrone him. The news reached him at York, and, unprepared as he was, he evinced considerable resolution and vigour to meet the dangers that menaced him. He armed three thousand men, employing tanned leather[2] as a substitute for armour, and giving the command of them to Jasper, duke of Bedford, despatched them with instructions to their leader to fight or pardon, as might seem best. The offer of pardon had a good effect. Lord Lovell fled, the

[1] Speed, book ix. p. 742. [2] Idem.

rebels laid down their arms, and Stafford took refuge at Colnham near Abingdon, until then supposed to be invested with the privileges of a sanctuary. Its claims to this distinction being examined in the King's Bench, were pronounced to be unavailing in cases of open rebellion, and the Staffords were forcibly taken from it and transmitted to the Tower; whence, shortly after, Sir Humphry was removed to Tyburn, where he was executed: his brother Thomas, being deemed less culpable, received the royal pardon.[1]

The next interruption to public peace in England was the imposition practised of passing Lambert Simnel for Edward, earl of Warwick, then a prisoner in the Tower.[2] To defeat the plot, the real Warwick was brought forth through the city and shewn to the people.[3] Nevertheless, the counterfeit one continued to retain many supporters, especially in Ireland, where he was not only acknowledged king, but absolutely crowned.

Henry defeated this conspiracy as well as the former one, and among the prisoners taken was Lambert Simnel, the pretended Earl of Warwick. Questioned why he had lent himself to the conspiracy, the young man confessed his low birth, and owned that he had yielded to the wishes of others; on which Henry pardoned him, and with an affected generosity assigned him the office of turnspit in the royal kitchen—an office "which," as Speed quaintly writes, quoting from Polydore Vergil, "if his wit and spirit had answered to his titles, he would have chosen much rather to have been turned from the ladder by an hangman."[4] Henry's policy in thus deriding and degrading the pretender to his throne, betrayed that knowledge of mankind which was conspicuous in his character, for nothing tends more to crush an enemy in the eyes of his partisans than to make light of him, and expose him to ridicule, while the exercise

[1] Speed, book ix. p. 742. [2] Idem. [3] Idem, p. 744. [4] Idem, p. 745.

of severity towards him gives him importance and excites sympathy in his favour.

So jealous was Henry of establishing his own separate right to the throne, independent of that of his amiable and gentle spouse, that he did not have her crowned until 1487, as a proof that he conferred the crown on her as his wife. Indeed, there is reason to suppose that he might have still longer postponed her coronation, had not the partisans of the house of York betrayed sundry symptoms of discontent that it had not already taken place. This grand ceremony, like most similar ones of that age, was graced by a magnificent procession on the Thames, to conduct the queen from Greenwich to the Tower, where she was received by the king with a show of tenderness very gratifying to those who witnessed it, a general belief prevailing that he was harsh and unkind in his conduct towards her. No device or pageantry that could add splendour to the scene, had been omitted in this procession by water. The barges of the different civic companies escorted the royal one, and many were the picturesque decorations, in which the arms and emblems of the House of Tudor with the Roses of York and Lancaster, no longer rivals but united in garlands, that were tastefully introduced. Joyous music was not wanting, and often was it interrupted by the loyal acclamations of the crowds who lined the shore to view the pageant. The following day the queen proceeded in state from the Tower to the palace at Westminster, nor was the procession formed to attend her less splendid than that of the previous day. Hitherto Elizabeth had been seldom seen by her subjects. Her life, before her marriage, had been secluded, either in the privacy of the palace or the gloom of the sanctuary; and subsequently, the greater portion had been spent in the country, at Winchester and elsewhere. Her loveliness had therefore all the additional attraction of novelty for the eyes that gazed on her, as if they never could turn from her beautiful face and graceful yet dignified

figure, which lent to, instead of acquiring, charms from the regal habiliments. These consisted of a robe composed of white cloth of gold, trimmed with ermine, and confined to her shape, over which fell a mantle of the same materials. Her fair hair in rich profusion floated down her back, confined to her head by a network of gold, and a circlet of precious stones, the dazzling lustre of which seemed to give a glory to the seraphic character of her face. Faultless in features and figure, with a complexion of exquisite fairness, and eyes of cerulean blue, the trials she had already passed through, though only then in her twenty-second year, had given her countenance an expression of such heavenly resignation and serenity, that none could behold her without a mingled sentiment of reverence and adoration, such as men believe that beatified saints only can inspire; and when beautiful children, arranged to personify angels, were placed along her way, singing hymns in her praise, the beholders, feeling how appropriately they appeared to surround her, contemplated her with a pious homage of a more elevated nature than is ever accorded to mere beauty or grandeur.

All the gorgeousness that encircled her,—the stately lords and lovely ladies, the glittering jewels, waving plumes, and prancing steeds,—were little noticed, while all regards were fixed on this peerless queen. The following day she was crowned,[1] her kirtle of white and gold being exchanged for the regal one of purple, pierced with ermine, and wearing a circlet of great cost around her high and snowy forehead. Strong as was the king's jealousy and dislike to the house of York, nurtured in the Lancastrian blood flowing in his veins, he must surely have forgotten it, as, from the latticed box where he sat with his mother, he beheld his meek and beautiful Elizabeth receiving the homage to which her virtues, no less than her birthright, entitled her. Henry

[1] Speed, book ix. p. 746.

took no part in the ceremonies of his queen's coronation, but at the festivals which followed it he appeared and shared the pleasures. The absence of the queen-dowager from the coronation of her daughter might justify the rumours that she was harshly treated by the king her son-in-law. It was said that he never forgave her for consenting to a reconciliation with her most cruel enemy Richard III., and for consenting to his proposal of wedding her daughter Elizabeth, affianced as she had been to himself, and of sending for her son, the Marquis of Dorset, to abandon his cause.[1]

The decree passed at the council held at the monastery of Carthusian monks near Richmond, soon after the discovery of the conspiracy of Lambert Simnel, proves the ill-will of Henry against his wife's mother, for the second article of it contains the following sentence:—"That Elizabeth, late wife to Edward IV., and mother-in-law to Henry, now king of England, should forfeit all her lands and goods, for that (contrary to her faith given to them who were in the plot for bringing in King Henry) she had yielded up her daughter to the hands of the tyrant Richard."[2] Henry seems to have forgotten that the unfortunate Elizabeth Woodville was wholly in the power of Richard when she made those enforced concessions to his will, or he must have been enraged by the report then circulated, that she had lent her countenance, in common with her sister-in-law, the Duchess of Burgundy, to the impostor Lambert Simnel. If we may credit Speed,[3] this unfortunate queen, after being despoiled of her fortune, was condemned to confinement in the monastery of Bermondsey, in Southwark, where finally she ended her days.

On the 1st of November, 1489, the queen took to her chamber, with all the etiquette formerly practised at Winchester, but on this occasion in the palace of Westminster,

[1] Speed, book ix. p. 732. [2] Idem, p. 743. [3] Idem.

to prepare for the advent of her second child, and on the 29th she gave birth to a princess, named Margaret.

The good intelligence which always reigned between the queen and the mother of her husband may be received as evidence of the fine qualities and sweet temper of Elizabeth, for rarely does it occur that mothers-in-law feel any warm affection for the wives of their sons; and although Margaret Beaufort was justly accounted one of the most worthy women of her time, she might not be so superior to the generality of her sex in this instance, had not the goodness of Elizabeth won her esteem and regard. Whatever may have been the truth relative to the harshness which Henry VII. has been accused of having practised towards his gentle wife, there is no proof extant of her having ever resented or exposed it, while the whole tenour of her wedded life testifies that she was a most affectionate and devoted wife, as well as a most tender mother. Her attachment to her own relations, too, was fond and steady, exemplified by a thoughtful care for their comfort and independence, always exercised at the cost of no little self-sacrifice on her part, invariably borne without a murmur or attempt to subtract from what she deemed necessary for their wants. It was by this kind liberality to her sisters that Elizabeth sometimes found herself in debt, and compelled to have recourse to a system of personal economy that many a private gentlewoman would have thought it a hardship to endure. It is touching to read the proofs of this self-imposed frugality in a queen, and, moreover, in one so fair, who might be supposed to take pleasure in the adorning of a beauty for which Nature had done so much; and knowing the motives for her economy,[1] every notice of

[1] See "Privy Purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York." In the "Privy Purse Expenses of Henry VII.," we find the following entry:—"April 29, 1502. To the Queen's grace in lone opon sertan plate, 500*l.*," which proves to what difficulties her generosity to her sisters sometimes reduced this estimable woman.—*Excerpta Historica*, p. 127.

her mended clothes invests her with a charm in our eyes that the richest garments could not bestow. The affection of Elizabeth of York for her relations, and the manner in which it was proved, differed materially from that of her mother, Elizabeth Woodville, towards hers. She used no undue influence for their promotion, sought not to enrich them at the cost of others, or to match them with age or deformity, or to elevate them unduly. She relied solely on the sacrifice of her own luxuries, nay more, of her absolute necessaries, to furnish what she bestowed on her sisters, and by this prudent course made no enemies for herself or them.

On the 28th of June, 1491, Elizabeth gave birth to Henry, her second son, in the palace at Greenwich; and in the following year her second daughter was born, and named Elizabeth, after her mother and herself. In this year the queen-dowager died, to the great regret of her daughter, who, though she seldom saw her, owing to her seclusion in a monastery, continued to entertain for her a lively affection. There can be but little doubt that the seclusion in which the queen-dowager spent the latter years of her life was less a matter of choice than necessity, for she was either driven to a monastery by the loss of the means to live out of one, or by the will of her stern son-in-law,[1] who shewed her little more forbearance than he subsequently exercised towards the feelings of his own mother's husband, whose brother, Sir William Stanley, he caused to be executed.[2] The poverty in which the queen-dowager latterly lived and died, is testified by her will in the Prerogative Court, dated 10th April, 1492; in which, with a touching simplicity, she states, that having no worldly goods, she can bequeath only her blessing to her children.[3]

The deceitful conduct of Henry with regard to the

[1] Carte, vol. ii. book xiv. p. 827; and Speed, book ix. p. 743.
[2] Idem, p. 843. [3] Idem, p. 827.

treaties made with the Duchess Anne of Brittany, in 1489 and 1490, are too well known to be noticed here, and reflect dishonour on his memory. To her father he owed many obligations when he stood in the utmost need, yet when she required his aid, and that England desired to succour her, this selfish and ungrateful man thought only of turning her misfortunes to his own advantage, and yielded not the slightest assistance without insisting on remuneration and securities, more in character with the conduct of an exacting usurer than a king.[1] The result of these deceitful treaties was the invasion of France by Henry in 1492, when on the 6th of October, at the head of a gallant army, he sailed from Sandwich, and landed at Calais the same day. This invasion of France, like the treaties with Brittany, was an ignoble jugglery entered into to deceive Henry's own subjects and the Duchess Anne, and ended by as ignoble a bargain, by which money, not fame, was reaped to England, through the crooked policy of her artful and avaricious sovereign. Henry and his army, after their brief and inglorious campaign, returned to England early in November,[2] to find his subjects greatly dissatisfied at the little use made of the heavy taxes imposed on them to defray the cost of the expedition, and ashamed at a treaty of peace with France, which only filled the coffers of their money-loving king. Before he absented himself from his dominions, he appointed his eldest son Arthur, then only in his seventh year, guardian of his kingdom,—a striking proof of his jealousy of his queen, to whom, though a queen in her own right, and perhaps on this very account, he disliked giving this temporary power. That Elizabeth must have felt this slight there can be little doubt, notwithstanding that we have historical authority that "his queen's most tender, frequent, and loving lines, did invite him (the king) to speediest return."[3]

[1] Rym. "Fœd." tom. xii. pp. 364–369.

[2] Carte says that Henry landed at Dover on the 17th of December. Carte, vol. ii. book xiv. p. 837.

[3] Speed, book ix. p. 749.

The next event that troubled the reign of Henry VII. was the invasion of Perkin Warbeck, which involved him and the kingdom in great difficulties. This new imposition would probably have never been attempted, had not the former one in the case of Lambert Simnel proved that Henry was so unpopular that any pretender might have a chance. The new claimant to the throne was not, however, so easily got rid of as the previous one, and the anger and jealousy which his attempt occasioned in the breast of Henry, revealed faults in him which might otherwise have lain dormant. Among these was the execution of the Earl of Warwick,[1] and his unjust and ungrateful conduct towards his chamberlain, Sir William Stanley, whom, on a mere suspicion, he deprived of life, and of whose immense wealth he took possession. Indeed persons were not wanting who accused Henry of condemning his former and tried friend to death, expressly for the purpose of confiscating his fortune to his own account. The only trait in the whole of the civil war caused by Warbeck's pretensions, that reflects any credit on Henry, was the kindness he bestowed on the wife of the impostor, the Lady Katharine Gordon, known by the name of the White Rose,—a designation first conferred on her husband by his partisans, as heir to the house of York, and transferred to her for her innocence and beauty.[2] This lady was nearly related to the king. Had she belonged to the house of York, for which he entertained so strong a dislike, she might have probably experienced less generosity. From his gentle queen, to whose protection he consigned her, she was sure to receive kind treatment and commiseration, for the unfortunate ever found pity from Elizabeth.

On the 8th of May, 1500, Henry, with his queen, sailed for Calais, to avoid a pestilence then raging with great fury in England. While there, he had an interview with Philip,

[1] Hall, f. 51. [2] Bacon, p. 184.

archduke of Austria and sovereign of Burgundy and Flanders, in which both sovereigns were so well satisfied with each other, that a marriage was proposed by them between the eldest son of Philip, subsequently so celebrated as Charles V., and the Princess Mary, then a child. So gratified was Henry by the flattery of Philip, who called him "Father and protector," that he sent a full detail of the interviews to the mayor and aldermen of London. The pestilence being over, the king and queen returned to England in June.[1] In this year the treaty of marriage between Prince Arthur and Katharine of Arragon was concluded, and the following one the marriage took place. In January 1502, the betrothment of the Princess Margaret with King James IV. of Scotland occurred, and these were the last festivities in which Elizabeth took a part for a considerable time after; for the unexpected and untimely death of Prince Arthur, which followed five months after his nuptials, plunged his fond mother in such grief as greatly to affect her health, never strong, and to exercise a great influence on her spirits. But, even while overwhelmed by her own grief, Elizabeth was not unmindful of her widowed daughter-in-law, to whom she shewed the utmost kindness and sympathy under her bereavement. Already had the queen given birth to six children. Arthur, her first, born the 20th of September, 1486; Margaret, the eldest daughter, born on the 29th of November, 1489; Mary, 1490; Henry, born in 1491; Elizabeth, the 2d of July, 1492; and Edmund, 1495. Of these, one had died in childhood, namely, Edmund; and Prince Arthur, who expired in his sixteenth year. And now the queen's *accouchement* of her seventh child drew near. This event took place in the Tower of London, in February 1503, when she gave birth to a daughter named Katharine, who survived but a few days, and on the 11th of the same month the lovely and gentle Elizabeth yielded up her life in

[1] Hall, f. 51; and Speed, book ix. p. 758.

the thirty-seventh year of her age, to the general regret of all her subjects. That Henry felt not her loss as her virtues deserved, is best proved by the desire he evinced to supply her place soon after; and if his matrimonial speculations were not carried into effect, the fault lay not in his want of desire to wed. The Queen-dowager of Naples, to whom his views were first directed, he gave up on ascertaining that her dower, which he believed to be very large, was seized by the successor of her husband;[1] and for Margaret, duchess-dowager of Savoy,[2] he was in treaty, when ill-health warned him to prepare for another world. He outlived his lovely and amiable queen little more than six years, she having died in February 1503, and he on the 21st of April, 1509.

[1] Carte, vol. ii. book xiv. p. 861. [2] Rym. "Fœd." tom. xiii. pp. 126–132.

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# LIFE OF KATHARINE OF ARRAGON,

## QUEEN OF HENRY THE EIGHTH.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

The subject of this notice was the fourth daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and first saw the light at Alcala di Finari[1] on the 15th of December, 1485. She had only reached her fourth year when the conquest of Granada made the beautiful and romantic Alhambra her home, and the happy days of her childhood were passed in its exquisite halls. The education of the infanta was carefully attended to. The most learned men were called in to instruct her, and the queen her mother, acknowledged to be one of, if not the most highly educated women of her time, superintended her studies. At an early age Katharine had made a considerable proficiency in Latin, a language she never in after age neglected.

Few princesses were ever born under more brilliant auspices. The offspring of two sovereigns in their separate rights, the purest blood of Castile and Arragon mingled in her veins. Katharine was only seven years old when Columbus, through the aid of her mother,[2] sailed in quest of a western continent, and justified by his successful discoveries the encouragement afforded him by his liberal and enterprising protectress.

[1] Speed, book ix. p. 758. [2] Life of Columbus, ch. xv.

But as the brightest mornings are often followed by the darkest days, so was the early and brilliant youth of the infanta succeeded by the gloom which shrouded her life soon after she exchanged the sunshine of her natal clime of Granada for the cloudy and chilly one of England. In 1501, five months after she had completed her sixteenth year, the hand of Katharine was solicited by Henry VII. for his eldest son Arthur, a prince of great promise.

The treaty of marriage was concluded, and the infanta, attended by a noble train, left Granada for Corunna, whence she was to embark for England, never more to behold the beautiful Alhambra. It might, in the superstitious age in which she was born, be deemed an unfavourable omen that contrary winds drove the vessel that contained her back to the shore of Castile. Fortunate would it have been for her had she never left her native land, or at least that she had not sought a home in England, for nowhere else could she have been exposed to the chagrin that here awaited her. Katharine arrived not until October, when she landed at Plymouth, where she was received with every demonstration of joy by all classes in that neighbourhood. The king despatched some of the highest of his nobility to attend on her, and set out in a few days after to meet her on the road, as did Prince Arthur. The first interview took place at Dogmersfield, and on the following day the royal procession set out for Chertsey, where they rested at the palace for one night, receiving as they progressed every possible mark of respect which the subjects of Henry could lavish on them. The third night the party stopped at Kingston, and reached Lambeth on the following day, travelling so slowly as to have taken as many days to accomplish a journey of two hundred and sixteen miles as might now suffice to traverse the whole kingdom.

The personal appearance of Katharine seems to have pleased her future husband, as well as his parents. What she, accustomed to the sunny clime of Granada, must have thought of the murky one of an English November, we have no clue to discover, but all who have lived in a

southern land, and entered ours in that dreary month, may imagine her feelings.

On the 14th of November the nuptials were celebrated. The Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by nineteen bishops and "abbots mytered,"[1] joined their hands, and performed all the religious rites on that occasion. Great was the splendour exhibited at the marriage, a detail of which may be found in Stow by those who take pleasure in such descriptions; nor were the fêtes and nuptial feast which followed it, given in the bishop's palace of St. Paul's, less gorgeous. A tilting match with quaint devices, in which the grotesque and magnificent were mingled, took place the succeeding week, and after this display of chivalry, an entertainment on a scale of right regal grandeur was given in Westminster Hall, at which the bride and bridegroom danced, as did others of the royal family.

Prince Arthur and Katharine departed for Ludlow Castle, in Shropshire, where they were to hold a court, as Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by the lords and ladies comprising their suite, and so conducted themselves while there as to win the affections of all around them.

Short-lived, however, was the happiness of the youthful pair, for in the April that followed his marriage Prince Arthur expired, leaving Katharine a lonely stranger in that distant castle, where he closed his life in the sixteenth year of his age. Melancholy was the state of the youthful widow, so soon bereft of her husband, and surrounded by persons whose language she understood not, and who could not address her in her own, to offer a word of consolation under the affliction in which she was plunged. Though little more than five months a wife, the noble qualities of Prince Arthur, so universally acknowledged, could not have failed to have greatly endeared him to his bride; and although ten months his senior—a difference in age greatly exaggerated by some historians—the prince had from his infancy so great an aptitude for learning, and had applied himself so diligently to his studies,[2] that his mind was as fully

[1] Speed, book ix. ch. xx. p. 757.

[2] Idem, chap. xxviii. p. 757.

developed as those of most persons of twenty years old, which rendered him a suitable companion for her to whom he had been united. Unhappily this precocious mental developement was not accompanied by as robust a frame nor as vigorous health as could be wished. If we may credit Stow,[1] this delicacy of health led to certain precautions on his marriage deemed prudent, which statement was afterwards borne out by the representations of Katharine herself.

The young widow proceeded to the palace at Croydon, there to spend the sad hours of her mourning. Happy had it been for her had she returned to her native land, as her parents desired; but the wish to retain the portion of her fortune already received, and to secure the remaining one, as also to save the dower which as widow of the Prince of Wales she was entitled to claim from England,[2] induced Henry VII. to propose a marriage between her and his second son, now heir to his crown. That the two persons most interested in this proposed union felt no desire for it, may readily be conceded when the youth of Henry is considered, he being too young to experience the tender passion, or to excite it; and although Katharine yielded obedience to the desire of her parents in contracting it, she nevertheless wrote to them that she had no inclination for a second marriage in England.[3] When, however, all was arranged for the pair being affianced, Henry VII., with whom the measure originated, was guilty of an artifice which reflects eternal dishonour on his name, and which, in after years, involved in misery the life of his daughter-in-law. A dispensation had been obtained from Pope Julius II. for the marriage six years previous to its fulfilment, and this dispensation had been followed by a solemn contract between Henry and Katharine in June 1503. What, then, can be thought of the dishonourable conduct of Henry VII., who, two years after this solemn betrothment, on the day before the prince completed the fourteenth year of his age,[4] caused

[1] Lingard, vol. v. p. 333.
[2] Carte, book xv. p. 3.
[3] Job Stow, Ax.
[4] Rapin, tom. vi. liv. xv. p. 7.

him to sign an act protesting against it, and renouncing the contract he had made him formerly sign! Various have been the motives assigned for this base proceeding; many persons asserted that it was caused by a desire of alarming Ferdinand, and extorting from him more advantageous conditions for this second marriage whenever it might be deemed expedient to carry it out, while few were those who attributed it to any scruples of conscience. If interested motives were really the cause of the protest, they were gratified, for Ferdinand authorised his ambassador not only to confirm the former treaty made with Henry VII. for the marriage of his son Henry with Katharine, princess of Wales, but to concede an additional condition, namely, that no part of her fortune, whether already paid or to be paid, should be restored in any case, and to ratify the agreement formerly entered into between the Emperor Maximilian and his daughter Margaret, duchess of Savoy, for the marriage of Charles, prince of Spain, and Mary of England, sister to Henry.[1]

The desire to maintain the balance of power was the policy that most influenced the sovereigns of that day. To prevent Katharine intermarrying with a prince of France, Scotland, or any other kingdom, and by so doing, drawing closer the bond of amity between her husband and Spain, thus adding to the power of both, must be a consideration of great weight with so ambitious and crafty a politician as Henry VII., independent of his desire to retain her fortune and the dower he had engaged to pay her. The religious obstacles to this marriage were not looked on as offering any insuperable barrier to its fulfilment, or at least none that the Pope might not easily remove.[2] Marriages of a similar nature were not new in the family of Ferdinand of Arragon, as witness that of his third daughter, Mary, with Emanuel, king of Portugal, the widower of her deceased sister.[3] A message had been despatched by Henry VII. to Julius II. in the year 1503, to which Ferdinand of Arragon lent all the weight of his influence with the Pope

[1] Carte, book xv. p. 3. [2] Idem.

[3] "Life and Reign of Henry VIII.," by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, p. 13.

to obtain a dispensation for the marriage, which, although opposed by many of the cardinals, had been granted, so that no obstacle prevented the reunion, when, six weeks after the death of Henry VII., his council urged Henry VIII. to fulfil the contract formed six years before.

Ferdinand of Arragon had evinced some dissatisfaction that the marriage had been so long postponed, and now, with his daughter Jane, as well as Katharine herself, renounced all future claim to the portion of Katharine, amounting to no less a sum than 200,000 crowns,[1] which was granted absolutely to the King of England. That Katharine was desirous for the marriage may be argued from the fact of her asserting that her union with Prince Arthur had not been of a nature to oppose her wedding his brother, a statement she need not have made had she wished to avoid the marriage with Henry.

The ill-starred nuptials were solemnised on the 3d of June, 1509, at the Bishop of Salisbury's house in Fleet Street,[2] with great magnificence, and the coronation of the royal pair took place on the 24th of the same month. Nothing was spared to render this ceremony worthy of the occasion, and no inconsiderable portion of the vast sum of gold hoarded by Henry VII. was expended to do honour to it. Nor were the subjects of the youthful and pleasure-loving monarch slow to adopt his taste for display and splendour, as those disposed to consult Hall, Holinshed, and other historians, will find, for they were heedless of expense in their dresses for the occasion. Katharine was then in her twenty-second year, (being five years senior to Henry, who was in his eighteenth,) and was esteemed an attractive, if not a beautiful woman. The dignified formality peculiar to her countrywomen of that period somewhat deteriorated from her charms, by giving her an aspect of gravity, which made her appear older than she really was; nevertheless she was handsome enough to justify the affection with which Henry was said to regard her during the first years of their union. Independent of the strict

[1] Carte, book xv. p. 3.

[2] Idem. "Life and Reign of Henry VIII.," by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, p. 7.

observance of etiquette in which the Infantas of Spain were brought up, and which must more or less influence their demeanour and manners during life, it is probable, that seeing the too great freedom of manner in which Henry was prone to indulge, Katharine might have deemed it necessary to oppose a check to it, by the maintenance of a grave and queenlike dignity in her own demeanour. The death of the king's grandmother followed in five days after his coronation,[1] and a plague, which broke out at Calais, and which soon reached London, also marked that year. Neither events made any very serious impression on Henry, who, bent on the pursuit of pleasure, sought it wherever it tempted him. Perhaps the gravity of his queen might have sometimes served as a tacit reproach to him in the midst of his masquings and boy-like pastimes. If so, it is to his credit, that although naturally impatient of aught that even resembled constraint, he for many years of their union never violated towards Katharine the rules imposed by good-breeding and knightly courtesy to a lady; nay more, he shewed a decided preference to her society. Katharine, likewise, observed an invariable gentleness and affection towards Henry, never letting it be seen that she disapproved his too great indulgence in those undignified pleasures to which he was so addicted,—a rare proof of wisdom and tact on her part.

On the 1st of January, 1511,[2] the queen gave birth to a son, whose death at the close of the February following destroyed the joy which his advent had occasioned. The grief of Katharine was long and deep, and Henry, although greatly disappointed at the loss of his son, neglected no means of consoling the bereaved mother. This sad event was soon after followed by the breaking out of a war with France, when Henry had the mortification of discovering that his brother-in-law, the King of Scotland, secretly sided with France against him. This war had been instigated by Pope Julius II., with whom Henry and Ferdinand had formed a league to take arms and attack France, Henry

[1] Rapin, tom. vi. liv. xv. p. 9. [2] Idem, p. 27.

lured by the hope of recovering his own rights in that kingdom, much more than by the desire of maintaining the authority of the Pope. Another motive for engaging in this war was held out to him, and which with so vainglorious a man was well calculated to have considerable weight, he had learned that the Pope intended to take away the title of "Christianissimus" from the French king, and confer it upon him.

Henry did not accompany the troops he sent to join his wily father-in-law to attack France, but the following year, not quite satisfied with the proceedings going on, he determined to go in person, but previously took measures to guard England against any outbreak on the part of Scotland, which, from the deceitful nature of its king, he fully anticipated. Henry having appointed Katharine regent, and invested her with almost sovereign power, embarked at Dover on the last day of June, 1513,[1] with about 400 sail. The queen accompanied him to Dover, where they parted with much sorrow on her side, while Henry, filled with warlike ardour, thought more of the victories he expected to gain than of the regrets of his fond wife. Thomas Wolsey, lately taken into high favour, accompanied the king as almoner, and also discharged the duty of secretary, as may be seen by the letters addressed to him by Katharine during his absence in answer to his. In these letters anxiety for her husband's safety often breaks through the queenly desire that he should distinguish himself.[2]

On the 12th of August the Emperor Maximilian joined Henry as a paid ally, receiving one hundred crowns a-day, and wearing the cross of St. George.[3] Katharine refers to this circumstance in one of her letters to Wolsey, wherein she writes:—"I think, with the company of the emperor, and with his good counsel, his grace shall not adventure himself too much, as I was afraid of before. I was very glad to hear of the meeting of them both, which hath been

[1] Rapin, tom. vi. liv. xv. p. 72.

[2] "Original Letters," illustrative of English History, collected by Sir Henry Ellis, vol. i. p. 82.

[3] Lord Herbert of Cherbury, p. 38.

to my seeming the greatest honour to the king that ever came to a prince."[1] The battle, facetiously named by the defeated "*La Journée des Eperons*,"[2] was won on the 16th of August; and on the 24th Henry and Maximilian entered the town of Theroüene, and were present at a solemn Te Deum offered up for the easy victory. But while Henry was carrying on the war abroad, Katharine was no less anxiously occupied at home in repelling the aggressions of the Scots, who, emboldened by the absence of the king, had invaded England. The victories of Nevill's Cross and Flodden Field were achieved during her regency; and the letter from her to Henry announcing the last, contains many touches of affection, that prove the feelings of the victorious queen were almost forgotten in those of the loving wife:[3]—

"Sir,—My Lord Howard hath sent me a letter open to your grace, within one of mine, by the which you shall see the great victory that our Lord hath sent your subjects in your absence; and for this cause it is no need herein to trouble your grace with long writing, but to my thinking this battle hath been to your grace, and all your realm, the greatest honour that could be, and more than should you win all the crown of France. Thanked be God of it; and I am sure your grace forgetteth not to do this, which shall be cause to send you many such victories, as I trust He shall do.

"My husband, for hastiness with Rouge-Crosse, I could not send your grace the piece of the King of Scots' coat,[4] which John Glyn now bringeth. In this your grace shall see how I can keep my promise, sending you for your banners a king's coat. I thought to send himself to you, but our Englishmen would not suffer it. It should have been better for him to have been in peace, than to have this reward. All that God sendeth is for the best. My lord of Surrey, my Henry, would fain know your pleasure in

[1] Ellis, "First Collection," vol. i. p. 84.
[2] "Life and Reign of Henry VIII.," by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, p. 38.
[3] Ellis, "First Collection," vol. i. p. 88.
[4] Tytler's "History of Scotland," vol. v. p. 76.

burying the King of Scots' body, for he hath written to me so. With the next message, your grace's pleasure may be herein known; and with this I make an end, praying God to send you home shortly, for without this no joy here can be accomplished, and for the same I pray. And now I go to our lady at Walsingham, that I promised so long ago to see."

"At Woburn, xvi. of September.

"I send your grace herein a bill found in a Scottish man's purse, of such things as the French king sent to the said king of Scots to make war against you, beseeching you to send Matthew hither as soon this messenger cometh to bring me tidings from your grace.

"Your humble wife and true servant,

"1513. "KATARINE."[1]

The sending a piece of the King of Scots' coat may have originated in the rumour then prevalent, that it was a person of the name of Elphinstone, wearing the same arms as the king, who was taken for him and killed: be this as it may, there is something barbarous in Katharine's wishing to send the body of James IV. to Henry, who had been his brother-in-law; but seldom do sovereigns remember the ties of kindred or humanity when their own personal interest is in question. Henry returned to England at the close of October, and his meeting with Katharine was marked by great affection on both sides.

In August 1514, the contract between the Princess Mary, sister of Henry, and Louis XII. of France, being signed, on September 14th, the ceremony of contraction took place at the church of the Celestines in Paris;[2] on hearing which, Henry, accompanied by his queen and a numerous train of nobility, conducted the Princess Mary to Dover, and having consigned her to the care of the Duke of Norfolk, saw her depart for Boulogne, where she was met by the French nobles deputed by Louis XII. to attend her to Abbeville.

[1] "Life of Henry VIII.," by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, p. 44.

[2] Rapin, tom. vi. liv. x. p. 95.

Gratified by this marriage, and free from troubles at home and abroad, Henry indulged his taste for pleasure by a series of courtly fêtes, which were however interrupted by the *accouchement* of the queen, who gave birth to a son in November 1514,[1] who unfortunately lived but a few days. The festival of the new year was marked by a splendid pageant, in which Henry himself bore a conspicuous part. It consisted of a masque, in which the king and three nobles of his court, with four ladies magnificently attired, danced in the queen's presence, and removed not their masks until the dance was finished, when Katharine, recognising the king, rewarded him for the agreeable surprise he had occasioned her by a kiss.

The death of Louis XII. a few months after his ill-assorted marriage, left his queen at liberty to contract a union more suitable to her age and taste. Her choice fell on the object of her former flame, the Duke of Suffolk, who had been sent to France by Henry the bearer of a letter of condolence to the widowed queen, and whom she privately married with an indecent precipitancy that somewhat shocked the French court. Mary and Suffolk returned to England in the latter end of April, and were publicly married on the 13th of May at Greenwich,[2] Henry and Katharine treating them with great kindness and affection, and celebrating their nuptials by a romantic fête, in which Robin Hood and his merry men were personated by the archers of the royal guard, who invited the king and the two queens, and their court, to a repast spread in a thicket near Shooter's Hill.

The troubles of Scotland brought Queen Margaret of that kingdom a visitor to the court of her brother in 1517,[3] where she was affectionately received by the king and queen, and once more found herself beneath the same roof with her sister Mary, the queen-dowager of France. The meeting between Margaret and Katharine must have reminded both of the death of the King of Scotland, the

[1] "Life of Henry VIII." by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, p. 51.
[2] Carte, vol. iii. book xv. p. 17. [3] Idem, p. 27.

husband of one, and the brother-in-law of the other, had not Margaret found consolation in her marriage with the Earl of Angus, contracted too soon after the death of her royal spouse to admit a belief being entertained of her having felt any real grief for that tragical event. Margaret brought with her her infant daughter by the Earl of Angus, the lady Margaret Douglas, who shared the nursery with her cousin, the Princess Mary, only a few months her junior. Both remained a year at the English court, at the expiration of which time a treaty with the Duke of Albany, who had replaced her as Regent of Scotland, enabled her to return thither. Margaret appears to have had as little control over her passions as her brother Henry VIII. afterwards evinced over his: for, having discovered that her husband, the Earl of Angus, had been unfaithful to her during her absence, she met him with undissembled anger and disdain, and announced her intention of suing for a divorce from him. Previously to the Queen of Scotland leaving the court of Henry, a riot of a grave character occurred in London,[1] which furnished Katharine with an opportunity of displaying that clemency and good-feeling towards the subjects of her husband in which she was never found deficient. Some citizens and apprentices, aggrieved by the patronage bestowed on foreign artisans to the detriment of their own profit, and incited to commotion by the seditious sermons of a Doctor Bele[2] and the persuasions of John Lincoln, a broker, seized on the pretext of some offence offered to them by the foreign artisans, to pillage houses, break open prisons, and injure and maim several strangers. Many lives were lost in the fray, and it was deemed expedient to punish with severity those who were arrested in it. No less than two hundred and seventy-eight persons were made prisoners, many of them mere youths, whose mothers and sisters sought the palace, and, with loud cries and floods of tears, implored the pity of Katharine, who, touched with compassion, presented herself, accompanied by the Dowager Queen of France and her sister Margaret of Scotland,

[1] Rapin, tom. vi. liv. vi. p. 125. [2] Lord Herbert of Cherbury, p. 67.

before Henry, and besought pardon for the youthful insurgents. This appeal had more effect on the king than that made by the recorder and aldermen, who came in mourning to the court to plead in favour of the guilty. Nevertheless, he only accorded them pardon when, sitting in Westminster Hall, and surrounded by his principal nobility and officers, the culprits came before him in white shirts and with halters about their necks,[1] and did on their knees crave mercy. Not more than fourteen—and these were the ringleaders, among whom was Lincoln,—were executed, a proof that Henry had not then revealed the sanguinary nature he afterwards displayed. The terrible malady known by the name of *Sudor Anglicus*[2] appeared in 1517, and was of so malignant a character as to cause death in three hours. Many persons of note died of this disease, while it fell so heavily on the lower class as to depopulate not only villages, but in some places towns. Henry left London, and, adjourning three terms, removed Trinity term, in 1518, to Oxford, whence it was adjourned to Westminster.

In this year, urged on by political motives, Francis I. of France, proposed a treaty with Henry, one of the conditions of which was to be the marriage of his son, the dauphin, and the Princess Mary,[3] only then in her second year, and the dauphin in his first. This treaty, proposed in September 1518, was concluded in October following; and, on the 16th of December, the King and Queen of France, acting on behalf of their son, and the Earl of Worcester on the part of the Princess Mary, the children were solemnly affianced.

The influence of Wolsey with Henry VIII. had so greatly increased, that the sovereigns who wished to stand well with England found it their interest to conciliate this proud and selfish upstart by administering to his vanity. He was alternately bribed by Francis I. and Charles V., whenever they deemed it expedient, either by using their mediation with Leo X. to forward Wolsey's ambitious views, or by costly gifts. They condescended to flatter him as

[1] Lord Herbert of Cherbury, p. 69. [2] Idem. [3] Idem, p. 76.

well as to serve his projects. In their letters they extravagantly lauded him for qualities which he did not possess, while they greatly exaggerated those to which he laid claim, and even addressed him as their "friend," their "father."[1] Vain of these proofs of the high consideration in which he was held by two such powerful monarchs, Wolsey, now archbishop of York, omitted not to make Henry aware of it; and Henry, no less vainglorious, received these proofs of the favour shewn to Wolsey as homage offered to his own dignity and power, as well as of the vast superiority of his favourite. Wolsey had now reached almost the last step of the ladder of fortune. First minister, prime favourite, grand chancellor, archbishop of York, cardinal, sole legate, (Campeggio, his colleague in that dignity, having been recalled to Rome,[2]) wealth, and power which enabled him to amass it abroad as well as at home, he might surely have been satisfied with the splendour of his lot.

In 1519, an *éclatant* proof of the desire of Francis I. to testify his esteem for Henry was given by that monarch requesting him to stand godfather to his second son,[3] Henry, afterwards king of France,—a request not only proving his esteem, but likewise illustrative of the high position held by Henry VIII. at that period in Europe, the friendship of sovereigns being then, as now, dependent on their prosperity and the influence they exercised in political affairs. To Wolsey did Francis confide the whole arrangement of the ceremonial of the interview to be held between him and Henry at Ardres,[4]—a flattering proof of his confidence in Wolsey, as great importance was attached to all the details of the etiquette and precedence to be maintained in such meetings. In consequence of this privilege, Wolsey, on the 12th of May, 1520, drew up the regulation or programme of the interview, which it was decided should take place on the 4th of June following, between Ardres and Guisnes: that the King of England should advance towards Ardres, as far as was convenient to him, but without

[1] Lord Herbert of Cherbury, p. 74. [2] Rapin, tom. vi. liv. xv. p. 138.
[3] Idem.
[4] Lord Herbert of Cherbury, p. 84, and Rapin, tom. vi. liv. xv. p. 142.

quitting that portion of his own territory still held in France, and that the King of France should advance to meet him where he stopped. By this arrangement Wolsey managed that the first visit should be paid by Francis to Henry, assigning for a reason that, as Henry crossed the sea expressly to see Francis, the latter could do no less than pass his own territory to meet Henry. The royal party consisted of the kings and queens of England and France, Mary, queen-dowager of France, and Louise of Savoy, duchess of Angoulême, mother to Francis. Each sovereign was to be attended by a princely train, and no expense was to be spared on either side to render the pageant splendid, both monarchs having a decided taste for magnificence. While these arrangements were forming, Wolsey was secretly carrying on a correspondence with Charles V., who, having discovered his ambition and rapacity, administered to both, as being the best mode of securing his influence with his master; and when Henry, on the 25th of May, reached Canterbury, on his route to embark for Calais, great was his surprise when he received intelligence of the arrival of Charles V. at Dover;[1] although it was strongly suspected that this visit was concerted between the emperor and Wolsey, and consequently occasioned the latter none, however he might affect ignorance of it. The cardinal immediately offered to proceed to Dover to receive Charles, and to announce the visit of Henry for the next day, by which means an opportunity was afforded Wolsey of a private conference with Charles. From Dover Henry conducted the emperor back to Canterbury, to see the queen, who was delighted to meet her nephew for the first time. Charles, who had been kept *au fait* of the intended interview between Francis I. and Henry by the cardinal, came expressly to use his influence to prevent it; but this being impossible, Henry having engaged his honour for the meeting, it was generally thought that the emperor took that opportunity of securing the good offices of Wolsey, by promising him all his interest for the elevation of the cardinal to the pontifical throne in case of the death of Leo X.

[1] Lord Herbert of Cherbury, p. 87.

Charles embarked for Flanders on the 30th of May, after having obtained a promise from Henry that he would enter into no engagement with Francis I. that could be prejudicial to the emperor, and also that Henry would return the visit of Charles at Gravelines before he returned to England. The splendour of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, with its fêtes, tournaments, masques, and balls, has been so often described, that we will pass over it, briefly stating, that business was not lost sight of in a meeting supposed to be devoted to pleasure, for the project of the marriage of the Princess Mary with the dauphin was again revived, and other conditions on various points arranged. Little did Queen Katharine dream that Anne Boleyn, who was present on this memorable occasion,[1] was one day to rival her in the affections of Henry, and to take her place on the throne. Nor did Henry notice his fair subject, who was soon after to kindle such a flame in his heart. On the 24th of June the sovereigns parted, after having spent three weeks together in a round of amusements, in which each vied with the other in the display of gorgeous splendour. Henry and Katharine proceeded to Gravelines on the 10th of July, but returned the same night to Calais, where, the next day, the emperor and his aunt Marguerite, the governess of the Low Country, joined them, and spent three days in their society,[2] which occasioned no little dissatisfaction to Francis I. when he heard it, his great object being to keep these monarchs as much asunder as possible.

Katharine had for some time marked the great influence the cardinal had acquired over her husband, and being a woman of quick perception, strongly suspected it was often exercised more for his own personal aggrandisement than for the glory or honour of Henry. The ostentatious display of his wealth, his undisguised assumption of power, and the princely splendour which Wolsey delighted to exhibit, had alienated from him the esteem and good-will of the queen. The cardinal was not slow to perceive nor to resent, as far as he dared, the change in Katha-

[1] Lord Herbert of Cherbury, p. 88. [2] Idem, p. 91.

rine's behaviour to him; and this resentment laid the foundation of that dislike to her, which afterwards proved so prejudicial to her interests. Wolsey knew that hitherto the queen possessed considerable influence over her husband, who, less quick-sighted with regard to the character of the wily cardinal, might one day be enlightened on this point by her. Wolsey, therefore, feared, as much as he disliked, the queen; and when Henry's passion for her, sated by many years of marriage, led him to seek a separation from her, he found in this unholy prelate a ready instrument to work out his desire, instead of a moral and religious Mentor to dissuade him from a measure so fraught with mischief to his kingdom and dishonour to his name.

The stately gravity of Katharine, unfitting her from taking any part in the coarse pleasures of her husband, seemed to him a tacit reproach for his too great indulgence in them. She could not gallop by his side in the field-sports in which he delighted, nor dress up in the fantastic masqueradings in which he was wont to exhibit himself before his subjects. Dignified and thoughtful, Katharine loved study, and evinced a decided preference for the society of the wise and good. These characteristics, peculiar to her country and education, made her appear much older in the eyes of her husband than she really was; and with only five years' difference in their age, Henry's boyish tastes and pursuits were so long continued that he fancied himself many years younger than Katharine. She had more than the ordinary steadiness and stateliness of a woman of her age. Her dress, too, rich and queenlike as it was, while it added to the imposing grandeur of her aspect, also made her look less youthful, so that even ere Time had robbed her of those personal attractions in which her contemporaries declared her not to be deficient, Henry considered her past the age for having a right to the affection and fidelity which he had sworn to her at the altar. But though Katharine took no part in the amusements of Henry, she offered no objections to his indulgence of them, nor evinced any symptoms of jealousy until he drew attention by his too evident admiration of Mary Boleyn, the elder sister of Anne, who was

afterwards to win his fickle heart. Although deeply wounded, Katharine conducted herself with a calm dignity that enabled her to avoid all *esclandre*, and which probably prevented Henry from pursuing his flirtation any further; for Mary Boleyn married, in July 1521, William Carey, a descendant of the Beauforts, and not remotely allied to the king himself, but destitute of fortune, which latter circumstance incurred the deep displeasure of her father at the marriage. The jealousy of Katharine was again excited, four years later, when Henry created Henry Fitzroy, his natural son by Lady Talbois, duke of Richmond and Somerset, grand admiral of England, and invested him with the order of the Garter. To confer such distinction on a mere child was a manifestation of a want of respect to the queen's feeling that greatly pained her. It also proved that he no longer hoped for a son by her, and this was very galling to Katharine.

In May 1522, the Emperor Charles V. visited England,[1] drawn thither by two motives, the first to incite Henry to a league with him against France; and the second, to propose a marriage between himself and the Princess Mary, then in her sixth year. Great was the satisfaction of Katharine at this arrangement, the one of all others which she preferred, as being that most likely to conduce to the happiness of her daughter. She had not forgotten her own bright land, with its genial clime, as her partiality for the pomegranate, the flower it produced, and which she adopted for her device, was a proof. How many touching recollections of her happy childhood must have been awakened by the sight of this fanciful device! And to know that her child, her only one, would hereafter bask in that sunshine so fondly remembered, and dwell among those whose stately manners were in such harmony with her own, was a balm to her heart. It was agreed that when the Princess Mary should attain her twelfth year she was to be sent to Spain; and to fit her for the *rôle* of queen of that country, Katharine henceforth devoted unceasing care to have her instructed

[1] Carte, vol. iii. book xv. p. 47.

in its language, manners, and customs. The emperor remained some weeks in England at this visit in 1522, and was treated with the utmost distinction. He was invested with the order of the Garter at Windsor,[1] was present at several jousts and splendid fêtes given in his honour, and on the 19th of June, wearing the robes of the order, and sitting in his stall at Windsor, he performed with the other knights all the usual ceremonies and rites of the order; which being done, both he and the king received the sacrament together, and swore upon the Holy Evangelist to observe the league so recently concluded between them.[2]

The article referring to the marriage in this said treaty contains a line calculated to provoke a smile in the reader. It is that which says, "We being on both sides free from all agreement made heretofore in this kind with the French,"—an assertion devoid of truth, as no dispensation had ever released Mary from the betrothment with the dauphin, contracted three years before with all religious observances; and the one now entered into with Charles, and which he swore on the Evangelist to maintain, he shewed no scruple to break some years after when it suited his policy. Nor did it prevent Henry from offering her hand to his nephew, the King of Scotland, when he wished to acquire an influence over that kingdom.

The league now formed bound each sovereign to espouse the views and quarrels of the other, and subsequently led to the troubles of France. Charles obtained the loan of a considerable sum from Henry, and departed for Southampton, where his fleet was to meet him, well pleased with the results of his visit, Henry accompanying him as far as Winchester, where, on the 22d of June, they parted with the show of much affection; and the emperor embarked on the 6th of July at Southampton. The commencement of hostilities between England and France soon followed. The English garrison in Calais and Guisnes, and the French in Ardres and Boulogne, seized every opportunity of invading each other's frontiers. An honourable proof of

[1] Lord Herbert of Cherbury, p. 14. [2] Rapin, tom. vi. liv. xv. p. 175.

the bravery of our troops is cited by Hall and Holinshed. Three hundred French cavalry, lying in wait near Guisnes, sent some dragoons in front to draw out the English; eight archers issued forth and maintained a spirited skirmish, until twelve demi-lances, said to be all Welchmen, came to their aid, which the French perceiving, brought out the whole three hundred horsemen, but our soldiers charged them with such courage that they killed many, wounded several, and opened their way to the town.[1]

The war with France caused the return of Anne Boleyn to England, where soon after she was appointed maid of honour to Katharine, an event fraught with misery to the queen; for, although some historians have asserted that Henry had resolved on seeking a divorce from Katharine previously to his passion for Anne Boleyn, there can be little doubt that his eagerness to obtain it was greatly increased by his desire to wed her, however he might urge his conscientious scruples as an excuse for it. These scruples had not disturbed his peace during eighteen years of marriage, but suddenly awakened when Katharine, no longer capable of exciting his sensual passions, had become an object of indifference, if not of dislike, to him. Henry's was not a heart to retain any of the feelings that influence noble natures towards one once beloved when passion is sated; and he little heeded the sorrow he might inflict on her who had been for eighteen years the partner of his life, provided he gratified his own inclination. Charles V. had incurred the enmity of Wolsey by not having urged his influence for that cardinal's election to the papal throne, and the queen had offended the proud prelate by her disapproval of his ostentation and vanity. Wolsey had marked the growing indifference of his master towards Katharine,—an indifference of which she was too deeply sensible not to be rendered very unhappy by it. The effect it produced on her health and spirits, by impairing her personal attractions, and increasing her habitual gravity into a fixed melancholy, served to make her still less pleasing to Henry, who dis-

[1] Lord Herbert of Cherbury, p. 121.

liked her the more for the change in her produced by his own unkindness. He pretended to entertain scruples on the subject of their marriage, revealed these scruples to his confessor, and made them the excuse for gradually alienating himself from the society of the queen. There remains little doubt that Wolsey at first encouraged the king to divorce Katharine. He was prompted to this, not only by his desire to gratify Henry, but to avenge himself on the queen and her nephew, the emperor, for the real or imaginary slights he had received from them; he also wished that Henry should wed the Duchess d'Alençon, whose portrait he had procured to shew him. Although Henry had meditated the divorce for some time, it was not until the close of the year 1526 that the queen became aware of his intention. When she heard of it she despatched a confidential agent to Spain, to convey the sad news to her nephew, but Wolsey took care that he never reached his destined course by having him stopped on the road.

The defeat of Francis I. at Pavia, and his consequent imprisonment in Spain, had excited something like a generous sentiment in the breast of Henry, and led to his using his interest in his behalf. Dissatisfied with the conduct of Charles V., whom he disliked and envied, he wished to assist in securing the liberty of the French king; and the good feeling, prompted more by ill-will to Charles than friendship for Francis, so far conciliated the latter, and the regent his mother, as to lead to a renewal of friendly intelligence with them. Soon after the release of Francis to his own kingdom, and while yet his sons were detained as hostages by Charles, Wolsey was sent to France[1] to treat for a marriage between the Princess Mary and Francis, or his son, the Duke of Orleans. The cardinal arrived at Calais with an equipage of nearly one thousand men on the 11th of July, 1527,[2] and was met at Boulogne by Byron with no less a train. After him came the Cardinal of Lorraine, sent by the French king to do Wolsey honour, and to be the bearer of a letter from Francis, containing the

[1] Lord Herbert of Cherbury, p. 205. [2] Idem.

assurance that himself and Madame Louisa, his mother, would meet him at Amiens; which assurance was fulfilled on the 4th of August, when the king and his mother, royally attended, met him a mile and a half out of the town, and conducted him with every mark of respect that could be shewn to a sovereign to his lodgings. The cardinal accompanied Francis to Compiègne, where a treaty was made by which the Princess Mary was to marry the Duke of Orleans, and Francis was to wed Leonora, the sister of Charles; and the Pope, then kept a prisoner in the château of St. Angelo, should be set free by mediation or force, as soon as possible. While this treaty was going on, the English ambassadors in Spain were written to by Wolsey to desire that all rumours of a divorce between Katharine and Henry should be contradicted, and to assure Charles V. that any such had only originated in an objection made by the Bishop of Tarbes, when he had lately been in England, concerning the legitimacy of the Princess Mary. This excuse had also been made to the privy council of Henry, when he first touched on the illegality of his marriage to them, but it probably was suggested only by the crafty monarch himself as an excuse for seeking a divorce.

On the 16th of September Wolsey departed from Compiègne,[1] loaded with costly gifts by Francis, who conducted him through the town, and a mile beyond it, accompanied by the titular king of Navarre, the pope's legate, and the highest of the French nobility. In return for this stately embassy,[2] Francis, the following month, sent the grand master, Anne de Montmorency, John de Belloy, bishop of Bayonne, John Brisson, first president of Rouen, and Le Seigneur de Humières, as his ambassadors, to ratify the treaty in England. These, with a noble train of no fewer than six hundred horse, were conducted to London on the 20th of October, and lodged in the Bishop of London's palace. On the 10th of November they were entertained by the king at Greenwich with a feast, said by Belloy to be the most sumptuous he had ever seen, and followed by a

[1] Lord Herbert of Cherbury, p. 210. [2] Idem.

comedy in which the Princess Mary took a part. On the same day Henry received, by the hand of Montmorency, the order of St. Michael,[1] and Francis, in Paris, that of the Garter, sent over to him by three knights of that order, with Sir Thomas Wriothesley "garter herauld."

In 1528, Charles V. first intimated to Henry his knowledge and disapproval of the intended divorce. This intimation was given in the answer sent by Clarencieux king-of-arms, who had accompanied Guyenne, king-of-arms, to Burgos, on the 22d of January, 1528, to declare war on the parts of Henry and Francis against Spain, unless certain conditions were complied with. "It being possible," said Charles, "that I have more just occasion to make war against the king your master than he hath against me, especially if it be true (which is said in England, France, and other parts), that your king will be divorced from the queen his wife, and marry with another (notwithstanding the dispensations granted on that behalf). Since, besides all other injuries done herein, it will be manifest his intention was to make the lady (he pretended to give me in marriage) a bastard."[2] Then followed a severe censure on Cardinal Wolsey, whose ambition and covetousness Charles V. exposed in no measured terms, and whom he blamed for all. How heavily must this have fallen on the heart of Katharine, tortured as she was by all the pangs of jealousy at witnessing Henry's unconcealed passion for her rival, Anne Boleyn, to whom the courtiers who once laid their homage at her feet now turned to present it. In vain did Katharine endeavour to win back the truant heart of her cruel husband by affecting a cheerfulness that was foreign to her character. The attempt was utterly unsuccessful, and the natural gaiety and coquetry of Anne, increased by her long residence in the court of France, formed a dangerous contrast to the stayed and matronly decorum of the unhappy queen. But, though tortured by jealousy, Katharine maintained her dignity, by forbearing to reproach or mark her

[1] Lord Herbert of Cherbury, p. 210. [2] Idem, p. 220.

disapprobation of Anne Boleyn. On one occasion only did she betray her knowledge of the position of Anne, when the latter playing at cards hesitated a moment about playing a king. "My Lady Anne," said the queen, "you have the good hope to stop at a king; but you are like others, you will have all or none."

Henry used his utmost dissimulation towards the queen, while urging on the divorce by every means in his power. He tried to make her believe for some time, that he only agitated the question of the validity of his marriage with her in order to silence for ever all doubts of the legitimacy of their daughter, the Princess Mary. But when she discovered that he was really bent on obtaining a divorce, she openly declared her determination of opposing it. Henry had privately sent William Wright, doctor of law, to Rome, to negotiate for the divorce; but the Pope being then a prisoner, and wholly in the power of Charles V., offered a great obstacle to the wish of Henry. In this state of affairs Henry demanded, whether Katharine could not be persuaded to become a nun; and whether if he, in order to impose on her, took the vows of a monk, could not afterwards have a dispensation from the said vows from the pope, so as to be able to contract a second marriage; nay more, whether he might not be the husband of two living wives? to such lengths did his crafty mind and crooked policy carry him. Many were the hours which he devoted to the pages of Thomas Aquinas,[1] in order to discover how far the Levitical laws could be turned to his advantage; and he was not a little pleased when he found in them that the dispensation from the Pope for his marriage with Katharine could not hold valid against the right divine, by the reason that for dispensing with a law it is necessary that he who does so should be superior to him who made it.[2] This decision of Henry's favourite theologian encouraged all his hopes, and he addressed himself to the Archbishop Warham, who had formerly declared against the legality of the marriage with Katharine, to consult the bishops of England on

[1] Rapin, tom. vi. liv. xv. p. 261. [2] Idem, p. 301.

the point. The writings of Luther had even then, lately as they had appeared, considerably lessened in England the general opinion of the papal power; and as the validity of Henry's marriage rested solely on the dispensation for it accorded by Julius II., people hitherto devoted to the court of Rome now openly disputed whether a marriage wholly contrary to the law of God could be permitted by *His* vicegerent on earth. The result of the appeal to the bishops was a paper signed by the whole bench, in which they declared that the marriage was contrary to divine law and public morals. Fisher, bishop of Rochester, alone refused to sign this paper, but it is asserted that Archbishop Warham,[1] unknown to him, put his name to it.

The only opposition to the divorce anticipated by Henry was that of Charles V., and this he determined to brave. The imprisonment of the Pope, who could look only to the kings of France and England, now united, for aid, strengthened his hopes; but his strongest claim for the divorce, namely, that the dispensation granted by Julius II. for the marriage with Katharine was contrary to divine laws, could hardly be urged to another pope, each papal sovereign wishing to maintain the inviolability of the power and acts of his predecessor, and the impossibility of his committing an error. In this dilemma the only expedient that offered was to prove that the bull of Julius II. was rendered null by that pontiff's having been surprised into granting it, which made it revocable even according to the opinion of the court of Rome, the bull having been granted at the joint prayer of Henry and Katharine, on the plea that their marriage was necessary for the preservation of the peace between England and Spain.[2] In this plea two causes for nullifying the bull were found. The first, that Henry, being only twelve years old when it was prayed for, could not be supposed to comprehend the policy which dictated such a measure, and consequently that the prayer had not come from him; and the second, that the state of affairs between England and Spain, when the prayer was made, did not

[1] Rapin, tom. vi. liv. xv. p. 262. [2] Idem, p. 293.

render such a marriage necessary for the maintenance of peace between them; and that hence Julius II. had been deceived into granting the bull. Another cause of its nullity was discovered in the fact, that the bull being founded for the maintenance of peace between Henry VII. and Isabella of Spain,[1] this motive ceased when the marriage had been consummated, both these sovereigns being dead. It was alleged that the protestation of Henry against the marriage, after the bull had been granted, and previously to its consummation, rendered the bull accorded by Julius II. null, and made it necessary to have another bull granted to render the marriage valid. Such were the pleas urged by Henry to induce the Pope to revoke the dispensation given by Julius; and had conscientious scruples alone influenced Henry in praying for this measure, a new bull from the Pope might have been obtained to ease his conscience by rendering valid the marriage. Building on the painful position of the Pope at that crisis to obtain what he required, Henry despatched Knight to Rome,[2] to solicit Clement VII. to sign no less than four separate pieces drawn up in England. The first, a commission to Wolsey, to judge and decide the affair, with so many English bishops; the second, to grant a bull for declaring the king's marriage null, on account that Katharine's marriage with Prince Arthur was alleged to have been consummated (although she swore to the contrary); the third, for the Pope to grant a dispensation to Henry to marry another woman; and the fourth, an engagement on the part of the Pope never to revoke any one of the acts now to be signed. Secretly as Henry had managed this negotiation, it had already reached the ears of the emperor, who prohibited Henry's requests being attended to,[3] and the result was, that the Pope, wishing to conciliate Henry, and Francis, who espoused Henry's side for the divorce, determined on conciliating both sovereigns, in order to play them off against Charles V. without however satisfying them, and hence pursued the most disingenuous conduct to all parties. While a prisoner, and

[1] Rapin, tom. vi. liv. xv. p. 293. [2] Idem, p. 294. [3] Idem.

strictly guarded by a Spanish captain, Knight could not have an audience with Clement VII.; he nevertheless found means to inform him of the wishes of Henry, and when, shortly after, the Pope escaped from prison to Orvieto, Knight joined him there, and delivered to him a letter from Cardinal Wolsey, strongly urging him to grant the divorce. The Pope promised to do all that he could, but advised that nothing should be hurried,—in fact he wished to gain time for the accomplishment of his own ends; but Knight, knowing the king's impatience, pressed Clement so vigorously, that he at length pledged himself to sign the acts demanded, on condition that no use should be made of them until the French and Germans had vacated Italy.[1] Knight accepted this condition, thinking that, once these acts signed and in the possession of Henry, he could use them when he pleased; but the Pope was not to be imposed on, and, pretending to desire nothing so much as to satisfy the King of England, he employed all the address and cunning in which he was a proficient to prolong the affair. Various were the expedients used by Clement to deceive Knight and Gregory Cassali,[2] now joined with him, and to delay according the acts required by Henry; among others he declared, that before signing them he wished to consult the cardinal of the four crowned saints. Knight and Cassali believed that all now required was to secure the favour of this cardinal, and, amply supplied with gold, they were not sparing of it. The cardinal having examined the acts, declared that they contained many errors, and proposed to draw up new ones. This took up time, and when these new acts were taken to the Pope for his signature, he announced that he could not grant it until he had informed the emperor of it, or unless, to explain such a breach of promise, General Lautrec was made to advance on Orvieto, and to demand on the part of the King of France that the signature should be given for his ally the King of England. As this measure would occupy a considerable time, it was rejected by the English emissaries, and their object being to finish the affair before

[1] Rapin, tom. vi. liv. xv. p. 265. [2] Idem.

the emperor could be informed of it, they became so importunate with the Pope that he at length accorded them the commission for Cardinal Wolsey, with the bull of dispensation for the king, and promised to send to England[1] the other bull for breaking the marriage. But now, when Knight and Cassali imagined that they had succeeded in carrying the points they had sought, Clement, by an act of cunning for which they were wholly unprepared, had duped them. He had dated the two acts from his prison, although they were signed some time after he had left it, hence Henry could not make use of them, knowing that it would be thought that the Pope only granted them under constraint, and in the hope of recovering his liberty through the aid of England.[2] Henry also knew that all acts signed by a prisoner were considered null, of which Francis I. had given a proof by his breach of the treaty he had not long before signed at Madrid. Thus Henry found himself defeated, notwithstanding all the efforts he made to obtain his liberty to wed Anne Boleyn.

Under no other pope could Henry have experienced the same difficulty in what he sought, and found the same disingenuousness as in Clement VII., and from two causes. The first was, that the Pope being illegitimate, he always dreaded lest the exposure of this fact should hurl him from the papal throne, to the possession of which illegitimacy was a bar; and the second was, that the object nearet his heart was to re-establish the house of Medici, of which he was an illegitimate branch, in the government of Florence, for the fulfilment of which project he counted on the assistance of the emperor. Thus, while he avoided openly declaring for Charles V. while a powerful army was on the point of invading Naples, he wished to preserve terms with him, as well as with the Kings of England and France, until the result of the war should enable him to judge which side it would be the most profitable for him to declare for.

The war declared by Henry and Francis against the emperor had not turned the thoughts of the former from

[1] Rapin, tom. vi. liv. xv. p. 266. [2] Idem.

the divorce. It still occupied him, and even were he disposed to forget it, the position in which Anne Boleyn found herself ever since the subject had been made public, was too painful to a woman ambitious to ascend a throne, and desirous to vindicate her honour by a marriage with him by whom it had been compromised, to permit her to relax her efforts to urge Henry to procure the divorce. He pressed the Pope through Gregory Cassali, the English agent at Rome, to grant other bulls instead of those objectionable ones formerly accorded, but Cassali pressed Clement VII. in vain. All he could obtain from the wily pontiff was, the advice that Henry should break his marriage in virtue of the commission granted to the legate, but with as little noise as possible, and then to wed immediately the woman he preferred; adding that it would be much easier to accord Henry a bull of confirmation for what he *had done*, than to grant him one to *permit* him to do it.[1] This advice excited the suspicion of Henry. To break his marriage without publicity he knew would be impossible, as the queen must be heard in her defence, otherwise the judgment would be deemed null.[2] After much deliberation Henry sent Gardiner and Fox to Rome, once more to solicit new bulls. A commission to Wolsey was prayed for, to enable him to judge the cause and have power to break the marriage; but, nevertheless, that the Princess Mary, the sole offspring of it, should be declared legitimate,[3]—a proof that Henry had not then become wholly indifferent to his daughter, or that he wished to conciliate the emperor by not having her legitimacy impeached. These emissaries were charged to assure the Pope that Wolsey had never advised the king to the divorce, and also to inform Clement of the extraordinary merit of the lady whom Henry meant to wed. But Clement was by no means disposed to accord what was demanded until the war in Italy should be decided. He prevaricated, postponed, and gained time, by every possible pretext, until Henry, losing all patience, the Pope at length, on the 13th of April, 1528, signed a bull appointing Wolsey

[1] Rapin, tom. vi. liv. xv. p. 273. [2] Idem, p. 272. [3] Idem, p. 273.

judge in the affair, and naming the Archbishop of Canterbury, or any other bishop in England he preferred to act with him, and to be invested with all the powers that Henry would desire. This bull was, however, far from satisfying Henry, for it contained no clause to prevent its revocation whenever Clement might think fit; and the next objection was, that Wolsey being prime minister, and known to be wholly devoted to the king, would be considered a partial judge. Therefore Henry demanded to have another legate appointed to act with Wolsey, and a positive engagement signed by the Pope, that the commission would not be revoked. The success of Lautrec in Italy alone secured the Pope's assent to this request, but he nevertheless arranged that his compliance with Henry's prayer should not have the effect of expediting the affair in question. He named in the bull accorded the 6th of June, 1528, at Orvieto, Wolsey and Cardinal Campeggio, bishop of Salisbury, his legates, giving them the same power previously granted to Wolsey, appointing them his vicegerents for the divorce, and gave them his full authority to act in the affair. On the 23d of July he gave the engagement requested by Henry, placed in the hands of Campeggio the decree for breaking the marriage, and now all seemed in a fair way for satisfying Henry. But the decree, though signed the 23d of July, was not sent to England until late in August;[1] and Campeggio did not commence his journey there until after the affairs in Italy wore a very different aspect, and left the Pope nothing to fear from France, but much to hope from the emperor. Consequently, it no longer suited Clement to offend the emperor by having granted the divorce, nor yet to incur the anger of Henry by openly nullifying what he had already allowed. He commanded his legate to prolong the affair in England as much as possible, not on any account to pronounce the sentence of divorce until he had received an express order from his own hand, and not to permit the bull to be seen by any one but the king and Wolsey, and never to let it

[1] Rapin, tom. vi. liv. xv. p. 275.

out of his own possession. Campeggio did not arrive in England until October, seven months after he was named legate; and before he reached it a new and unexpected obstacle had opposed itself to the divorce, in a brief confirming the bull for the dispensation granted for the marriage of Henry and Katharine by Julius II., and said to be discovered by the ministers of the emperor at Rome.[1] Although this brief bore incontestable proofs of its being a forgery,[2] it nevertheless was a new difficulty in the way of the king's wishes. Nor did the conduct of Campeggio on his arrival tend to satisfy those who had counted so much on it. He solemnly exhorted the king to live on good terms with his queen, when Henry expected that he would separate them for ever; but, on the other hand, he advised Katharine to yield submission to the will of the king, for that it would be vain to oppose it. Thus the legate satisfied neither the king nor the queen, and was answered by Katharine, that she should never cease to consider herself the wife of the king until separated from him by a sentence of divorce by the Pope. On this Campeggio declared that he could take no further step without fresh instructions from the Pope; and to receive these, six months more were wasted, during which time he pacified Henry by shewing him and Wolsey the bull, but refused to allow any of the privy council to see it, though much pressed by the king to do so.

The star of Charles V. having ascended in the horizon, Clement became more anxious than ever for an alliance with him; and the failure of the invasion of Naples having released him from all dread of Francis I. and Henry VIII., he cared little about conciliating them. He, however, formed an excuse for not satisfying Henry about the divorce, in complaining that the two kings had not fulfilled their promise of causing Ravenna and Servia to be restored to him,[3] hoping that if he made it appear that the divorce depended on this these places might be yielded to him before he concluded the treaty he meditated to form with the emperor.

[1] Rapin, tom. vi. liv. xv. p. 275. [2] Idem. [3] Idem.

Francis and Henry had discovered the false game that Clement was playing with Spain, and had complained of it through their ambassadors at Rome; but the Pope persevered in declaring that he meant to maintain a perfect neutrality; and to deceive Henry he sent to England an emissary, named Campana, charged to assure the king of his good intentions, while he conveyed an order to Campeggio to burn the bull[1] intrusted to him, and to postpone the judgment on the divorce, both which commands were punctually obeyed. Henry's patience now exhausted, and fully aware that the delay to his wishes originated with the Pope, sent Vannes and Bryan to Rome, to endeavour to ascertain the real state of affairs. They were instructed to make strict search in the *chancellerie* of the Pope for the pretended brief of Julius II.; to consult the canons at Rome on the most practicable mode of expediting a divorce between supposititious parties; and, in case they found the Pope afraid of the emperor, to offer him, from Henry, a guard of two thousand men. If this offer failed to induce him to satisfy Henry, he was to be menaced by threats of his anger and vengeance. The messengers sent by the king, perceiving that the Pope inclined wholly to the emperor, fulfilled their instructions, by using menaces where amicable offers had failed, but in vain, for, though Clement tried to deceive them he did not succeed, and they returned to inform Henry that he must no longer count on the good offices of the Pope.

Although Campeggio arrived in England in October, it was not until May that he took any step in the business he had come to arrange, and Henry's impatience increasing in proportion to the delays offered by the Pope, he determined on having the judgment at once commenced by the legates.

The commission was read on the 31st of May, but the citation to the king and queen was only issued for the 18th of June, 1529,—another proof of the unwillingness of the Pope to conclude the affair, and of the obedience of Campeggio to his master's wishes. When the king and queen

[1] Rapin, tom. vi. liv. xv. p. 277.

appeared before Campeggio and Wolsey, Henry, when called, replied, "Here I am;" but the queen, rising with great dignity from her seat, took no notice of the legates, but approaching Henry, knelt before him, and said,[1] "That being a poor woman and a stranger in his kingdom, where she could hope neither for good advice nor impartial judges in her emergency, she begged to know in what she had offended him? That she had been twenty years his wife, had borne him three children, and had ever studied to please him. She appealed to his conscience whether she had not come to him a virgin, and declared that, had she been capable of any thing criminal, she would consent to be turned away with ignominy. "Their mutual parents," she asserted, "had been wise and prudent princes, had good and learned men for their advisers, when her marriage with the king had been arranged. That, therefore, she would not acknowledge the court before which she then appeared, for her advocates, being the subjects of the king and named by him, could not properly defend her right." Having thus said, she arose from her knees, made a deep courtesy to the king, and, without noticing the legates, withdrew.[2]

When she had retired, Henry declared that "he had always been well satisfied with the queen, and that in desiring to separate from her he was actuated solely by motives of religion and conscience. He added, that the scruples he entertained had been suggested by those of the Bishop of Tarbes, and had been confirmed by all the bishops of England." The Archbishop of Canterbury confirmed this statement relative to the bishops, but Fisher, bishop of Rochester, with a courage that did him honour, stood forth, and denied having signed the paper presented to the king.[3]

The queen was again cited to appear on the 25th of June, but she did not attend, and sent an appeal to the legates against all their proceedings. She was therefore declared contumacious. While this matter was proceeding, the emperor was using all his endeavours to induce the Pope

[1] Tindal, vol. i. p. 73. [2] Harleian Miscellany, vol. iv. p. 529.
[3] Rapin, tom. vi. liv. xv. p. 286.

to remove the case to Rome, and menacing to depose him, on the plea of his illegitimacy, unless he complied with his wishes. The conclusion of the treaty between Charles V. and Clement VII., whereby the emperor bound himself to re-establish the house of Medici at Florence, to restore Ravenna and Servia to Clement, and to give him possession of Modena and Reggio, vanquished the fears and scruples of the wily pontiff; and in July 1529, Clement announced to the English ambassadors at Rome his determination to remove the case to that capital.[1] On the 18th of July he despatched the bull of citation to England, requiring the presence of the king and queen at Rome before the expiration of forty days, the said bull containing certain censures in case of disobedience, as unceremoniously expressed as if applied to any simple individual instead of to a great sovereign. The indignation of Henry may be well imagined. To attend the citation would be to act contrary to the laws of England, and to have the contents of the bull made generally known would be to expose his dignity to the animadversions of his subjects. Baffled and insulted by the Pope, and tormented no less by the firmness of Katharine to maintain her rights than by the impatience of Anne Boleyn to usurp them, and angered by the treaty between Francis I. and Charles V., Henry found himself in a very annoying position. Whatever respect he might have hitherto entertained for Katharine had now ceased. The woman who opposed an obstacle to the gratification of his passions could only be an object of hatred to one so utterly selfish as him, and gladly would he have avenged his disappointed hopes on her had he not feared to incur greater odium than he had yet excited.

The delays which had occurred in the affair of the divorce had excited the suspicions of Anne Boleyn that Wolsey had not been sincere in his attempts to remove them. He had formerly incurred her hatred by interfering to prevent her marriage with Percy, afterwards earl of Northumberland; and though this hatred had slumbered

[1] Rapin, tom. vi. liv. xv. p. 287.

while she believed Wolsey necessary to her new interests, and willing to assist in her elevation, it awoke afresh when the unaccountable delays to the divorce led her to doubt his zeal or his truth. Nor was she wrong in her suspicions. The fact was, that while Wolsey believed that Henry's passion for Anne Boleyn was only a light one that fruition would pall, and that, if free, he would wed the Duchess d'Alençon, the sister of Francis I., whose portrait he had procured to tempt him, he was extremely desirous for the divorce from Katharine, whom he disliked. But when he found that Anne Boleyn, whose ill-will towards him he had long suspected, was to be queen, he wished the divorce not to be granted, though he dared not let it appear. It was at this period that Henry became acquainted with Thomas Cranmer,[1] a skilful doctor in theology, who being questioned as to his notion of the best means of procuring the divorce, replied, that it would be to procure the opinions in writing of all the universities in Europe, and of the persons the most versed in theology, on the legality of the marriage of Henry with Katharine; that the result would be, either that the universities and theologians would pronounce the dispensation granted by Julius II. sufficient, or invalid, and that the Pope would not dare to decide against the judgment of the most learned men of the time. No sooner had Henry heard the opinion of Cranmer, than, struck by its good sense, he exclaimed with his usual grossness, "At length I have caught the sow by the ear."[2] He sent for Cranmer, took him into his especial favour, and from this event may be dated the commencement of that great reformation which followed.

The dislike entertained by Anne Boleyn to Wolsey had by degrees influenced Henry against him, and in October 1529,[3] the procurer-general having accused him of violation of the statute of *præmunire*, the king deprived him of the great seal, and conferred it on Sir Thomas More. Other changes followed, and Wolsey being declared culpable, was disgraced and commanded by the king to quit

[1] Rapin, tom. vi. liv. xv. p. 290. [2] Idem. [3] Idem, p. 291.

the palace at York, and retire to the house appertaining to the bishopric of Winchester. Nevertheless, after some time, Henry felt a return of his partiality for his old favourite, and restored him to the sees of York and Winchester.

By the advice of Cranmer Henry sent learned men to France, Italy, Germany, and Switzerland, to consult the universities in these places on the divorce, and the decisions of all were unanimous that the dispensation granted by Julius II. for the marriage of Henry and Katharine, being against the divine law, could not be valid. Henry now got the greatest men of his kingdom to address the Pope in order to obtain the divorce. The letter was strong and fearless, and gave Clement to understand that they considering their king's case as their own, any longer delay to his wishes might endanger the Pope's interests in England. This measure produced the effect of Clement's offering to give permission to Henry to have two wives,—an expedient that did not at all satisfy either Henry or his subjects. Determined to carry his point, yet fearful that Clement might send a bull of excommunication against him to England, the king issued a proclamation, that no bulls from Rome that could be prejudicial to the prerogatives of the crown, should be henceforth received, under the most heavy penalties;[1] thus excluding, by anticipation, the censures he looked for. The king left no means untried to obtain Katharine's consent to the divorce. He sent nobles and bishops to try to persuade her to withdraw her appeal to the Pope, or to allow the affair to be judged by eight persons considered competent. But nothing could move her to yield to either of these proposals; and Henry, furious at being defeated, separated from her on the 14th of June, 1531, having ordered her to retire to one of the royal residences in the country.[2] In October 1532, Henry and Francis I. encountered each other between Calais and Boulogne. Anne Boleyn, lately created Marchioness of Pembroke, and now always with the king, accompanied him. During this meeting Francis advised

[1] Rapin, tom. vi. liv. xv. p. 301. [2] Idem, p. 320.

Henry to marry Anne Boleyn without waiting for the dispensation of the Pope;[1] an advice said to have been speedily adopted, as a private marriage between Henry and Anne was alleged to have taken place at Calais. It was not until 1533, that the marriage of Henry with Anne Boleyn was declared; this measure being rendered absolutely necessary by her pregnancy. On the 20th of May, 1533, Katharine was cited to appear at Dunstable, the town nearest to her abode, and having refused to obey the summons, a sentence was pronounced by the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the 23d of the same month, declaring her marriage with Henry null and void, as being contrary to the divine law. On the 28th of the same month another sentence confirmed the marriage between Henry and Anne Boleyn; and on the 1st of June Anne was crowned.

The law enacted on February the 4th, 1533,[2] that no appeal should be made to any power out of England, was aimed no less directly at Katharine than at the papal power, as the following passage in the act proved:—"And whereas Edward I., Edward III., Richard II., Henry IV., and other kings of this realm, have made sundry ordinances, laws, and statutes, for the conservation of the prerogative, liberties, and pre-eminences of the said imperial crown, and of the jurisdictions spiritual and temporal of the same, to keep it from the annoyance of the see of Rome, as also from the authority of other foreign potentates, attempting the diminution or violation thereof; And because, notwithstanding the said acts, divers appeals have been sued to the see of Rome, in causes testamentary, causes of matrimony, and divorces, &c. &c. &c., to the great vexation and charge of the king's highness, and his subjects, and the delay of justice; And, forasmuch as the distance of the way to Rome is such as the necessary proofs and true knowledge of the cause cannot be brought thither, and represented so well as in this kingdom; And that, therefore, many persons be without remedy: It is therefore

[1] Rapin, tom. vi. liv. xv. p. 336. [2] Lord Herbert of Cherbury, p. 372.

enacted, that all causes testamentary, causes of matrimony, and divorces, &c. &c. &c., either commenced, or depending formerly, or which hereafter shall commence, in any of the king's dominions, shall be heard, discussed, and definitely determined, within the king's jurisdiction and authority in the courts spiritual and temporal of the same, any foreign inhibition or restraints to the contrary notwithstanding. So that, although any excommunication or interdiction on this occasion should follow from that see, the prelates and clergy of this realm should administer sacraments, and say divine service, and do all other their duties, as formerly hath been used, upon penalty of one year's imprisonment and fine at the king's pleasure; And they who procured the said sentences should fall into a *præmunire*." The enactment of this law deprived Katharine of the power of appeal, and the Pope of that of punishing the contumacy of Henry. Katharine would, however, never resign the title of queen, though Henry strictly commanded that it should no longer be accorded her, and that she should only be recognised as princess dowager and widow of Prince Arthur.[1] But, although the proud spirit of the injured Katharine quailed not under the wrongs and indignities offered to her, her physical force, less vigorous than her moral, gave way, and she sickened and drooped. She pined to behold her daughter again, and writhed in greater agony at knowing that her beloved Mary's rights were passed over in the succession to give way to the offspring of Anne Boleyn than she had done for the injuries and insults heaped on herself. Her letters to the Princess Mary at this time are no less full of tenderness than of good sense.

The angry spirit of Henry broke forth with unbridled fury in the case of Elizabeth Barton, a nun, called the Holy Maid of Kent.[2] This poor woman, a person of weak intellect, excited by the general sympathy felt among the religious in England for Katharine, denounced the divorce and marriage of Henry with Anne Boleyn in the incoherent ravings of her disordered imagination. For this act the

[1] Lord Herbert of Cherbury, p. 378. [2] Idem, p. 398.

wretched woman was attainted for high treason and executed, instead of being consigned to an hospital; and Sir Thomas More and Fisher, bishop of Rochester, incurred the hatred of Henry for being suspected of giving ear to her wild predictions.[1] Katharine had removed from Mere, in Hertfordshire (to which she had gone when driven from Windsor), to Ampthill. Here she employed her hours in prayer and good works, her only amusement being embroidery, in which she excelled and took much pleasure. Having heard of the illness of the Princess Mary, which occurred soon after her cruel separation from her mother, and probably in consequence of it, Katharine entreated, through Cromwell, to have permission to see her child; but this entreaty, though made in a spirit of humility and motherly tenderness, that must have wrought on any heart less stern than Henry's, was refused. The residence of Katharine was now removed to Bugden, a few miles from Huntingdon, whence the letters from her to the Princess Mary are supposed to have been written. Here, her ill-health increasing, she was observed to devote even more time than before to pious contemplation and prayer. For hours she would remain in the privacy of her chamber, on her knees, bathed in tears. It is piteous to think of this proud woman reduced to such sorrow, and though looking only to death for a release from it, too deeply attached to her daughter to desire that relief. But even the quiet of this solitude was denied her, for it was broken by the visits of those sent by Henry from time to time to offer her some new insult, either by bringing before her articles to prove why she should resign all right to the title of queen or wife to Henry, or to insist that those around her addressed her only as princess dowager. Such visits, however they angered or tortured her, never induced her to resign her rights, nor to betray any hatred of her who had usurped them.

The cruelties that marked the reign of Henry at this period prove that the gratification of his passion for Anne

[1] Rapin, tom. vi. liv. xv. p. 346.

Boleyn had not smoothed his rugged nature. The violent deaths[1] of Sir Thomas More and Fisher, bishop of Rochester, had greatly shocked and grieved Katharine; and the effect on her health soon became visible by its increased delicacy. Aware of her fast declining state, she applied to have her residence removed to the neighbourhood of London; but this request, like her former one to see her daughter, was sternly refused, and no choice allowed her but to proceed to Fotheringay Castle, a spot so insalubrious, that she at once declared she would only be taken there by force. Some time after, she removed to Kimbolton Castle, a place little less unhealthy than Fotheringay.

Such was the respect Katharine inspired in the breasts of those appointed to attend her, that they could not be induced to address her as any other than the king's wife and queen; and as this was strictly prohibited by Henry, several of them demanded their dismissal, while others incurred punishment for this violation of the king's commands. The unhappy queen's words were noted down and reported to the privy council by Sir Edmund Bedingfield, who had been appointed steward of her household, and who, by the wish of Henry, was to make reductions in her establishment. How moderate were the desires of Katharine may be judged by the fact that she required only to retain "her confessor, her physician, and her apothecary; two men-servants, and as many women as it should please the king's grace to appoint."[2] Cruel and heartless as had hitherto been the conduct of Henry towards Katharine, it now became marked by a meanness, no less unworthy a sovereign than of her to whom it was directed. The income assigned her was only that to which as widow of Prince Arthur, she had been entitled, and of this sum, amounting to 5000*l.* a-year, so considerable a portion was withheld that sufficient remained not to defray the expenses of her limited establishment, though conducted on the most economical system: thus poverty was added to the other ills

[1] Sir Thomas More was decapitated on the 6th of July, in the fifty-third year of his age.— Rapin, tom. vi. liv. xv. p. 366.

[2] Privy Council, Henry VIII., edited by Sir Harris Nicolas, pp. 347, 349.

heaped on the defenceless head of this illustrious lady, who had been tempted by offers of wealth, if she would abandon her rights and consent to her own and her daughter's degradation. This poverty fell on her, too, when, with ruined health, she stood most in need of the many comforts necessary to soothe, though they could not mitigate, disease.

Feeling the hand of death fast approaching, Katharine entreated to behold her daughter once more, that she might bless her before she died; but this last request was denied, and another drop was added to the cup of bitterness already nearly filled to overflowing, which she had been doomed by her brutal husband to drain. A few hours before death had ended her sorrows, and when her dying hand could no longer hold a pen, she dictated the following farewell to Henry:—

"My most dear lord, king, and husband,—The hour of my death now approaching, I cannot choose, but out of the love I bear you, to advise you of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever. For which yet you have cast me into calamities, and yourself into many troubles. But I forgive you all; and pray God to do so likewise. For the rest I commend unto you Mary, our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father to her, as I have hitherto desired. I must entreat you also to respect my maids, and give them in marriage, which is not much, they being but three; and to all my other servants a year's pay besides their due, lest otherwise they should be unprovided for. Lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things. Farewell."[1]

Henry is said to have wept when he perused this letter.

Katharine expired on the 18th of January, 1536,[2] in the fiftieth year of her age, and was interred in the monastery at Peterborough, which, in honour of her memory, Henry caused to be preserved when he doomed others to destruction, and erected it into a bishop's see.[3]

[1] Rapin, tom. xi. liv. xv. p. 374.

[2] "Life and Reign of Henry VIII." by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, p. 432.

[3] Idem, p. 433.

A NOTICE OF

THE

# LIFE OF MARY THE FIRST,

## QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

FEW queens have ever encountered during youth so many, or such trying, vicissitudes as fell to the lot of Mary, the only child of Henry VIII. and Katharine of Arragon. The historians, who would fairly represent the character and conduct of this queen, should take into account the treatment she received at a period of life when it was most calculated to have a bad effect on her. Whether we look back on the splendour and state with which the early years of her childhood were surrounded, or on the sudden reverse from regal magnificence to almost positive privation, to which the reckless caprice of her royal father exposed her, it must be admitted that both were highly detrimental to the formation of her character; and this reflection should serve as an extenuation for many of the faults which in after-life drew on her the censure of historians and the dislike of posterity. Mary entered life at Greenwich Palace on the 18th of February, 1516. Although the birth of a daughter must have been some disappointment to Henry, who so earnestly desired to have a male heir to the throne, he had the good feeling to abstain from revealing it, and received the Princess Mary as graciously as he had done the two sons which the queen had previously presented him, and whose premature deaths had occasioned

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both their parents so much regret.[1] The royal infant was consigned to the care of the Countess of Salisbury, a lady whose high character equalled her distinguished birth,[2] and proved the wisdom of the queen's selection of her. To Katharine Pole was confided the nurture of the princess, so that no ignoble blood should mingle with that of the royal stream that flowed in her veins, her wet-nurse being in no remote degree connected with the Countess of Salisbury. The splendour of the preparations for the baptism, and the rich gifts presented to the infant, are satisfactory evidence that her birth was known to be gratifying to the king. The ceremony took place at the Grey Friars' church, which was contiguous to the palace in which she was born, three days after her birth, the Princess Katharine Plantagenet and the Duchess of Norfolk serving as her godmothers, and Cardinal Wolsey as her godfather. No ceremonial of regal state was omitted on this solemn occasion. A grand procession, formed of the noblest in the land, accompanied the Countess of Salisbury, who bore the infant to the church, and a guard of knights-banneret encircled it. It was not the sponsors alone who bestowed costly gifts on the Princess Mary, her relations vied with each other in their offerings.

This child, unlike the two infant princes who had preceded her, was extremely healthy. She passed the first two or three years of her life beneath the immediate care of her mother, often caressed by the king, who delighted in fondling her, and taking her in his arms. When Mary was weaned, her wet-nurse, Katharine Pole, was dismissed, and the Lady Margaret Bryan became attached to the nursery-establishment of the young princess, the Countess of Salisbury retaining her appointment of state-governess, and directress of the household, the expenditure of which was wholly confided to her. The establishment

[1] His first son Henry, born January 1st, 1511, died February 27th following; the second son, born at the latter end of 1514, died an infant. — Carte, vol. iii. book xv. p. 193.

[2] She was a Plantagenet.

was on a princely scale, including a chamberlain, a treasurer, and an accountant, a lady of the bedchamber, a chaplain, a clerk of the closet, and a numerous retinue of domestics of a subordinate grade, maintained at considerable cost. Ditton Park, in Buckinghamshire, was chosen as the residence for the heiress-apparent to the throne, its vicinity to Windsor Castle affording a facility for the child being frequently taken to the queen. So soon had the education of Mary commenced, that when only three years old its fruits were visible in her dignified demeanour, rational remarks, and courteous reception of those permitted to approach her. It is asserted that she played on the virginals with considerable skill at an age when children are supposed to be too young to commence the study of music, and that she acquitted herself to the admiration of her hearers: this last part of the statement may be easily believed, when we consider how prone those admitted to the presence of royalty are to exaggerate the accomplishments attributed to every branch of it. During the absence of Henry and Katharine in France, to grace the Field of the Cloth of Gold, they were furnished with frequent details of the welfare of their daughter by the privy council, who visited her at the palace at Richmond, where she then took up her abode. Mary is described as being, at that period, not only a healthy, but a handsome child, of a lively disposition. The custom of offering rich gifts to royalty at Christmas, and on other festivals, was then much practised; and those presented to the princess by her relatives, sponsors, and the nobility of the court, were very costly, those offered by her godfather, Cardinal Wolsey, being the most so of all.

When Mary had attained her sixth year, the Emperor Charles V. visited England, and, to the great delight of the queen his aunt, a treaty of marriage was signed by him and Henry VIII., to be ratified when Mary should complete her twelfth year. The engagement now formed between these two sovereigns was not the first entered into by Henry for his daughter, for, prior to it, the treaty between England and France touching the ceding of Tournay contained articles for a marriage between Francis,

dauphin of France, and Mary, daughter of the king of England, the parents of both stipulating in behalf of *their* respective children, who were then infants. Nay, so far had this treaty gone, that the espousals of the infant couple were solemnised in the chapel of the Tournelles at Paris, the king and queen of France accepting and promising in the name of the dauphin, as the king and queen of England did by their proxy, Charles earl of Worcester, in behalf of the Princess Mary.[1] The emperor quitted England, leaving the youthful princess fully impressed with the belief that she was one day to become his bride.

Katharine was most desirous that her daughter should prove worthy of the elevated station she was expected to fill; and to effect this point she consulted Ludovicus Vives, a man esteemed among the most learned of his time, on the education of the Princess Mary. His instructions bear the evidence not only of his erudition, but of his strict morality, for he prohibited the perusal of all light books, as calculated to draw her attention from graver ones, and to corrupt her imagination, while he recommended serious and religious works, of which he sent a list. Of the child's natural abilities and application a notion may be formed by the fact, that at eight years old she was able to translate Latin into English with a facility that merited the commendations of her preceptor.

It may be questioned whether the precocious learning of Mary was not purchased too dearly, when it is known that its cost was an habitual gravity that banished the cheerfulness of youth, and a delicacy of health that faded its attractions; for however these well-known characteristics in Mary may be explained by the heavy trials she was fated to endure in her youth, there can be little doubt that the effect of over-study in her childhood, by rendering her unhealthy and melancholy, had unfitted her for resisting them.

While Mary was pursuing a system of education that left but too little time for the indulgence of the pleasures of

[1] "Life of Henry VIII.," by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, p. 40.

childhood — pleasures as necessary for health in the first stage of youth as sunshine is for the expansion of flowers — Henry was beginning to entertain a project that must inevitably lead to the destruction of the treaty, which had in all probability induced the queen to adopt so rigid a code. Looking on her daughter as the betrothed wife of her nephew, the Emperor Charles V., and impressed with the highest opinion of that great and remarkable man, Katharine wished to render Mary worthy to be his empress; and, aware of the dignified reserve and etiquette of the Spanish court, she encouraged in her daughter that gravity which originated in *over-study*. She even had her attired in the Spanish fashion, in order that she might not appear strange or awkward in that national costume when she should proceed to Spain.

The prohibition against reading romances had not prevented the romantic feelings peculiar to her sex — and from which few of it are ever exempt — from ripening and revealing themselves in Mary at a very early age, as was evidenced by the jealousy she evinced when a report reached her that Charles V., forgetful of his engagement to her, entertained a project of wedding Isabel of Portugal. A young woman of twenty years old could not have betrayed more jealousy, or have marked her sense of it to her lover with more feminine tact, than did this child, whose age only numbered nine summers, when she sent the emperor an emerald ring, that stone being supposed to change colour if the person on whom it was bestowed proved inconstant to the giver. What effect the ring might have produced on Charles who can say, had not the conduct of Henry opposed an insurmountable obstacle to the fulfilment of his engagement to Mary. This obstacle consisted in the rumour that had reached the emperor that Henry VIII. intended to divorce the queen his aunt.

Highly indignant at the bare notion of such a measure — a measure which not only offered the most cruel insult to Katharine, whom he deeply revered, but which would wholly change the position of her daughter, Charles angrily renounced his engagement with Mary, and shortly after

became the husband of Isabel of Portugal. The rare beauty of this princess, then in all the bloom of womanhood, may have greatly influenced the decision of the emperor, who must naturally have preferred her to the girl of twelve, who in three years after he was to have wedded.

Anxious as Henry VIII. was for the marriage of Mary with the emperor, his desire for the divorce from Katharine must have been ardent indeed when he could not postpone until the time fixed for the wedding of his daughter the taking any step, or even allowing his intention to be divined, of divorcing her mother. That the breach of the engagement between the emperor and her daughter must have been a cruel blow to the queen, already suffering such deep anxiety and distress at the whispered rumours of the intended divorce, there can be no doubt, and the more so as she must have viewed it as confirmatory of the truth of these rumours.

But while Henry was meditating the most cruel injury he could inflict on the mother, he was lavishing on his daughter all the gauds of state and all the splendour befitting the heiress of his kingdom. With a character like his, in which dissimulation formed so striking a feature, it may be surmised that this ostentatious exhibition of Mary as the successor to his throne may have originated in a scheme to procure her some advantageous marriage before his divorce. Well aware that the very plea he meant to urge for the attainment of this divorce must, if allowed, destroy her claim to the crown by fixing the stigma of illegitimacy on her birth, it could only be for the purpose of imposing on some royal suitor for her hand that he caused her to assume the state in which she lived at Ludlow Castle, where she held a court suitable only to the heiress of the kingdom.[1] How hard and selfish must

[1] Among the festivities recorded to have taken place, or to have been contemplated, at Ludlow Castle, we find reference made to an application for the appointment of a lord of misrule, one of many proofs of the state maintained there. "At the great houses the Christmas was held with much festivity; and there was appointed a lord of the misrule: he was always to be the foremost in contriving of mirth and delight, for the pastimes of the surrounding guests,

his heart have been, who, to accomplish the imposition he contemplated, could, careless of its consequences to his only child, elevate her to the high pinnacle of splendour only to hurl her, whenever it suited his convenience, to a state of dependence rendered doubly painful and insupportable by the force of contrast. For nearly two years the Princess Mary held her court at Ludlow Castle, enacting, as far as one of her tender years could do, the stately part of queen, Henry during that period turning his thoughts to finding a husband for her.

It is asserted that had not Francis I. been betrothed to Eleanor of Austria, he might have been induced by the repeated efforts of Henry to wed his daughter; but Francis too well knew the character and *fierté* of the Emperor Charles V. to risk incurring his enmity by breaking off his engagement with his sister.

That Francis was well inclined towards an alliance with England may be judged by his desire that Mary should wed his son, the Duke of Orleans; to effect which marriage negotiations were some months after entered into that occasioned fatal results to Queen Katharine and most painful ones to her daughter, by calling into question the validity of the marriage between Henry and Katharine, and the consequent illegitimacy of the Princess Mary. Whether there was any foundation for the statement that the Bishop of Tarbes, then ambassador from France to the English court, had ever doubted the legitimacy of Mary, may well be questioned, notwithstanding Speed's authority for it, when one reflects on how good an excuse such a doubt would furnish to Henry for seeking a divorce—a measure which he had long secretly contemplated and anxiously desired, and for which he was for some time paving the way by hypocritical declarations to his confessor of scruples of conscience, never hinted at until his affection for Katharine was gone, and which, judging from Henry's character, he never really felt. No notion of forming an alliance between Mary and Henry,

while the loin of beef and other large joints, with huge puddings, smoked upon the table."—Strow's *Survey of London*, p. 97.

duke of Orleans,[1] was ever contemplated by Henry until the Emperor Charles V. had indignantly renounced the fulfilment of his engagement with the princess in consequence of his having discovered (secretly as Henry wished it to be kept) that he intended to divorce Katharine, which proves that it was not the doubt of the Bishop of Tarbes (if, indeed, he had ever entertained a doubt with regard to the illegitimacy of Mary) that had instigated the king to such a measure, although such was the pretext made by Henry to allay the just anger of Katharine when she discovered his intention. No diminution of Henry's affection for his daughter appears to have taken place until he discovered that she was so much beloved by the people that they would ill brook seeing her set aside by any new heir to the kingdom. He likewise saw that the princess was so fondly attached to the queen, her mother, that her degradation from the throne would inflict deep sorrow on her daughter. Aught that interfered with the gratification of his own selfish views excited his anger and impatience; hence he began to feel as indisposed towards his daughter as to her mother, and was ready to sacrifice both to the indulgence of his passion and unbridled resentment. Although Henry was urging proceedings for the divorce, he still maintained an appearance of amity with Katharine and their daughter, and no change in the princely state of either was for some time attempted. But this appearance of amity did not long continue. Henry finally parted from Katharine in 1531, and separated the Princess Mary from her mother at a period when each most required the consolation of being together. The letters written by Katharine to her daughter after their separation breathe a spirit of resignation and good sense, mingled with a becoming dignity, that do honour to her character. Out of consideration to the feelings of

[1] The King of France "made suit to match his second son, Henry duke of Orleans, with Lady Mary, the only then heir-apparent of England, which, when it came to conclusion, was put in suspense by Anthony Vescie, one of his French commissioners, who then made doubt whether the marriage of her mother (being wife to the king's own brother) could be dispensed with, or the children begot in this second bed legitimate, or by law altered to succeed in the throne."—SPEED, book ix. p. 776.

Mary, which had been so acutely touched as to cause her a long and dangerous illness, she concealed her own sorrow, and affected a cheerfulness which she must have been far from possessing. In vain did the bereaved mother entreat that her child might be permitted to visit her: she was denied this boon, and never more saw the daughter on whom she doted.

The marriage of Henry with Anne Boleyn, early in 1533, brought new mortifications to Mary, by making her feel her altered position; and when compelled to be a witness to the birth of an infant who was to deprive her of her rights, her humiliation and annoyance must have been indeed great. She was commanded henceforth to renounce the title of princess, which was to be given solely to the infant daughter of Anne Boleyn, whom Henry now declared to be heiress to the throne, unless a son should be born to him. But neither commands nor menaces could shake the firmness of Mary, who could not be persuaded to bestow any other appellation on the child than that of "Sister." A stronger proof, if proof were required, of the want of feeling of Henry, could hardly be given than that of commanding that Mary, dispossessed of all the gauds of state hitherto accorded her, should be sent to Hatfield, where the nursery of her rival sister was established, there to behold her receiving those distinctions granted only to the acknowledged heiress of the crown,—distinctions which had now become habitual to Mary; nay, more, that she should be commanded, through the medium of one of her own officers of state, no longer to answer to the title of princess. That such unfeeling and injudicious treatment did not engender a hatred towards Elizabeth in the heart of Mary, should be received as evidence in favour of the natural goodness of her disposition; for however innocent the child was of the insults and injuries inflicted on her sister, those who suffer are but too prone to form a strong dislike to the object that has caused their suffering, though that object be unconscious of the evil. Mary, too, had now reached an age when she could deeply feel the indignities offered to her. At seventeen years old most

girls have long ceased to be children; and this princess had, from ten years prior to the birth of Elizabeth, been schooled in such trials as must have tinged her character with a deep and sombre shade, which cast its baleful influence over the rest of her life. There was no less tact than dignity in her refusing to believe that the king sanctioned the injuries heaped on her; so that her firm resistance to them, by this judicious affectation of disbelief, freed her from a charge of disobedience or want of respect to the sovereign's will. Henry did not, however, permit her to continue long in doubt that the order for her removal, as also that of her resigning the title of princess, had emanated with him, for he sent persons to her to see that his commands were carried into effect.

That Anne Boleyn might be concerned in urging this severity may be strongly suspected, for, as long as Mary was treated as princess, Anne's jealousy may have led her to doubt its endangering the position of her own daughter Elizabeth; and that Anne Boleyn was jealous of Katharine of Arragon and the Princess Mary, was afterwards proved by the indecent joy she exhibited on the death of Katharine, and her late remorse, when, condemned to death, she deplored her unkindness to Mary, and, on her knees, implored pardon for it. But not satisfied with depriving Mary of her title and establishment, Henry, as ruthless towards his own child as he had proved himself to her mother, determined on legalising his injustice, and had an act of parliament passed, securing the succession to the children of Anne Boleyn. After this step, Mary's establishment being dispersed, she was sent to Hunsdon, where that of her infant sister had now been formed in a style of regal splendour befitting the heiress to the crown. Whatever may have been the chagrin of Mary under this trial, there is no record of her having ever evinced the slightest dislike to her innocent rival; and had she so done, there is little doubt but that it would have been noted, for when were courtiers ever found wanting to worship the rising sun at the expense of the setting luminary, or to convey intelligence where it might be not only welcomed but rewarded?

A system of *espionage* was practised against Mary at Hunsdon, that proves how narrowly she was watched. Her coffers were surreptitiously opened, her papers seized, the few friends who persevered in treating her with the same respect as formerly were punished, and she was strictly prohibited from writing. The firmness with which she had resisted the efforts and menaces used to compel her to acknowledge her own illegitimacy and the supremacy of Henry in the Church, had so angered him against her as to lead to his uttering curses, not only "loud, but deep," against her, and gave rise to whispered rumours that the lives of Mary and her mother were no longer safe. Charles V. heard not these rumours unmoved. He indignantly reproached Henry for his treatment of Katharine and her daughter, a step which his near relationship to them entitled him to take, and perhaps, had he not interfered, the tyrant Henry might have resorted to the last extremity towards his injured wife and daughter.

The health of Mary now began to fail, and Katharine, who felt her own end approaching, vainly solicited to be permitted to see her daughter, or, if this boon were denied, to be allowed to draw nearer to her. But no notice was taken of her dying request, nor of the tears and prayers of Mary to be allowed to receive her mother's blessing; and shortly after, Katharine was released from her sufferings, agonised to the last by her fearful presentiments for the future fate of her unhappy child. Anne Boleyn did not long survive her predecessor. The death of Katharine, so long desired by her as the sole object to complete her felicity, bestowed but a short-lived triumph, for she soon after learned to commiserate, by her own sad experience, the pangs which Katharine must have felt when she saw the affections of her husband transferred to another. The degradation and death of Anne, followed by the declaration of the illegitimacy of her daughter Elizabeth, produced little change in the position of Mary until the influence of Anne's successor, Jane Seymour, was exercised in her favour.

The letter of congratulation addressed by Mary to the king, on his marriage, is so full of humility and promises of

"henceforth avoiding all causes of offence," and "submitting herself in all things to his goodness and pleasure, to do with her whatsoever shall please his grace," that we may conclude her firmness hitherto in refusing to acknowledge herself illegitimate originated in her respect to the feelings of her mother rather than in any pride or obstinacy in upholding her own right, and gives her a strong claim to our respect. But this humility and repentance did not, for a considerable time, make any impression on the stubborn heart of Henry, and he allowed some weeks to elapse, after she had consented to own her own illegitimacy, before he condescended to vouchsafe his pardon for her offences.

And now Mary and Elizabeth, branded with the stigma of illegitimacy, were placed in a similar position. A private establishment was formed for both, and Mary became the protectress of her sister, as the following passage in one of her letters to the king testifies:—"My sister Elizabeth is in good health (thanks to our Lord), and such a child toward, as I doubt not, but your highness shall have cause to rejoice of in time coming (as knoweth Almighty God), who send your grace, with the queen, my good mother, health, with the accomplishment of your desires."[1]

There was no less generosity than courage in Mary's thus recalling Elizabeth to the recollection, and in recommending her to the good-will, of Henry, for it was then well known that he entertained strong, though unjust, doubts of her being his child; and so much obloquy has been cast on the fame of Mary, that we would fain, while recording the stern truths alleged against her, not pass over unnoticed any fact that throws a favourable light on her character.

During the years that Mary was living in seclusion with Elizabeth at Hunsdon, she was neither forgotten by the subjects of her father, nor left unsought by royal suitors for her hand. James V. formally solicited her for his bride while Anne Boleyn still held all her influence over Henry's heart, and perhaps it was this influence that led to the rejection of the proposal of James, as Anne Boleyn might

[1] Burnet's "Reformation."

naturally dread a marriage for her step-daughter which might subsequently injure the interests of her own offspring. Be the motives what they may, the offer of James V. was refused, and this chance of escaping from her heavy trials was denied the unhappy Mary. It is doubtful whether any reliance may be placed in the romantic attachment supposed to have existed between Mary and Reginald Pole. Frequent opportunities of meeting must have offered while the Countess of Salisbury, his mother, was the governess of the princess, and a man so remarkable, not only for his personal attractions, but for his mental superiority and grace of manners, might very naturally be supposed to make a deep impression on the heart of a young person so devoted to serious studies, and so precluded from seeing other men. That Katharine of Arragon wished such an alliance to take place more than one historian asserts, but neither in early youth nor afterwards have we any proof that Mary entertained for this distinguished man any warmer feeling than the friendship due to the son of her fond and faithful friend, and the courageous opposer of the divorce of her beloved mother.

Few men of his time were more esteemed and respected than Reginald Pole. Even the coarse-minded and selfish Henry could not resist the attraction possessed by this noble scion of the proud Plantagenets, and permitted him, at the commencement, a freedom of speech on the dangerous subject of the divorce, which testified the affection he must have felt for him. Had Reginald yielded his assent to the divorce, instead of having opposed it, the tragical fate of his mother and brother, some years after, might have been spared, for the influence of a mind like his must have tempered the natural ferocity of Henry. The part taken by Cromwell, in the disgrace of Mary, redounds little to his credit. The undissembled insolence with which he dictates to, rather than advises her, in his letters, betrays a very ungenerous spirit and a very unfeeling mind; nor did he cease to menace her until she signed a submission to the articles which were made the conditions of Henry's pardon. How must it have galled her pride and lacerated her heart, to admit that the marriage of her parents was incestuous, that

her own birth was illegitimate; and how must her conscience have been wounded by subscribing to the supremacy of Henry over the Church and the denial of the Pope's authority, which authority had been exercised to pronounce the marriage of her mother valid and her own birth legitimate! However posterity may censure Mary for so absolute a submission, the terms of which must have so deeply humiliated her, it should be remembered that she did not consent, however great her sufferings, to make it until her mother had been long laid in her peaceful grave, and that *her* feelings could no longer suffer from this enforced submission of her daughter. Who can say how far this enforced violence offered to her conscience may have actuated Mary in after-life to mistaken and indefensible acts to atone for it? Certain it is, that no schooling could be more ill calculated to prepare her for the part which she was afterwards called on to enact than that which Henry decreed her, and that to his treatment of her may be attributed many, if not all, the errors of her life. Little could he have thought that his injustice and tyranny were laying the foundation of that hatred in her breast to the reformed religion which he so much wished to uphold, and to which, during her reign, she proved herself so great an enemy, and so cruel a persecutor to those who supported its tenets! But Henry was too much engrossed by his own selfish pursuits to think much of the future, and even if he had, he was not a man to sacrifice the gratification of any of his evil passions for its advantage.

Mary having now drained the bitter cup of humiliation to its dregs by the renunciation of all her claims and conscientious scruples, reaped the inadequate reward of such painful sacrifices by having an establishment assigned her at Hunsdon with her sister, the little Elizabeth; and though it was formed on a scale of the strictest economy, she was less unhappy in this humble seclusion than when the contrast of the splendour allotted to Elizabeth made her daily feel the sorrowful change in her own position. In the tranquil solitude of Hunsdon, Mary continued with unabated perseverance those studies for which she had so early

evinced a peculiar taste. She read much, studied not only Latin, in which she made a great proficiency, but made herself mistress of the French, Spanish, and Italian languages. She paid great attention to geography, mathematics, and astronomy, yet found time for practising on the virginals and lute.

Though no longer looked on as heiress to the crown, this change in her position did not prevent the question of Mary's marriage with Henry, duke of Orleans, being again brought on the *tapis* by France.[1] But, as formerly, it was suffered to die away without any satisfactory result, for the king took little trouble at that period about the future position of his daughter, who, not yet being permitted to enter his presence, notwithstanding her entire submission to his will, occupied little of his thoughts. When she was admitted to court it may have been through the interference of the queen in her favour, and her first appearance there is said to have been at Christmas 1536. From this period Henry not only relaxed in his severity towards her, but evinced a return of his former affection, and the queen treated her with unvaried kindness. It is infinitely to her honour that, when she was restored to favour, she did not neglect her sister Elizabeth, to whom she took especial care that some portion of the sunshine permitted her should extend, for mention is made of the presence of Elizabeth with Mary at the baptism of Prince Edward, and of her retaining the child with her in her apartments in Hampton Court Palace. The dress of Mary at the christening was so rich as to prove that Henry must have bestowed on her some, if not all, of the fine jewels of her mother, and the largeness of the pecuniary gifts she presented to the different persons appertaining to the queen on that occasion, as well as the extent of her charities, testify that her allowance must have been greatly increased. The baptismal ceremonies of Prince Edward were soon followed by the funereal ones of Jane Seymour, his mother, at which Mary enacted the part of chief mourner, after which she took up her abode with the king at Windsor Castle, until the court

[1] "Life of Henry VIII.," by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, p. 459.

removed to Richmond Palace for the celebration of the Christmas festivities. Several entries in the "Privy-purse Expenses" contain notices of the sums lost by Mary at cards during her residence at court,—entries which confirm the reports of the love of gaming attributed to Henry. In 1537 the hand of Mary was solicited by the Prince of Portugal, but this treaty, like others of a similar nature, produced no result, and Mary herself not only evinced perfect indifference towards her suitors, but often expressed her desire of leading a single life. Mary incurred great danger in the following year, owing to the Catholic insurgents in the north of England praying for her restoration to her former rank. The severity with which Henry caused these men to be pursued, and the blood shed as a punishment for their outbreak, must have terrified Mary for her own safety, so greatly endangered by their injudicious revival of her claims, while the cruelties practised towards the unfortunate victims must have hardened her heart even while it horrified her. The scaffold was deluged with some of the best blood in England, and the flames which ascended from the stake towards the heavens, filled the nation with terror and horror—nor age, nor sex, were spared. Superstition urged on vengeance, and a charge of sorcery was sufficient to condemn a helpless woman to the flames![1]

The next claimant for the hand of Mary was the Duke of Cleves,[2] but this proposed marriage, like all former ones, went off, probably because she was, pending the negotiations, termed "the king's natural daughter," which must have been a serious obstacle in the eyes of so formal a family as that of Cleves. It might be urged that the declaration of Mary's illegitimacy had been already universally known before this union had been contemplated; but it should be borne in mind that Henry had so often hinted that he could as easily raise her to her former position as he had hurled her from it, that expectations might have been entertained that in default of male issue, Mary might one day be called to fill the throne; and as Prince Edward was the only male

[1] Lady Bulmer. [2] Herbert's "Life of Henry VIII." p. 514.

heir that stood between her and it, the Duke of Cleves probably viewed her as heiress in prospective.

Severely were the feelings of Mary tried in the following year by the ruin that overwhelmed a family in whom she took a deep and affectionate interest. The friend and guardian of her childhood, the Countess of Salisbury,[1] to whom she was tenderly attached, was imprisoned in the Tower, her property seized, and in her advanced age and its consequent infirmities, she was by the malice of her foes deprived of not only the common comforts of life, but even of the strict necessaries. Her son, the Lord Montague, was beheaded, and her near and dear relative, the Marquis of Exeter, suffered the same fate. If the misfortunes of those so dear to her could receive aggravation in her mind, it must have been furnished by the consciousness that to their consanguinity and affection for Reginald Pole, the courageous advocate against her mother's divorce, had they incurred the vengeance of the cruel and vindictive Henry.

Again was Mary's pecuniary resources so much abridged that she was compelled to have recourse to the medium of Cromwell to represent her poverty to her father. This appeal, which must have been painful to Mary to make, was answered by the gift of one hundred pounds from Henry, which relieved her for some time from the pressure of want. In 1539, Henry signified his desire to his daughter, then residing at Hertford Castle, that she should receive the suit of the Duke Philip of Bavaria, lately arrived in England. This prince, who was nearly allied to Anne of Cleves, between whom and Henry a marriage had been then concerted, was the *avant-courier* of his cousin, and was received with peculiar favour by the king. On this occasion Mary again pleaded her desire to remain single,—a plea, the sincerity of which in this instance may well be credited, when the reader reflects that her proposed suitor professed the Protestant creed, while she was a bigoted adherent to the Roman Catholic one. But although Mary urged this plea, she too much dreaded incurring the anger of Henry to reject in more positive terms the alliance he wished her to

[1] Herbert's "Life of Henry VIII.," p. 539.

form. She was compelled to receive the suit of Philip, to accept the gift which as an acknowledged suitor he bestowed on her; and had not the conduct of Henry to Anne of Cleves been such as too deeply offended her kinsman to admit of his continuing to urge his suit, there is every probability that she would have become, however unwillingly, the bride of the Bavarian prince, who had already acquired by his invincible courage against the Turks the epithet of "Philip the Brave." That this prince entertained an affection for her was proved by his willingness to wed her when the stigma of illegitimacy shut out all hope of her future accession to the throne, and when the well-known parsimony of Henry precluded any expectation of a rich dowry to his daughter. Among the ladies distinguished by the favour of Mary, the fair, and afterwards celebrated Geraldine, must not be overlooked. She came to reside with the princess in 1538, at Hunsdon, and there commenced an affection between them that never knew a change. The Lady Geraldine was allied in no remote degree to Mary, being the daughter of Lady Elizabeth Grey, whose father, the Marquis of Dorset, was the eldest son of Queen Elizabeth Woodville. The father of the fair Geraldine was the Earl of Kildare, who perished on the scaffold in 1537. The fortune of this noble family being confiscated, the bereaved widow and her child were reduced to poverty, and compelled to owe the maintenance of Geraldine to the daughter of him who had wrought their ruin. There was a deep and romantic interest attached to this lady before the chivalrous Surrey had bequeathed her name to posterity, through the medium above all others the most certain to transmit it—wedded to immortal verse. The fair Geraldine continued with Mary until her services were transferred to Queen Katharine Howard, in whose courtly circle Surrey had opportunities of beholding her. When the fall of this fair but unfortunate queen dispersed her ladies, Geraldine accepted the hand of an aged suitor, probably impelled by poverty to form so ill-assorted a marriage, and became the Lady Browne, a homely name, that ill accords with the euphonious one of "Geraldine."

In the succeeding years of 1540 and 1541, we find Mary placed in a situation that must command the pity of all, that of having some of the friends whom she most loved hurried by the unrelenting persecutions of her father to the most cruel and ignominious deaths on the alleged plea of treason, but more truly for their imprudent zeal and determined adherence to that faith of which Henry had now become the declared enemy. The deaths of Dr. Fetherston, the preceptor of her youth, and of Abel, the chaplain of her mother, deeply as they must have afflicted her, were followed by the barbarous execution of her aged and beloved friend, the Countess of Salisbury,[1] under circumstances of such brutal and revolting cruelty, as never to be thought of without horror, must have overwhelmed her with grief and fear. Hard must it have been for Mary to conceal her feelings from her tyrant father at this epoch, but most essential to her safety was it that no symptom of her regret should meet his eye or ear. It is one of the peculiarities of cruelty and tyranny that they sometimes exact concealment of the pangs of their victims, thus the face must appear unmoved while the heart is tortured, and hypocrisy is enforced on the wretched. Who can say how much of the after sins of Mary should be placed to the account of him who steeped her youth in bitterness, and who gave her the dangerous example of such manifold cruelties as must have hardened her heart?

In 1542, Francis I. again solicited the hand of Mary for his second son, the Duke of Orleans, but the treaty, after it had considerably advanced, was broken off because Henry would not give the fortune with Mary required by France. The whole treaty, as handed down to us, offers an amusing specimen of the manner in which such affairs were then discussed by the diplomatic agents to whom they were intrusted, and prove that Francis I. was no less exacting in his conditions for the *dot*, than Henry VIII. was parsimonious, the one requiring a million of crowns, while the other would only bestow on his daughter two hundred thousand. Each of the ambassadors employed on this occasion endea-

[1] Herbert's "Life of Henry VIII.," p. 530.

voured to enhance the merits of the party represented, but with little avail, for the affair ended, as similar ones in less elevated stations have often done, by Plutus having more influence than Cupid! The ruin of the fair but frail Katharine Howard seemed to remove another obstacle from the succession of Mary to the throne. Her brother Edward, after her father, alone stood between her and the throne, to which, notwithstanding all the steps taken by Henry to deprive her of all right, her claims were still tacitly, if not openly, acknowledged by the nation. That Mary now held a more dignified station may be admitted by the fact that she was employed by Henry to negotiate a peace between him and her cousin and former suitor, Charles V. and was permitted to grant an audience to the Spanish ambassador.

The gifts presented to Mary on the Christmas of 1542 were numerous and costly; and we notice the fair Geraldine, then Lady Browne, and her aged husband, among those who offered their homage on this occasion. Henry did not long remain a widower, and his sixth and last choice fell on Katharine Parr. Mary graced the nuptials with her presence, and as a mark of favour shewn to her, accompanied the king and queen on their extended tour in the country during the summer. The illness to which, for some time previous and ever after, Mary became subject at certain seasons of the year, attacked her during this journey, and she was removed to Ampthill, a place pregnant with sorrowful memories to her, as having been the residence of her mother. She did not join the court again until Christmas, on which occasion Katharine Parr bestowed on her the very acceptable gift of forty pounds, which came when Mary's finances were reduced to so low an ebb as to have compelled the sale of some articles of her plate. That Henry had never felt any compunctious visitings with regard to his injustice to Mary in despoiling her of her birthright, may be judged by his having decreed that any daughters he might have by Katharine Parr, or by any succeeding wives, should be entitled to the throne in case of default of male issue. Nevertheless, in 1544 he caused an act of parliament to be enacted, by which Mary was restored to royal rank, but was only to succeed

the daughters of Katharine Parr, or those by any future queen of Henry.

The first notice we find of Mary's assuming the splendour and dignity of her restored rank, is on the occasion of the reception of a Spanish ambassador, sent from her royal kinsman, Charles V. Perhaps her restoration may have been influenced by the wily Henry's desire of conciliating the emperor, than which a more likely mode could not be thought of. Her appearance and dress at a court-ball which followed the reception attracted great attention, and probably it was the favourable report made of her by the ambassador to his sovereign that led him to think of the union between her and his son, which afterwards took place.

Katharine Parr soon acquired a considerable influence over Mary, an influence the more to be wondered at, when the difference of their religious creeds is taken into consideration. It was at the request of the queen that Mary translated the Latin paraphrase of St. John by Erasmus,—a real, though perhaps an unconscious, service rendered to the advocates of the Reformation. The labour, erudition, and patience necessary for the performance of this task, merit the praise bestowed on it, although it unhappily failed to enlighten her who fulfilled it. That Mary was of a generous disposition may be inferred from the entries in the privy-purse book of the princess of the presents of trinkets and jewels given by her to her friends and ladies of the court; and that she loved order, may be seen by the list of her jewels regularly kept and signed by her own hand.

A good understanding appears to have existed not only between Mary and the queen, but also between Prince Edward, Elizabeth, and Mary. The letter quoted in Strype's "Memorials," from Prince Edward to Mary, although formal, and too complimentary to indicate any great warmth of affection, nevertheless shews an interest in her health.

Although bodily infirmities, and a fearful increase of acerbity of temper, their consequent result, given way to without any attempt to control the violence of his passions, rendered Henry VIII. more like a wild beast than a human being during the last years of his life, Mary escaped incur-

ring his displeasure. To this may be attributed his confirming her, by his will, in her right of succession, and his bequest of ten thousand pounds, and three thousand a-year while she remained unmarried.[1] We have the authority of Pollino for stating, that Mary was summoned to the dying bed of her father shortly before he expired, and that for the first time he addressed something like regret for the sorrows he had caused her, and entreated her to act as a kind mother to her brother. Never did she forget this entreaty, for in after trials, and they were neither "few nor far between," during the Protectorate, never did she for a single moment countenance any of the attempts made to subvert those who ruled in Edward's name, however much she suffered from their acts, and was tormented by their unfounded suspicions. The will of Henry VIII. was as inconsistent as his life had been, and bore evidence of the insincerity of his faith in that religion of which his defence gained for him the unmerited title of "Defender of the Faith." He willed that his son should be brought up a Catholic, and bequeathed six hundred pounds a-year for masses to be said for the repose of his own soul! acts wholly at variance with the professions of his life, since he had abjured the papist faith. Yet this was the man to whom it was supposed we owe the establishment of the Protestant religion! The only interference of Mary with the government after the death of her father was an address from her to Somerset containing her urgent prayer for the fulfilment of Henry's will with regard to the education and tenets of her brother. This address produced no other effect than a disingenuous and unsuccessful attempt on his part to disprove the fact of which the will itself left no doubt, namely, that Henry had returned to the creed of his youth. A good understanding seemed to exist between the youthful king and Mary during the first months of his reign. They passed the Christmas together, and he evinced a partiality for her society. The troubles which broke out soon after, as well as the difference in their faith, interrupted this good understanding. Somerset accused her servants of

[1] Carte, vol. iii. book xv. p. 192.

countenancing the rebels in Devonshire, and she answered the accusation not only by a prompt and firm denial, but more than hinted that the cause of the troubles originated in the unlawful changes he had effected.

The marriage of Katharine Parr with Lord Thomas Seymour was very repugnant to the feelings of Mary; and though it produced no breach of courtesy between them, led to a ceremonious coldness. Mary was the last person likely to overlook or pardon the indecorous haste[1] with which the widowed queen bestowed her hand on him who had sued for it before Henry had distinguished her,—and they met no more.

It having been arranged by the privy council, on the death of her father, that Elizabeth should reside with her step-mother, Queen Katharine Parr, Mary, on the marriage of the queen with Lord Thomas Seymour, wrote to her sister, to offer her a home beneath her roof. Whether Mary was aware of the proposal of marriage made by the artful Seymour to Elizabeth[2] on the death of Henry, and when she was only in her fourteenth year, is not known; but certain it is, that if she were acquainted with this fact, it was highly prudent of her to wish to remove her sister from the house of a man who, four days after his rejection by Elizabeth, transferred his suit to her step-mother, for whom he had previously entertained an affection, thereby proving the instability of his character, and the ambitious views by which he was actuated. Elizabeth, however, preferred remaining with Katharine Parr, to removing to her sister,—a preference that argues little for her delicacy, and which very naturally afterwards drew on her not only the jealousy of Katharine Parr, but the censure of those who had opportunities of witnessing the coarse romping and improper familiarities which occurred between her and the unprincipled Seymour. The excuse alleged by Elizabeth for not

[1] "He married her so soon after Henry's death, that, if she had brought a child as early as might have been, it would have afforded a pretence to start a doubt, whether her late husband was not the father, and to raise a disturbance in the kingdom."—CARTE, vol. iii. book xvi. p. 228.

[2] Idem.

accepting her sister's invitation was, that the queen had shewn her so much friendship that she feared to incur the reproach of ingratitude if she left her. The bad health of Mary, no less than her desire of privacy and avoidance of a court in which her religion caused her to be viewed with jealousy and distrust, confined her to Kenninghall, where she passed a considerable portion of her time. She, however, paid a visit to the king at St. James's Palace in 1548, when she was received with all the splendour due to her rank and consanguinity to the sovereign. Among the many courtiers who flocked to the palace to offer homage to the Princess Mary was Lord Thomas Seymour, the widowed husband of Katharine Parr, who had neither lost any portion of the insinuating influence for which he was so remarkable, nor the ambition for which he was no less so. Aware of Mary's fondness for music, and none being permitted, or at least provided in the palace of her brother, Seymour took occasion to express his regret that she was deprived of this pleasure, and his fear that want of practice would impair her skill in the science. He recommended a person to give her instruction, who it was afterwards ascertained was a creature of his, who was to convey with his lessons in music some of a nature to serve the interests of his artful employer, by exciting for him an interest in the breast of the princess. The discovery of this scheme by the Protector must have confirmed the suspicions he had long entertained against his brother, of harbouring intentions of ultimately transferring his views to Mary, should he not succeed in securing the favour of Elizabeth. Although Mary's health was in so precarious a state as to create great alarm in the minds of her friends, and a belief in her own that her end was rapidly approaching, Somerset, the stern and unfeeling Protector, spared her not in pertinaciously urging her to conform to the rules of a religion which her conscience refused to acknowledge.[1] He wished, also, that she should yield up three members of her household to be examined by the privy

[1] Carte, vol. iii. book xvi. p. 233.

council, touching her religious worship. These persons were her chaplain, her officer, and her comptroller. To what lengths this proud and tyrannical man might have proceeded against her, time was denied him to prove, for, while he was yet assailing her with letters, to answer which must have been a difficult and harassing task in her weak state, he was hurled from the power he so often abused, and his enemies usurped his place. Although those enemies mixed up the name of Mary in their outbreak for his destruction, and, as Somerset accused them,—whether truly or falsely has never been known,—of entertaining the project of elevating her to the regency of the kingdom, Dudley, nevertheless, when in power, betrayed no less desire to molest and give her trouble than his predecessor, Somerset, had done. The arrest of her chaplain for celebrating the rites of her religion in her chapel, induced her to appeal to Charles V., who, through his ambassador, applied to the privy council that the princess might have the privilege.[1] This application having proved unsuccessful, Charles V., greatly offended and alarmed for the safety of his cousin, menaced England with a war,[2] unless she was placed without the pale of the stringent laws lately enacted against nonconformists, and sent a fleet to be stationed off the eastern coast, near to which her abode was situated, to remain in readiness to receive Mary in case of emergency, and to convey her to his sister, the Queen of Hungary. This measure created both dissatisfaction and suspicion in the minds of the king and privy-councillors, and these last used their efforts, under pretence of anxiety for her health, to induce her to withdraw from Newhall, which, from its proximity to the coast, offered a facility for her embarking. Mary pretended to take their interference in good part, but under various pretexts, declined complying with their recommendations to leave Newhall. The system of persecution against her continuance of the performance of her religious rites, far from abating, gained force. It was urged against her as a crime that mass was celebrated with open doors,

[1] Carte, vol. iii. book xvi. p. 233. [2] Idem, p. 255.

and that she permitted others than her household to be present.[1] Wearied by the representations of the privy council, Mary determined on pleading her cause in person to the king, and for this purpose took up her abode at Wanstead, whence she, soon after her arrival, proceeded on horseback, attended by her lords and ladies, to the palace at Westminster. Although received with the courtesy due to her rank, the appeal, which she meant to be addressed solely to her brother, was submitted to his privy council as well. In presence of these she was informed that the king had long tolerated her opposition to his will, in the hope that his indulgence might operate favourably on her mind, but that, finding this not to be the case, he was now determined to deal otherwise by her, and to exact the obedience due by a subject to a sovereign. Mary, nothing daunted, declared that "she could neither forsake her religion nor deny it, and that she would be found ready to resign her life in preference." The king, however, dissatisfied by her obstinacy, used only kind words to her, and they parted on civil, if not on cordial terms.

Another suitor now presented himself for the hand of Mary. This was the Duke of Brunswick, who, though a Protestant prince, was not deterred from seeking a Roman Catholic bride. This suit was declined on the plea that one was then pending between the princess and Don Louis, the infant of Portugal, which, however, never came to a successful termination. The next claimant, the Marquis of Brandenburgh, was likewise a Protestant, and shared no better fortune than her other wooers. Mary was not permitted any long respite from the persecution entailed by her religion. One of her chaplains was arrested beneath her roof, and subjected to harsh treatment in the Tower, and soon after the two principal officers of her household were commanded by the king and privy council to inform their mistress that henceforth the celebration of the mass should be discontinued. Mary, deeply offended, asserted her dignity on this occasion, and for some hours refused to permit her officers

[1] Carte, vol. iii. book xvi. p. 256.

to deliver the message with which they were charged. She again appealed to the king by letter, and it argues ill for Edward and his council, that they once more commanded the same persons to return to Mary to repeat the insulting message they had previously been charged with. These persons, however, preferred incurring the wrath of the king and council to encountering the anger of their indignant mistress; and the privy council, in consequence, found themselves under the necessity of sending certain members of their body, headed by the lord chancellor, to Mary, then residing at Copthall, to enforce her obedience to the king's commands. Mary's conduct on this trying occasion was no less remarkable for its firmness than for its tact, for, while professing every respect for the king, she ventured to do more than insinuate her disbelief that the harshness exercised towards her originated with his majesty, and concluded by stating, that if not permitted to have the rites of her own church celebrated beneath her roof, no power should induce her to suffer those of any other. It is not to be wondered at that the health of Mary, for many years delicate, became gravely injured by the mental disquietude to which she was subjected; and her enemies, taking advantage of her weak state, propagated reports of her infirmities, in order to induce a belief of her utter unfitness to fill the throne should the death of the king leave it vacant. Edward had lately suffered much from bad health, and this led those around him to reflect on the probable result of his languor. The intercourse between the king and Mary, owing to their religious differences, was neither frequent nor unconstrained, and a better proof of Edward's alienation from her could not be given than his naming his cousin the Lady Jane Grey to succeed him on the throne. But if alienated from Mary by the difference in their faith, and the dread of the change in religion which her accession to the throne would effect, no such reasons could be alleged for his passing over his sister Elizabeth's claims,[1] which gives just cause to believe that in taking this step he was influenced by a fear that the

[1] Carte, vol. iii. book xvi. p. 276.

marriage of either of the princesses with a foreigner might impair the laws and liberty of the nation. The death of Edward did not put an end to the machinations of the enemies of Mary. They concealed his demise, and a letter was written by the council, as if by the king's desire, stating his extreme illness and requesting her presence. Imposed on by this artifice, she set out to join the king; when at Hoddesdon she received private intelligence of the death of Edward, and was warned of the scheme to entrap and convey her a prisoner to the Tower. She, after some reflection, turned from her intended course, bent her way towards Cambridgeshire, and arriving late at the portal of Sanston Hall, the seat of Mr. Huddestone, she sought and found admission. The hospitality of this gentleman is the more to be valued, as it was extended at no inconsiderable risk to himself, a fact of which he was well aware. The next morning at early dawn she pursued her route, and had proceeded but a short distance on it when a large party from Cambridge, opposed to her claims, attacked Sanston Hall, and, having pillaged it, reduced it to ashes by fire. Fortunate was it for Mary that her foes found her not there, for there is little doubt that, in the hostile spirit that animated them, she might have suffered much at their hands. That she gained Kenninghall in safety, may be owing to the fact that the death of Edward was still kept a profound secret from the people, hence those opposed to her claims to the throne were not yet disposed to take measures against her. The first act of Mary on reaching Kenninghall was to apprise the privy council of her late brother that she was aware of his death, and also of their evil intentions towards her, offering them, however, a full pardon, provided they forthwith proclaimed her their queen;[1] but so little effect had this moderate measure with them, that the day which followed the reception of the letter not only saw them proclaim the Lady Jane Grey their sovereign, but witnessed their accompanying this act by the most insulting references to the illegitimacy of Mary. This opposition from a power-

[1] Speed, book ix. chap. xxiii. p. 841.

ful faction might have shook the courage of even one better prepared to resist it than Mary was at that time, for she stood in absolute need of the sinews of war, money and troops. But her spirit quailed not, and when two Catholic partisans, Sir Henry Jerningham and Sir Henry Bedingfield, brought their adherents to her cause, they found her undauntedly determined to assert it. And now the death of Edward being known through the country, it was deemed expedient that Mary should remove to a place better calculated to support a siege, or to escape from, in case of defeat. She again set out, escorted by her knights and dames, and the little band devoted to her, for Framlingham Castle. Here she boldly assumed the title of queen, her standard floated from the battlements, and a gallant troop, headed by one of the knights of Suffolk,[1] rallied round it. To these were soon added other adherents of weight and influence in Suffolk and the adjoining counties, until she found herself with a force of no less than fourteen thousand men. She had not been many days at Framlingham Castle, when from its towers a fleet was seen approaching the coast, and little doubt could be entertained that it was adverse to her. Fortunately for Mary, one of the most zealous of her partisans, Sir Henry Jerningham, happened to be at Yarmouth when the fleet neared that harbour, and he lost no time, but entering a boat, went out and demanded to speak with their captains. "You are rebels to your rightful sovereign," exclaimed Jerningham, sternly. "If so," replied the men of war, "we will throw them into the sea, for we are her true subjects."

The commanders of the fleet at once surrendered themselves, and Jerningham and those who accompanied him became masters of the ships.[2] As the fleet was well armed, and contained several pieces of cannon, as well as abundant stores, having been sent for the siege of Mary's fortress, the possession of it was most valuable to Mary, who stood greatly in need of these implements of war; and while she was congratulating herself on this accession to her resources,

[1] Sir John Sulyard.

[2] Carte, vol. iii. book xviii. p. 284.

she was apprised that Sir Edward Hastings, who had been employed to raise troops for her rival, the Lady Jane Grey, had joined her cause, and placed the forces he had levied at her orders. This last circumstance was of vital importance to her interests, for it led to the desertion of some of the most powerful adherents of Lady Jane Grey, among whom were the Earls of Bath and Sussex, who hastened to join her at Framlingham Castle, leading a considerable number of their followers to her standard.[1] Every day saw fresh adherents flocking to join her; the ships in the neighbouring ports declared for her; provisions were plentifully sent in to her garrison. Nor was money deficient, Mary having commanded that the money and church-plate at Norwich, of great value, should be appropriated to her use. Thus supported, she issued a proclamation, offering a reward for the apprehension of Northumberland, who had no sooner heard of the turn taken in her favour in London, than he proclaimed her queen at Cambridge, where he was then staying, sorely, as may be well conjectured, against his will. But this piece of diplomacy availed him not, for, on the entry of some of Mary's troops into Cambridge, Northumberland was arrested, and sent prisoner to London.[2] The partisans of Northumberland now hastened to entreat the clemency of Mary; and she set out for the metropolis at the head of a large force, and accompanied by several of the nobility. Her progress to London more resembled that of a conqueror than one whose empire had been disputed. The Princess Elizabeth had received instructions to meet her sister at Wanstead, and came, escorted by a numerous train of lords and ladies, to render homage to her sovereign. From Wanstead the royal party proceeded to London, forming a brilliant *cortège*. Mary, with Elizabeth by her side, and surrounded by her ladies, was mounted on a white horse, richly caparisoned, and was attired in a dress of violet-coloured velvet. At the city gate she dismissed her troops, consisting of no less than three thousand men, and the lord mayor, with a body of gentlemen in splendid habiliments,

[1] Speed, Book ix. chap. xxiii. p. 842.
[2] Carte, vol. iii. book xvii. page 286.

and attended by the civic guard, composed her escort. Mary first halted at the Tower, there to remain until the late king had been consigned to the tomb; and the first sight that presented itself to her on entering the portal was the melancholy one of all the state prisoners, women as well as men, who had been confined there during the reigns of the last two monarchs. Among them were many of high note, and some whose lives were only saved by the death of Edward. Mary betrayed considerable emotion as she looked on these prisoners, and immediately commanded that they should be restored to liberty. Many of them were appointed to places of high trust in the royal household, and the bishops were reinstated in their sees. The funeral of Edward, which was conducted with all becoming splendour, over, Mary issued a proclamation, recommending her subjects to refrain from angry disputations on religious subjects, and holding out a promise of toleration to those whose creeds accorded not with her own.[1] It is probable, that had Mary been left to the dictates of her own conscience, she might have fulfilled this pledge, but her privy council had those among its members who were little disposed towards toleration, and who, urged on by bigotry, used their baleful influence to turn her from the milder and wiser course she was at first inclined to adopt. The cases were neither few nor unfrequent in which the merciful interference of Mary rescued victims from the wrath of her privy council, and rarely was it denied by her if entreated. The first step taken by Mary in violation of the promise of toleration was the prohibition of public reading of the Scriptures, or preaching of the curates, except by such as were licensed by her; and this gave a foretaste of what might be afterwards expected. A bigoted sovereign is sure to corrupt the religious principles of a great portion of her subjects, and to divide them into two classes, hypocrites and martyrs. Those who court favour will be ready to adopt her creed, and those who conscientiously adhere to their own, expose themselves to obloquy, if not to persecu-

[1] Speed, book ix. chap. xxiii. page 843.

tion. Northumberland and his companions in rebellion were brought to trial a few days after Mary ascended the throne, and he, and two of his followers, were condemned to death. But when Mary was urged to bring Lady Jane Grey to trial, she shewed great reluctance, alleging that her unfortunate cousin ought not to be punished for the crime in which the ambition of Northumberland compelled her to act a part. Well had it been for the reputation of Mary if she had maintained her original good intentions of clemency towards her fair and interesting kinswoman, who should be viewed as the innocent victim to the wiles of Edward and the ambition of Northumberland.

Before the month of August had expired, Mary received in private, and with the utmost secrecy, an envoy from the Pope, to whom she revealed two very important pieces of intelligence. The first was her desire to yield to the Pope the supremacy in religion wrested from him by her father; and the second, that she had pledged her hand to Philip of Spain. Two measures more calculated to render her unpopular, never could have been thought of; and of this was Reginald Pole, now a cardinal, so well aware, that he earnestly counselled Mary not to marry, while Bishop Gardiner as earnestly entreated her not to resign her supremacy. Mary now found herself placed in a difficult and dangerous position. The members of the Established Church, as the Protestant was termed, looked on her as its enemy; the anti-papal Catholics strongly suspected her of an inclination to surrender the supremacy to the Pope; and those of the ancient Catholic faith, who had denied all supremacy save that of the Pope, were doubtful whether or not she would restore it to him.

The rumour of the Spanish marriage gave discontent to all parties, but Mary, now no longer young, evinced a desire to wed never betrayed in her youth, and leant entirely to the individual most objectionable to her subjects, namely, Philip of Spain. So determined was she to carry out her wishes on this point, that when an address was sent her from the House of Commons, praying that she would not marry a foreigner, her answer was, "That she held her crown of God,

and hoped to find counsel from Him alone on so important an occasion." [1]

Nor were her subjects more averse to this marriage than was he whom it even more personally concerned, for Charles V. had great difficulty in persuading his son to consent to wed Mary. Nor could this objection on his side be wondered at. Eleven years his senior, Mary was remarkably grave even for a woman of thirty-seven, and had lost all the freshness which sometimes adheres to Englishwomen even at a more advanced age. The knowledge that she had been affianced to his father before he had been born, was not calculated to reconcile Philip to the disparity in the age of his future bride; and it was, perhaps, this objection which led the emperor to assure Mary in a letter, that "If his own age and health had rendered him a suitable *spouse*, he should have had the greatest satisfaction in wedding her himself."

And now the thoughts of the court and courtiers were directed to the approaching coronation. Mary being the first queen who had filled the throne in her own right, it became necessary to establish etiquette for the grave ceremonial where precedents could not be found. That it might be worthy of her, her citizens came forward with a loan of twenty thousand pounds, no inconsiderable sum for that time; and preparations were soon commenced. Previous to the 1st of October, the day named for the coronation, Mary proceeded in her state barge from Whitehall to the Tower, attended by the Princess Elizabeth and all the ladies of her court, and escorted by the lord-mayor and public functionaries of the City in their barges, and in all their civic display of rich clothes, gold, and chains, and with music, only broken by the sound of the cannon fired to do their sovereign honour and the cheers that welcomed her. On the following day she created several knights of the Bath, and the succeeding day she went, accompanied by a grand procession, on horseback, through the streets, attended by no less than seventy ladies, dressed in crimson

[1] Carte, vol. iii. book xvii. p. 297.

velvet, and several hundred noblemen, gentlemen, and all the foreign ambassadors, of whom the Spanish one took precedence. The queen sat in a gorgeous litter, borne by six white horses, richly caparisoned in cloth of silver. Her robe was of blue velvet, bordered with ermine, and on her head she wore a net-work, so covered with jewels, of immense value, as nearly to conceal her hair. The Princess Elizabeth, accompanied by Anne of Cleves, followed the queen in an open carriage, covered with crimson velvet and richly ornamented. Their robes were of cloth of silver. The master of the horse appeared next, leading the queen's palfrey, and then succeeded a vast train of ladies and lords on horseback and in carriages, dressed in great splendour, and followed by the queen's guards.[1] Stately pageants were exhibited for the queen's pleasure as she passed along. The conduits of the City overflowed with wine; but, perhaps, the most acceptable of the homages offered to her was the gift presented by the aldermen of a thousand marks in a handsome purse, a timely addition to her finances, which were then in a very unflourishing state.

The coronation was as splendid as jewels, velvet, minever, cloth of gold and of silver, could make it. No ceremonial usual on such occasions was omitted, and Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, attended by ten other bishops, performed the religious offices of the crowning.

It was remarked with satisfaction that the Princess Elizabeth was treated with due distinction by the queen, at whose side she sat at the banquet, at which also Anne of Cleves had a seat.

One of the earliest acts of the parliament after the accession of Mary, was the annulling of the sentences of divorce of Katharine of Arragon and of the illegitimacy of her daughter. This was a necessary measure, but it would have been well if the illegitimacy of Elizabeth had likewise been annulled at the same time. It would have gratified the nation, and have removed from the princess herself all excuse for discontent. Mary, however, was then so absorbed

[1] Strickland's "Lives of the Queens."

by her approaching marriage, and entertained such hopes of it giving her an heir to the throne, that she probably thought not of establishing her sister's right to the succession, or, if she did, might have felt delicate in recalling the sentence against Anne Boleyn to the recollection of her daughter and the people. Where a favourable interpretation can be given to any part of the conduct of a queen who rendered herself so unpopular, we are disposed to give her the benefit of it. A bill of attainder was now passed on Lady Jane Grey and her husband, and here was an opportunity afforded to Mary of displaying at once magnanimity and mercy,—two attributes which reflect a brighter lustre on a crown than all the jewels that encircle it. It appears like a destiny that Mary and her successor, Elizabeth, should consent to, if not cause, the deaths of two of the most interesting women to be found in the pages of English history,—women who, though unlike in their lives, one being as spotless as the other was suspected, nevertheless, by their violent deaths, have created a pity that time has not deprived them of.

Young, beautiful, and highly educated, the Lady Jane Grey was beloved by all; and this popularity it was that, added to her professing the same religion as himself, induced Edward to disinherit his sisters, and bequeath the crown to her. Her whole conduct after her condemnation, for an act in which she had no choice, but in which she was merely the instrument to forward the ambition of others, was so full of meekness, resignation, and piety, that no one can reflect on it without deep admiration. A letter addressed by her to her father, a short time previous to her death, breathes such a spirit as must touch all hearts:[1]—"My deare Father,—If I might without offence rejoyce in mine owne missehaps, me seemes in this I may account myselfe blessed, that, washing my hands with the innocency of my fact, my guiltlesse bloud may cry before the Lord, 'Mercie, mercie to the innocent!' And yet, though I must acknowledge that, being constrained, and, as you wot well enough, continually assayled, in taking

[1] Speed, book ix. chap. xxiii. p. 843.

upon mee, I seemed to consent, and therein offended the queene and her lawes, yet doe I assuredly trust that this mine offence towards God is much the lesse, in that being in so royal estate as I was, mine enforced honour never agreed with mine innocent heart."

The father, to whom this letter was addressed, compromised again the life of his daughter; for, pardoned by Mary for the part he had taken in having the Lady Jane set up as queen, he once more broke out into rebellion when he found that the queen was bent on wedding Philip of Spain, and so drew on the Lady Jane that violent death from which Mary seemed disposed to save her, by furnishing a pretext to her enemies that the queen could hope for no security while Jane and her husband lived. Eleven days after the execution of Lady Jane Grey and Lord Guildford Dudley,[1] Suffolk was beheaded; so that Queen Mary's reign, short as it had been, had already witnessed the shedding of some of the noblest blood in her kingdom, and nearly allied to her own. The rebellion of Sir Thomas Wyatt, founded, as was alleged, on his dislike to the queen's marriage with Philip of Spain —a dislike shared by the whole nation—again involved Mary in serious troubles. She appointed the Duke of Norfolk general of her forces, and prepared to resist her rebellious subjects. The success that followed Wyatt's outbreak encouraged him and increased his followers; while the defeat sustained by the queen's forces filled her friends with apprehension. Two privy councillors, Sir Edward Hastings, master of the horse, and Sir Thomas Cornwallis, sought an interview with Wyatt near Dartford, and demanded in the queen's name, "'Wherefore he gathered in arms her liege people against her, yet that in his proclamation he called himself a true subject, both which cannot stand together?'

"'I am no traitor,' quoth Wyatt; 'and the cause why I have assembled the people is to defend the realm from danger of being overrun by strangers, which must needs follow if the marriage takes place.'

"'Why,' said the councillors, 'there is no stranger yet

[1] Carte, vol. iii. book xvii. p. 307.

come, either for power or number, whom you need to suspect; therefore, if that thing only be the quarrel, will you that dislike the marriage come to communication touching the cause, and the queen is content you shall be heard?'

"'To that I yield,' said Sir Thomas Wyatt; 'but for my further surety, I will rather be trusted than trust;' and thereupon demanded (as some have written, saith Holinshed) the custody of the Tower, and her grace within it, as also the displacing of some councillors about her, and to place others in their room.

"To which the master of the horse replied, 'Wyatt, before thou shalt have thy traitorous demand granted, thou shalt die, and twenty thousand more with thee!' And so these agents departed to the court, and Wyatt forthwith came unto Deepeford by Greenwich."[1]

The near approach of the rebels to London occasioned great alarm. The queen was advised to remove to the Tower, and such was the general panic that the lord-mayor, aldermen, and the greater part of the citizens, donned their armour, and the sergeants and lawyers at Westminster Hall pleaded their causes "in harnesse,"[2] as Speed quaintly expresses it.

Luckily the drooping spirits of the Londoners were at this time cheered by news of the defeat in the west of the insurgents under Carews and Gibs, which was proclaimed in London upon Candlemas-eve; and the following day Queen Mary came to Guildhall, attended by many of her court, when she met the lord-mayor, the aldermen, and the chief citizens, before whom she delivered a speech[3] so well calculated to touch their feelings, being a fair exposition of the unfounded disloyalty of the rebels, the insolence of their demands, and her own affection for her people, that it at once increased their devotion to her cause, and excited their courage to defend it. Mary appointed the Earl of Pembroke general of the forces, and issued a proclamation offering one hundred pounds a-year to him and his posterity for ever who should bring Wyatt, alive or dead, to custody.

[1] Speed, book ix. chap. xxiii. p. 845. [2] Idem. [3] Idem.

Undeterred by this proclamation, Wyatt, at the head of four thousand men, entered Southwark with little opposition, and, to conciliate the inhabitants, proclaimed that none of his soldiers should take away any thing without due payment and the consent of the owners — a measure which, though soon violated, gained him a considerable accession to his troops.

Winchester House was sacked and pillaged, the books of its fine library cut to pieces, and every lock torn from the doors. The rebels then proceeded to the City, where, finding the gates of the bridge secured against them, Wyatt placed two pieces of ordnance against them, pointed another at St. George's Church, a fourth at the entrance into Bermondsey, and a fifth towards Winchester House. Finding that the lord-mayor and Lord William Howard had rendered the entrance to the City impregnable, that the Tower and all steeples and gates in the vicinity were topped with ordnance, Wyatt drew off his troops towards Kingston-on-Thames, repaired with planks and ladders the bridge there, which had been broken, and, crossing the river, reached Brentford before his intention of so doing was suspected, and at daybreak was at Knightsbridge, whence he marched in order of battle towards St. James's Fields. But here his hopes were foiled; for the Earl of Pembroke, with a considerable force, had taken possession of this spot, and Wyatt turned down a lane leading to St. James's, and, advancing in the direction of Charing Cross, perceived not that Pembroke's troops had fallen on the rear of his, cutting off the possibility of their rejoining them. Wyatt reached Charing Cross, notwithstanding that his passage to it was opposed by cannon, which played on him, without, however, much damaging his men, three only of whom were killed, but found resistance there, which might have prevented his further advance, had not the Kentish soldiers, by rushing violently into the streets, forced the lord chamberlain and Sir John Gage into the gates of Whitehall, which were instantly closed. Wyatt turned his course through Fleet Street, but found Ludgate closed against him and defended by the citizens. The followers who had been

separated from Wyatt came before the gates at Whitehall, and shot their arrows into the garden and windows of the palace; but, making no impression, they attempted to follow Wyatt to the City, but were stopped at Charing Cross by Sir Henry Jerningham, captain of the guard, Sir Edward Bray, master of the ordnance, and Sir Philip Paris, knight, sent there by the Earl of Pembroke with a branch of archers and certain field-pieces to protect the court. Here both parties fought manfully for some time, but at length the rebels were put to flight. Wyatt, defeated and dispirited, surrendered himself to Sir Maurice Buckley, and, with Sir Thomas Cobham and Thomas Knevet, was committed to the Tower; to which, the following day, several more of the leaders of the rebels were sent, and no less than four hundred persons were marched through the City to Westminster, with halters round their necks; but these last the queen pardoned, pronouncing their pardon in person from the gallery in the Tilt-yard. The personal bravery of Mary during the conflict, a considerable portion of which she witnessed from a balcony of the palace overlooking the scene of action, should not be passed by without notice. She encouraged her defenders by words and gestures, shewing more anxiety for them than for her own safety; and when her cause was most desperate, she descended from her balcony, and, placing herself by the side of the soldiers, by her presence and her exhortations animated their courage.

The evil consequences of this revolt died not with its defeat, and one of the most grave was the suspicion to which it gave birth in the breast of Mary against her sister Elizabeth. No sooner had Wyatt rebelled, than Mary summoned Elizabeth to join her without delay, and this summons, on the plea of sickness, not being complied with, three members of the privy council, with a troop of horse amounting to two hundred and fifty men, were sent to enforce her obedience to the queen's wishes. Arrived at Ashbridge at ten o'clock at night, where Elizabeth was then residing, they unceremoniously ascended to her chamber, where they found her ill in bed. The privy councillors expressed their regret at finding her in that state.

"'And I am not glad,' said she, 'to see you here at this time of the night.'

"'Madam,' quoth they, 'our message requires haste, and the queen's pleasure is, that you shall be at London the 7th of this month.'

"'No creature gladder to come to her majesty than I,' said the Lady Elizabeth, 'being right sorry that I am not in ease at this time to attend her grace, as yourselves see.'

"'Indeed,' said they, 'for that we see we are heartily sorry, but our commission is, that we bring you to London either quick or dead.'

"Whereat she being greatly amazed, sorrowfully said, 'She well hoped their commission was nothing so strait.' But they, calling for two doctors, demanded whether she might be removed with life, and they being resolved, bade her prepare against the next morning; so left this innocent princess very sore perplexed for the night."[1]

The harshness of this measure was hardly to be justified by the rumours in circulation, that Elizabeth and Lord Courtenay were implicated in Wyatt's insurrection, and it is probable that Mary would not have had recourse to it, had not Gardiner, the bishop of Winchester, instigated and urged her to it. No step could be more calculated to serve Elizabeth's popularity, for the sight of the princess, pale and suffering, and surrounded by guards, excited the deep commiseration of the people in every place through which they passed. And although she was brought to the palace, she was not admitted to the presence of the queen, but was in all respects treated as a prisoner, and for fourteen days subjected to a solitary confinement, seeing only those appointed to guard her. At the expiration of that time Gardiner, and nine others of the council, entered her prison, and charged her with having taken a part in Wyatt's conspiracy, as well as in Sir Peter Carew's insurrection in the west of England. Elizabeth denied the charge with great firmness, but when told that she must forthwith be sent to the Tower, she evinced considerable alarm, and said she hoped her majesty

[1] Speed, book ix. chap. xxiii. p. 848.

would not commit to that place a true and innocent woman, that had never offended her in thought, word, or deed, and requested the lords to intercede for her with the queen. Whether they fulfilled this request is doubtful, but in an hour after Gardiner and others returned to dismiss all her attendants, save her gentleman-usher, three ladies, and two grooms of her chamber. A strong guard was placed in the room adjoining hers, two lords, with men, to watch in the hall, with two hundred men in the garden,—preparations that prove the importance Mary attached to the safe keeping of her prisoner. The next day two lords of the council came to her and stated the queen's pleasure that she should instantly be conveyed to the Tower, that the barge for her conveyance was ready, and the tide offered. Elizabeth entreated most urgently to be permitted to remain until the next tide, and requested to be allowed to write to the queen. One of the council roughly rejected her petition, but the other, the Earl of Sussex, not only accorded it, but promised to deliver it into the queen's hand. The time employed in writing and entreating had seen the tide pass, and it no longer served to shoot the bridge with a barge. The queen was very angry at the delay, and Elizabeth's desire for it probably confirmed the suspicion entertained that she wished to gain time to have a rescue attempted. The next day, Palm-Sunday, she was taken from the palace, and passing through the garden to enter the barge, she was observed to cast her eyes towards the windows, hoping to see some pitying face, but beholding none, she sighed deeply and said, "I marvel what the nobility mean, to suffer me, a princess, to be led into captivity, the Lord knows whither, for myself do not."[1] When the barge approached the bridge, the tide not being full in, the fall of the water at the bridge was so great, that the bargemen feared to attempt to pass; and proposed to wait until the stream became more level. But this proposal was rejected, and the barge being impelled on, was placed in such danger that its stern struck against the ground, and having with difficulty neared the next stairs,

[1] Speed, book ix. chap. xxiii. p. 848.

its occupants could not be landed without stepping into the water, a dangerous trial for a sick woman. Ascending the stairs, Elizabeth solemnly said, "I speak before Thee, O God, having none other friend but Thee only: here landeth as true a subject, being prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs."[1] Having entered the gate, a great number of men, wardens and others, presented themselves to guard her, and as she passed many knelt down and prayed God to preserve her. For this demonstration of sympathy they were rebuked, and put from their ordinary next day. Lodged in prison, the first act of Elizabeth was one of piety; she took out her prayer-book, and assembling her attendants around her, addressed the Almighty with deep fervour. But even the consolation of having the rites of her own religion celebrated was denied her, for she was now commanded to hear mass in her prison, and two yeomen were appointed to make the responses to the priest. Not satisfied with the former examination of Elizabeth in the palace, Gardiner came to the Tower with others of the council to re-examine her. She was questioned as to a conversation alleged to have passed between her and a prisoner in the Tower, Sir James Croft, who was confronted with her, when the princess, with grave dignity, said, "My lords, methinks you do me wrong to examine every mean prisoner against me; if they have done evil let them answer for it; I pray you join me not with such offenders."[2]

Although no proof could be found against her, Elizabeth was still retained in prison until her health became much impaired, when permission was granted her to walk in the garden, and a strict prohibition given that while she remained in it no other prisoner was to be allowed to enter, or even to look into it. While in prison a boy of four years old, drawn towards her by that instinct which teaches children to distinguish those who are partial to them, was wont to bring Elizabeth flowers, and this innocent action furnished a suspicion that the artless child was the medium of a correspondence between her and the Lord Courtenay. The boy was menaced, and his father commanded not to suffer him

[1] Speed. [2] Idem.

to approach the princess again, but the child nevertheless stole once more to the door of her prison, which finding closed, he peeped through a chink, and cried unto her, "Mistress, I can bring you no more flowers."[1]

About this time it is stated that a warrant was issued for the execution of Elizabeth.[2] Bridges, then lieutenant of the Tower, suspecting that the warrant was not sanctioned by the queen, courageously hastened to her to inquire the truth. Mary evinced no less surprise than displeasure on this occasion, and instantly countermanded the warrant. Had Bridges possessed less courage, the life of Elizabeth would have been sacrificed. Gardiner was the person accused of this intended crime, but if he were guilty of it, how came it that his royal mistress did not punish him? Elizabeth's fears for her life did not soon subside, for when Sir Henry Bedingfield, with a hundred soldiers, entered her prison a few days after, she demanded,[3] "Whether the scaffold whereon Lady Jane Grey had suffered was still standing: or whether Sir Henry made any conscience of murder, if hers was committed unto his charge?"

Her terror had not ceased, when, on the 19th of the following May, she was removed from the Tower on her route to Woodstock, under the charge of Sir Henry Bedingfield and the Lord of Tame. When she reached Richmond all her own servants were commanded to remove from her presence, and her guards were ordered to supply their places, which so alarmed her, that believing it was only a preparatory step to her death, she desired the prayers of her servants, adding, "For this night I think I must die."

Her gentleman-usher hastened to the Lord of Tame, and implored him to say whether his mistress that night stood in danger of death? "May God forbid," quoth the Lord Tame, "that any such wickedness should be wrought, which rather than it should, I and my men will die at her feet."[4]

As she proceeded towards Woodstock, the people with tears and prayers pressed to meet her, and the village bells were rung, which so excited the ill-will of "her gaoler," as

[1] Speed, book ix. chap. xxiii. p. 849.
[2] Fox's "Acts and Mon." 2294.
[3] Speed, book ix. chap. xxiii. p. 849.
[4] Idem.

she termed Sir Henry, that he commanded the bells to cease, set the ringers in the stocks, and drove back the people, calling them traitors and rebels against the queen and her laws.

Arrived at Woodstock, her personal liberty was little increased, nor were her fears diminished. The lodgings assigned her were not befitting her rank, and were strongly guarded by soldiers, night and day. This last precaution may have originated in a desire for her safety, but she viewed it in a different light. Though permitted to walk in the gardens, they were secured by so many locks, as was also her prison, that she was never allowed to forget her melancholy position, even while breathing the air of heaven. To add to her terror, it was suspected that the keeper of Woodstock, a man of turbulent and violent habits, and great brutality,[1] was instigated to kill her. It was likewise said, that a creature of Gardiner's, named Basset, came to Bladenbridge, a mile from Woodstock, accompanied by twenty men, and pretending to have some important communication to make to Elizabeth, earnestly desired to be admitted to her presence, with no other intention than to murder her. Whatever the intention might be, it was defeated; for Sir Henry Bedingfield, being absent, had left a strict charge with his brother, that no one should be permitted to see his prisoner, even though coming from the council or queen herself. Even this charge implies a suspicion on his part that an attempt might be made against Elizabeth, a suspicion justified by the warrant for her death unsanctioned by the queen; but how low must the character of the Bishop of Winchester stand, when such suspicions, whether true or false, were entertained against him! An occurrence which, whether designed or merely accidental, happened soon after the appearance of Basset at Woodstock, filled Elizabeth with terror. A fire broke out between the boards and ceiling, beneath the chamber in which she slept. It was while thus harassed, that looking from the window of her prison one day, the unfortunate princess beheld a peasant girl in the park beneath, milking a cow, and singing gaily as she drew

[1] Speed, book ix. chap. xxiii. p. 849. [2] Idem.

forth the rich liquid. The difference in their fates struck her forcibly; the peasant maiden freely enjoying liberty, and tormented by no fears, while she, a princess, was denied these blessings; and she preferred the lot of the humble maid to her own.

While Elizabeth was wearing away her young life in a prison, Mary, the possessor of a throne, was busily occupied in encouraging controversial disputes and in arrangements for her marriage. The result of the first assembly to discuss the subject of transubstantiation having caused Mary to command Bonner to dissolve it, shortly after, Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury, Ridley, bishop of London, and Latimer, bishop of Worcester, were sent from the Tower of London to Oxford, to argue on it against Doctors Tresham, Cole, Oglethorpe, and Pie, Oxford men; to whom were added, Doctors George Glinne, Seton, Watson, Sedgwicke, and Atkinson. The disputation began on the 16th of April, 1554, and ended on the 20th, giving rise to the sentence of death by fire being pronounced on the three bishops, which sentence was carried into effect a year and a half after, to the eternal disgrace of Mary's reign.

The dissatisfaction entertained by Mary's subjects against her marriage with Philip of Spain decreased not as the period approached for its fulfilment. An universal dread prevailed that this union would lead to the abolition of the measures enacted in the previous reign for the reform of certain abuses in the Church and State. Superstition — the offspring of Ignorance — never failing to lend its aid to account for, if not to justify, the fears of a people, on this occasion prognosticated,[1] that a reversed rainbow, and an appearance of two suns, beheld in London on the 15th of February, foretold the most grave disasters to the kingdom. Parliament having sanctioned the marriage, Mary, to mitigate the dissatisfaction of her subjects to the measure, caused letters, bearing her signature, to be despatched into various quarters of the kingdom, setting forth the advantages to be derived by the increased commerce with Spain, which must

[1] Speed, book ix. chap. xxiii. p. 850.

inevitably spring from her marriage with its prince. The lord mayor and commons were sent for to court, and were there informed by the lord chancellor, of the great benefit London must derive from a similar cause. The Earl of Bedford and Lord Fitzwaters were despatched to Spain to conduct Philip to England; the lord admiral, with twenty-eight ships, having for three months previously been employed in guarding against his meeting any interruption, on his passage across the sea, from any other state. Philip embarked at Corunna, with a fleet of one hundred and fifty sail, and arrived at Southampton on the 20th of July.[1] He was the first man of the fleet who set foot on the British shore; on touching which, he drew his sword, and bore it in his hand. The Earl of Arundel, lord steward to the queen, immediately invested him with the George and Garter; the mayor of Southampton presented him the keys of the town, and the lord chancellor was sent by Mary to receive him, and to announce that she herself was on her route to Winchester to welcome him in person. He tarried at Southampton from Friday until Monday, when he set forth for Winchester to meet his future bride, attended by a vast train of English nobles, and by the Dukes of Alva, Medina Cœli, the Admiral of Castile, the Marquises of Burgos, Piscara, and several other Spaniards of high distinction, among whom was the Bishop of Cuenca. Philip brought with him a vast treasure, two cart-loads of coin, and several chests of bullion. It was observed of him, that although affecting to be civil to the English, he never took off his hat to any of the nobility. In proportion to the chagrin evinced by Mary at the repeated and vexatious delays of Philip's coming — a chagrin revealed with somewhat less of maidenly reserve and queenly dignity than might be wished — was now her satisfaction at his arrival. She forgot that he had never written to her, nor displayed any desire to expedite his nuptials with her. The marriage was solemnised at Winchester, on the 25th of July, being the feast of St. James, the tutelar saint of Spain, Gardiner bestowing the nuptial benediction.

[1] Speed, book ix. chap. xxiii. p. 852.

Previous to the ceremony, the imperial ambassador from Spain presented Philip with the gift of the Two Sicilies,[1] bestowed on him by the emperor, his father, that Mary might wed a king and not a prince; and after it, Garter king-of-arms, attended by the heralds, proclaimed their styles in Latin, French, and English, as King and Queen of England, France, Ireland, Naples, and Jerusalem. The royal pair proceeded to Windsor, where Philip and the Earl of Sussex were installed knights of the Garter, and entered London on the 18th of August, where triumphal arches and other expensive demonstrations of rejoicing were exhibited for their reception, at a cost of no less than a tax of fifteen and a half per cent, levied by the common council on the citizens, a fact which inclines one to suspect the sincerity of rejoicings that cost them so dear.[2] The King and Queen remained but a few days in London, whence they proceeded to Richmond, where, dismissing their train of nobility, they retired to Hampton Court. Here it was observed that Mary could hardly suffer Philip from her sight, an injudicious line of conduct to adopt towards so cold and indifferent a bridegroom. He abated nothing of the haughtiness of his manner, was difficult of access, no one being permitted to approach him but with great ceremony, and after asking an audience, which created considerable disgust in the English nobility.

The first measure proposed by Mary after her marriage was little calculated to conciliate the regard of her subjects. She issued a proclamation, directing what persons she wished to be chosen for parliament, and succeeded in having the Pope's legate received in England, and the establishing the possession of the Church lands by the laity. On the opening of parliament the chancellor recommended the coronation of Philip, and a bill was brought in for the repeal of the attainder of Cardinal Pole. Both measures were passed, and had the royal assent given ten days after the opening of the session, which proves how little opposition Mary and her imperious husband had to dread from their subjects.

[1] Carte, book xvii. p. 313. [2] Idem.

And now in the fourth month of her marriage the queen announced her pregnancy.[1] Te Deum was sung, and orders were given for prayers to be offered up for the child's preservation. A household was named for the expected heir, a cradle provided, and ambassadors named to notify its birth to foreign potentates. Nevertheless, had Mary been forty-nine instead of thirty-nine on her marriage, the likelihood of her giving an heir to the crown could not have been more questioned. It was strongly suspected that the report of her being pregnant was spread to induce her people to bestow the crown on Philip, and as they subsequently saw that the report proved incorrect, they became still more convinced of the justice of their suspicions. Cardinal Pole met the members of both houses of parliament, at Whitehall, on the 28th of November, and having thanked them for repealing his attainder, exhorted them to return to the Church of Rome, their reconciliation with which he was ready to effect, as well as to grant them absolution for all previous errors. This exhortation led to a conference between committees of the lords and commons, an address, moved by both expressing their desire for a reunion with the papal see, was presented to the king and queen, and the legate at their intercession absolved the whole kingdom. And now it was proposed to repeal all statutes against the Pope, the papal supremacy was to be re-established, and the order of spiritual affairs, as they stood previously to the separation from Rome, was to be restored. With this act was joined another fraught with even greater mischief, that for reviving the sanguinary statutes against the Lollards, and for punishing seditious words and rumours, the first offence with the pillory and the loss of an ear, and the second with imprisonment for life. It was pronounced treason to imagine or compass the depriving Philip of the style of King of England, and the publishing that he ought not to enjoy that title exposed the person guilty of so doing to perpetual imprisonment. Nevertheless he was generally spoken of only as "the queen's husband."[2] It was now

[1] Speed, book ix. chap. xxiii. p. 853.

[2] Carte, vol. iii. book xvii. p. 314.

seen that Mary studied only the wishes of Philip. She was not only ready to adopt all his views, but was well-disposed to enforce their adoption by her parliament. Charles V. pressed her to make war against France, but though Secretary Bourne, by Mary's desire, moved the measure in the house of commons, it was rejected, as was likewise the proposal to parliament to grant him money and men to join the emperor in Flanders, both of which there was little doubt he intended ultimately to use against France. Nor was Gardiner's proposition to the Commons to demand a benevolence from all the towns in the realm more successful. This parliamentary resistance to her wishes was highly distasteful to Mary, who had in the early part of the session confidently calculated on having her husband recognised as presumptive heir to the crown, and of having authority vested in him of disposing of the treasure and forces of the kingdom. So far were her hopes defeated that she could not invest him even with the crown of queen's consort, though on the pretence of her being pregnant, she obtained an act for declaring him, in case of her death, protector of the kingdom, and guardian of her child during its minority, if a male until eighteen, or if a female until fifteen. It was generally believed that even this concession to her wishes would not have been accorded, had not it been strongly suspected that she was not really with child, or that she was not likely to bring forth a living offspring. But though this much was accorded, none of the restrictions imposed in the articles of marriage were removed, and the queen and Philip marked their discontent by very unceremoniously dissolving parliament soon after.[1]

Philip now made an effort to acquire some degree of popularity by interceding in favour of Elizabeth, whose release from constraint and presence at court he solicited, as also for the liberty of some gentlemen confined in consequence of the outbreak of Wyatt, and other charges. Gardiner, Elizabeth's old enemy, opposed her liberation for some time; but Philip, with deep policy, renewed his en-

[1] Speed, book ix. chap. xxiii. p. 854.

treaties in her favour, actuated, no doubt, by the notion that in case of the death of Mary, Elizabeth might be rendered serviceable to his views. Such was even then the precarious state of Mary's health, that it required but little prescience to foresee that a long extension of her existence could not be counted on, and he infinitely preferred having Elizabeth as heiress to the English throne to Mary Stuart, who, after her, was next in succession. The Earl of Devonshire was also released from prison, owing to the intercession of Philip, and proceeded to Brussells, where, finding himself narrowly watched, he set out to Italy, and died the following year at Padua—not without suspicion of having been poisoned by the Imperialists. The persecution against Protestants was now renewed with rigour. Dr. Rogers, prebendary of St. Paul's, was burned at the stake at Smithfield on the 4th of February, 1555, and, five days after, Dr. Rowland Taylor met the same terrible death at Hadley; Cadmaker, chancellor of the Church at Wells, and Bradford in London; Bishop Hooper met his death on the 9th of February at Gloucester; and Bishop Farrer, in the following month, in the market-place at Carmarthen. This persecution and cruelty excited such indignation and ill-will in the minds of her subjects against Mary, that she feared to persevere in the raising troops and arming ships to enable her to carry out her desire of coercing her subjects into the admission of Philip as present ruler and future possessor of the kingdom, and of punishing her people for their repeated insults to the Spaniards. A report was now circulated that Mary's *accouchement* might be daily looked for, and on the 30th of April all the bells of London were rang for joy of her delivery of a son. Te Deum was sung at St. Paul's, bonfires were lighted, public feastings, and other demonstrations of satisfaction, were made in all parts of the city. One preacher went so far as to give a particular account of the infant prince,[1] whom he described as a prodigy of beauty, strength, and goodness. The intelligence was even conveyed to Antwerp, and produced rejoicings there, the regent

[1] Speed, book ix. chap. xxiii. p. 854.

having presented one hundred pistoles for the purpose. It turned out, however, that the rumour was utterly void of truth; and although her physicians, desirous to please her, held out hopes that Mary had miscalculated her time, and might look for the event two months later, few, if any, were imposed on, and all that Mary gained was a promise from Philip that he would not leave until she was confined. Her passion for her husband increased until it became a source of positive annoyance to him and a misery to her. It was evident to every one that he desired nothing so much as to leave her, and that he only kept terms with her for the furtherance of his ambitious views on her kingdom. Mary is described as being at this period "very lean, pale, worn, and splenetic, sitting on the ground for hours. Inconsolable at the thought of her husband's departure, and weeping continually." August having arrived, and there being now no prospect of the *accouchement* anticipated in the previous June, Philip determined on joining his father in Flanders. He left Whitehall Palace on the 26th of August, at four in the afternoon, passed through London, on his way to Greenwich, the Pope's legate on his left hand, and the queen following in an open litter, escorted by a hundred archers of the guard. The Princess Elizabeth, who had been some time at court, and who had been compelled to attend the queen at mass, was sent to Greenwich by water, to avoid, as it was said, exciting those demonstrations of popularity which her presence had latterly been wont to call forth, and which were so mortifying to her sister. On the 29th Philip took leave of the queen, promising a speedy return, a promise which he neither desired nor intended to fulfil, and proceeded to Canterbury, where he waited a week for the completion of his equipage,—a mortifying proof that he wished not to spend that time with Mary, who so passionately longed for his company. He did not sail from Dover until the 4th of September, and landed at Calais that night. From Calais he wrote to the queen, recommending Elizabeth to her especial care, and addressed a similar recommendation to the Spaniards, a proof that he already entertained projects relative to her, which after the death of

Mary were further developed. The prolonged absence of Philip, so painfully borne by Mary as to increase her ill health and exasperate her temper, was marked by a renewal of the persecutions which have rendered her name odious to posterity. The terrible death of Cranmer, and the spirit with which he met it, had made a deep impression in the minds of the people; but Mary, thinking only of the protracted stay of her husband in Flanders, which wrung her heart with the pangs of jealousy and grief, and for which she wholly blamed her subjects, attributing it to their withholding from him the privileges he sought, wished to wreak on them the vengeance kindled in her heart. To induce Philip to return she would have sacrificed the best interests of her kingdom, and strenuously set to work to acquire for him the power he so long sought. Rumours of conspiracies, in which the name of the Princess Elizabeth was mixed, were continually circulated by those who wished ill to the princess; and Mary, tortured by what was occurring abroad and at home, knew not on whom to rely for advice or succour. And now, the abdication of the emperor in favour of his son furnished the latter with a good excuse for remaining abroad, of which he failed not to avail himself, until, wearied by Mary's unceasing entreaties for his return, and desirous of urging England into a war with France, he came back to his unloved and unlovely wife on the 20th of March, 1557, and was met by her at Greenwich. But the happiness of Mary on beholding her husband was but of brief duration, for the Duchess of Lorraine, his fair cousin, for whom it was said he entertained a more than cousinly affection, arrived in England, and awakened the jealousy of the unhappy queen, no less by her charms than by the appreciation of them evidently felt by Philip.[1] Many were the instances of jealousy betrayed by Mary to this fair dame, who remained in England

[1] Some authors assert that Christina d'Oldenburgh had been sent to England by Philip to negotiate the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth with the Duke of Savoy, while Philip was absent from England; but Carte notices her visit as if paid while Philip was in England; indeed, as if Christina and the Duchess of Parma had accompanied him.—Carte, book xvii. p. 338.

until the following May. Nor was it the Duchess of Lorraine alone who excited the jealousy of the queen. Philip used all his endeavours to seduce some of the ladies of her court, and failing in his efforts, descended to low intrigues, which were generally animadverted on. The dissatisfaction which he experienced and took no pains to conceal, on finding that his doting wife, however well disposed to forget her duty to her subjects in her blind devotions to his will, could not induce them to adopt the measures she urged, led Philip to leave England again in the summer that followed his last visit. This step produced a renewal of Mary's chagrin, which powerfully affected her health; and although she endeavoured to conceal her sufferings, suppressing every demonstration of torture with a firmness seldom equalled, those around her observed the inroad that disease was making on her life. It is a weakness peculiar to sovereigns when ill to wish to conceal their danger from their subjects, and courtiers seldom fail to flatter this weakness. Mary, who must have felt that her own terrible state of health forbade the hope of a protracted existence, nevertheless took no step to secure the succession to her sister, unless her satisfaction at Elizabeth's rejection of the Swedish offer of marriage, may be deemed a tacit admission of her right to the crown, and when Philip, after the victory at St. Quentin, achieved chiefly, if not wholly, by the military skill and courage of the Prince of Savoy, wished to reward that prince by bestowing on him the hand of Elizabeth, Mary refused to permit any coercion to be used in the affair, and insisted that Elizabeth should be left to decide for herself on so momentous a question. Perhaps she had gained wisdom by her own experience of the danger to a kingdom in its queen having for a husband one whose habits and interests are so wholly at variance with her own.

A better understanding was now established between Mary and Elizabeth. They met much more frequently, exchanged princely hospitalities, and Mary occasionally bestowed some valuable gifts of jewels on her sister. Nor did the various conspiracies, in which the name of Elizabeth was mixed, produce any unfavourable impression on

the mind of Mary. She had either disbelieved the rumours, or learned by experience, that the possession of a crown is not so enviable as to justify severity to the next heir for aspiring to it before it naturally descends to him.

The loss of Calais inflicted a deep wound on the peace of Mary. After the news reached her she drooped apace, and was heard to say, that the loss of Calais so affected her, that when dead if her body should be opened, it would be found written in her heart.[1] Although informed of her declining state, Philip came not to visit his dying wife, a neglect which must have deeply mortified her. Nevertheless, gladly would she have made him her successor to the British throne, had she believed that her subjects would have acquiesced in such a measure.[2] She at length recognised her sister Elizabeth as heiress to the crown; and perhaps there was no act of her reign that afforded so much satisfaction as this last. All anxious to bask in the sunshine of courtly favour flocked around the princess, who thus had a lesson given to her of the instability of the professed devotion of courtiers not likely to be forgotten.

On the 16th of November, 1558, it became evident that Mary's life was drawing rapidly to its close, and on the 17th she expired, after having received the rites of that church, in the support of which she had sanctioned cruelties which have left on it a blot, as well as inflicted an indelible stain on her name and reign.

[1] Speed, book ix. chap. xxiv. p. 836. [2] Carte, book xvii. p. 353.

A NOTICE OF

THE

# LIFE OF ELIZABETH,

## QUEEN REGNANT.

BY F. MANSEL REYNOLDS, ESQ.

THE compiler of a memoir of this sovereign is certainly not compelled to resort to the introduction of any collateral characters or incidents to extend his pages; his difficulty, on the contrary, is to determine what to reject, so abundant are his materials. Numerous writers, foreign as well as native, and many of them possessing great gravity and scholastic tastes, seemingly incompatible to the subject, have, nevertheless, evidently derived a peculiar pleasure from recording and expatiating on the talents, eccentricities, and infirmities of this celebrated ruler. To some disquisitional and ratiocinating minds, there is an irresistible attraction in the employment of deliberately investigating, and studiously endeavouring to comprehend, the seeming discords and real contradictions of an anomalous character, who has largely influenced the fortunes and destiny of a great people. The result of this tendency is, that it would not be easy to find two historical personages who have been more favourite themes of reflecting and philosophical intellects, than *King* Elizabeth, and his successor *Queen* James. Memoir upon memoir, and essay upon essay, have been accumulated upon both these subjects; and the modern compiler of a sketchy biography of either of them, instead of not knowing what to write, is therefore, as we have stated, often puzzled to decide what to omit. In a limited space any attempt at a sequent and developed narrative being consequently impossible, we

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shall merely jostle together such incidents and illustrations as may seem best suited to revive in the reader's mind his recollections and impressions of the inconsistent career of this masculine potentate, and wayward and disagreeable woman.

Such indeed was her character: as a sovereign, she was resolute and sagacious, but personally she was odious. Heartless, treacherous, envious, insatiate of the grossest flattery, coquettish, and vain almost beyond credibility, audacious and brazen, history transmits to us the delineation of no female more unamiable and displeasing. These are measured terms of condemnation, and they are meant to be read strictly *au pied de la lettre;* for certainly it is easy enough to find, in the records of the past, narratives of the crimes of princesses in comparison with which the levities and vices of Elizabeth, may be pronounced to have been almost venial; but "unamiable" and "displeasing" she was in an unsurpassable degree. With many of the angry and domineering qualities of her tyrant father, she united, in her personal intercourse with her courtiers, all the levity, and more than the sexual bias of mind, of her unhappy mother. As a monarch, she was never deficient in head, though she rarely shewed any heart; but in all the circumstances of private life she seemed to have been almost equally devoid of both. Wanton, fantastic, capricious, conceited, frivolous, ridiculous, dancing with joints stiffened by time, and ogling striplings from behind a ridge of wrinkles and a panoply of paint, she was all that even the least rigid man would most abhor to detect in wife, sister, or mother.

But these remarks must be discontinued, for they have reference wholly to either the period of her maturity or to that of her decay; and the very fact of her birth has not yet been averred in these pages. We are gloomily parading the reader round the coffin of the queen, before he has been permitted to obtain even a glimpse of the cradle of the princess.

Elizabeth was the daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, and was born on September 7th, 1533. Shortly afterwards she was created Princess of Wales, and in the following year declared heir to the throne. In 1536, upon

the execution of her mother, her fickle sire, in a fit of antipathy proclaimed her to be illegitimate; but soon partially restored her to his favour, probably through the kind intervention of Lady Jane Seymour. The direct succession to the crown, however, he never again bestowed on her; but willed that it should be contingent upon the deaths, without issue, of, first, her brother Edward, and secondly, her sister Mary. Yet though he had withdrawn from her a partial and unjust preference, he seems to have treated her with kindness; and when she was eleven or twelve years old, gave her the celebrated Roger Ascham for a tutor. In the severely classical and masculine studies in which he engaged her, and in a certain natural congeniality to them in her, may probably be discovered the foundation of much of the singularity of her subsequent career.

During the reign of Edward VI. her life was tranquil enough, the most exciting incident during it, being the attempt of Lord Seymour, the brother of the Duke of Somerset, the Protector, to induce her to marry him, when she was only sixteen years of age. Certainly the celibacy of this sovereign was not in consequence of a want of suitors; excepting Penelope, never lady was so pursued with matrimonial proposals. Courtenay, earl of Devonshire, was a second pretender to the possession of her hand; and then followed a proposition that she should unite herself to the King of Sweden. Subsequently, she was successively importuned to wed, *inter alios*, Philip of Spain, the Earl of Arran, the Dukes of Alençon and Anjou, the Archduke Charles, a son of the Elector Palatine, the Duke of Holstein, the Earl of Arundel, Sir William Pickering, and, at last, *any body;* her parliament promising, in their own name and that of the people, to serve, honour, and obey him faithfully, "whoever he might be." But Elizabeth rejected all their propositions, and asserted and verified in the sequel, her intention to die a spinster. For this strange determination various and contradictory explanations are given. By Hume and many writers it is attributed to political objects, not very obvious or intelligible; while others, with far more appearance of probability, affirm it to have ori-

ginated in a conscious corporeal disqualification for the contingencies of matrimony and childbirth. Fontenelle, with his elegant pleasantry, has imagined another reason, which is certainly well suited to the philosophising, yet voluptuous mind, of the maiden queen. In the "Kingdom of Shadows" the ghost of the Duke of Alençon encounters the ghost of Elizabeth, and the following colloquy occurs:—

"*Le Duc.* Mais pourquoi m'avez vous si longtemps flatté de l'espérance de vous épouser, puisque vous étiez résolue dans l'âme de ne rien conclure?

"*Elizabeth.* J'en ai bien trompé d'autres qui ne valaient pas moins que vous. J'ai été la Pénélope de mon siècle.

"*Le Duc.* Il y a ici de certains morts qui ne tomberaient pas d'accord que vous ressemblassiez tout-à-fait à Pénélope; mais on ne trouve pas de comparaisons qui ne soient défectueuses en quelque point.

"*Elizabeth.* Si vous n'étiez pas encore aussi étourdi que vous l'étiez, et que vous pussiez songer à ce que vous dites ——

"*Le Duc.* Bon, je vous conseille de prendre votre sérieux. Voilà, comme vous avez fait toujours des fanfaronnades, témoin cette grande contrée d'Amérique à laquelle vous fites donner le nom de Virginie, en mémoire de la plus douteuses de tous vos qualités. Ce pays serait assez mal nommé si ce n'était que par bonheur il est dans un autre monde; mais il n'importe, ce n'est pas là de quoi il s'agit. Rendez moi un peu raison de cette conduite mystérieuse que vous avez tenue, et de tous ces projets de mariage qui n'ont abouti à rien. Est-ce que les six mariages de Henri votre père vous apprirent de ne vous point marier?

"*Elizabeth.* Je pourrais m'en tenir à la raison que vous me fournissez. Mais le vrai sécret de ma conduite, c'est que je trouvais qu'il n'y avait rien de plus joli que de former des desseins, de faire des préparations, et de n'exécuter point. Ce qu'on a le plus ardemment désiré, diminue de prix dès qu'on l'obtient, et les choses ne passent point de notre imagination à la réalité, qu'il n'y ait de la perte. Vous venez en Angleterre pour m'épouser; ce ne sont que bals, que fêtes, que réjouissances; je vais même jusqu'à

vous donner un anneau. Jusque-là tout est le plus riant du monde, tout ne consiste qu'en apprêts et en idées; aussi ce qu'il y a d'agréable dans de mariage est déjà épuise. Je m'en tiens là, et je vous renvoie.

"*Le Duc.* Franchement vos maximes ne m'eussent point accommodé; j'eusse voulu quelque chose de plus que des chimères.

"*Elizabeth.* Ah, si l'on ôtait les chimères aux hommes, quel plaisir leur resterait-il? Je vois bien que vous n'aurez pas senti tous les agrémens qui étaient dans votre vie; mais, en vérité, vous êtes bien malheureuse qu'ils aient été perdu pour vous.

"*Le Duc.* Quoi! quels agrémens y avait-il dans ma vie? Rien ne m'a jamais réussi. J'ai pensé quatre fois être roi; cependant je suis arrivé içi sans avoir régné.

"*Elizabeth.* Et voilà ce bonheur dont vous ne vous êtes pas aperçu. Toujours des imaginations, des espérances, et jamais de réalité. Vous n'avez fait que vous préparer à la royauté pendant toute votre vie, comme je n'ai fait pendant toute la mienne que me préparer au mariage.

"*Le Duc.* Mais comme je crois qu'un mariage effectif pouvait vous convenir, je vous avoue qu'une véritable royauté eût été assez de mon goût.

"*Elizabeth.* Les plaisirs ne sont point assez solides pour souffrir qu'on les approfondisse; il ne faut que les effleurer: ils ressemblent à ces terres marécageuses, sur lesquelles on est obligé de courir légèrement, sans y arrêter jamais le pied."

During the reign of Mary, Elizabeth certainly had no opportunity of manifesting the fantastic notions of pleasure and happiness which Fontenelle has so lightly and playfully supposed her to possess; her whole life was but one ceaseless peril and adversity. These harsh trials, however, which are generally so beneficial and mollifying to the heart, made no permanent impression on the unfeminine mind of this energetic princess; and when, in her turn, she obtained the power of persecuting and oppressing, she manifested to another Mary a far greater extent of hate and cruelty than she herself had ever experienced. Yet she must have

undergone sufferings which might have tempted her, one would have thought, to have practised a precept of the scholastic knowledge to which she was so partial, which Virgil puts into the mouth of a lady almost as erring as herself,—

"Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco."

When Mary was necessitated to contend with the rebellion of Northumberland, Elizabeth levied a thousand horse to support her; but little did this attempt at ingratiation avail her. Her religion, and her position in relation to the succession to the crown, were her first offences; by obtaining the predilections of Courtenay, earl of Devonshire, whom Mary is supposed to have been willing to marry, she completed the sum of her unintentional provocations. From this moment the animosity of her sister to her was unbounded and undisguised; and probably her life would have been the victim of it, after Wyatt's insurrection, but for the intercession of her brother-in-law, Philip of Spain. This prince may certainly be said to have preserved her existence; not from affection or humanity, for a more unrelenting bigot and despot never existed, but to prevent the annexation of England to the crown of France,—an event which must have occurred if Mary of Scotland, and wife of the dauphin, had inherited the former kingdom. The dread of this immense accession to the power of the hereditary enemy of Spain, instigated Philip to interpose a constant barrier between Elizabeth and the atrocious malice of his sanguinary wife—a happy accident to which the English are indebted for the most prosperous reign in their history.

The circumspection of this young princess during her long term of trial was great and admirable. To all the machinations of her enemies to entrap her into some act which might serve as a pretext for her condemnation, she opposed an invincible prudence and discretion. When, thinking that she would have been eager to purchase escape from personal danger at any cost or sacrifice, a marriage with the King of Sweden was suggested to her, instead of precipitately accepting the proposal, she cautiously demanded whether her sister had been made acquainted with

it. This inquiry receiving an unsatisfactory reply, she desired that the matter might be formally communicated to Mary, who, though doubtlessly previously possessed of the knowledge, feigned to thank her for her loyal and dutiful information, and to permit her to decide according to her own inclination. Afterwards, when subjected to the more perilous ordeal of an examination into her religious principles, she was undaunted and self-possessed; and being desired to state her sentiments respecting the doctrine of the real presence, she replied, after a momentary consideration,—

> "Christ was the word that spake it,
> He took the bread and break it,
> And what the Word did make it
> That I believe, and take it."

This ingenious subterfuge and jargon seems to have completely perplexed and confounded her malicious interrogators, for we do not hear that they renewed their attempts to entrap her into some avowal which might have conducted her to the stake.

Upon the death of Mary, November 17th, 1558, Elizabeth being then only twenty-five years old, succeeded to the throne of England. Her first public acts were temperate and generous, for though determined to restore the Protestant religion, she shewed no animosity to the Catholics, or vindictiveness to her own previous persecutors. Her toleration was general; all the bishops she received with kindness and affability, with the sole exception of the fell Bonner, that dark and sanguinary miscreant, from whom she indignantly turned with too well-merited manifestations of abhorrence and disgust. She then recalled her ambassador from Rome, prohibited preaching without license and the elevation of the host, and in other ways displayed such an unequivocal determination to suppress the Catholic religion, that her ministers found great difficulty in obtaining the assistance of a prelate to crown her. When, however, that ceremony had been performed, and her title to the throne acknowledged by a parliament, she confirmed all Edward's statutes relating to religion, appointed herself

governess of the Church, and then abolished the mass and restored the liturgy. Those great and hazardous changes, the least of which in unskilful hands might have created a civil war and overthrown a dynasty, were effected by Elizabeth without any resort to violence on her part, or any agitation amounting to disturbance or the part of her Catholic subjects. To complete fully his estimate of the difficulty of this vigorous and dexterous deed, the reader must recall to mind the years and sex of the perpetrator of it; and then, however distasteful to him may be the character of Elizabeth as a woman, he will readily admit that as a ruler she must have been endowed with many eminently appropriate qualities and talents.

Lord Bacon relates that, on the morrow after her coronation, "It being the custom to release prisoners at the inauguration of a prince, Elizabeth went to the chapel, and in the great chamber one of her courtiers, who was well known to her, either out of his own motion, or by the instigation of a wiser man, presented her with a petition; and, before a great number of courtiers, besought her with a loud voice, 'That now this good time there might be four or five more principal prisoners released; these were the four Evangelists, and the apostle St. Paul, who had been long shut up in an unknown tongue, as it were in a prison, so as they could not converse with the common people.' The queen answered very gravely, 'That it was best first to inquire of them whether they would be released or no.'"

This was the character of all her alterations and amendments, at the present, and during a long subsequent period; she did nothing precipitately or capriciously; but before the enactment of any important measure, was always careful to learn whether the people "would or no." This commendation, however, is very far from being intended to apply to the whole of her career; for many were the despotic acts she afterwards committed; and she burthened the nation with the most distressing monopolies and patents, which were far more injurious to them than the heaviest taxes, and certainly without previously demanding their "yea or nay." Camden mentions, that "after the death of John

Basilides, his son, Theodore, revoked the privilege which the English enjoyed as sole possessors of the Russian trade. When the queen remonstrated against this innovation, he told her ministers, that 'princes must carry an indifferent hand as well between their subjects as between foreigners; and not convert trade, which by the laws of nations ought to be common to all, into a monopoly for the private gain of a few.'" To which statement Hume subjoins the following judicious remark: "So much juster notions of commerce were entertained by this barbarian than appear in the conduct of the renowned Queen Elizabeth!" But this impolicy originated in no want of circumspection or deliberation, but in the detestable egotism of her character: she felt that a frequent application to parliament for subsidies would give to that body an influence in her councils; and selfishly, therefore, she resolved to sacrifice the nation's interest to her own haughty and arrogant love of independence, even when disastrous and illegitimate.

In the year 1559 occurred the commencement of Elizabeth's tyrannical intercourse with the unfortunate Mary queen of Scots. Originally some foundation existed for an animosity which was afterwards, and for so many years, sustained by a sorry feminine spite and vanity. Mary had tolerated, if not encouraged, the asseverations of her partisans, that her claim to the throne of England was preferable to that of her masculine and powerful rival. She had also been rash enough to commit the still graver offence of assuming the arms of England, and quartering them on all her equipages and liveries; and maintaining and justifying this act, when remonstrances were addressed to her, Elizabeth clearly saw that it was personal to herself, or else why had it not been perpetrated during the reign of her sister? Consequently it could only be viewed as an indication of an intention to question the legitimacy of her birth, on the first favourable opportunity, and to dispute her right to the throne. *Inde iræ:* these were provocations sufficient to engender in the selfish and energetic mind of Elizabeth a mortal hatred.

Thus, by personal rancour, public policy, and religious

bias, she was incited to interfere in the affairs of Scotland, and to give her strongest support to the Protestants of that country. When, therefore, emissaries were despatched to her by the leaders of the Congregation, to solicit from her succour, she gladly granted it, and equipped a fleet, which she ordered to co-operate with Mary's rebellious subjects. The result of this alliance was the defeat of the Scotch and French Catholics, and the execution of a treaty of peace, in which, among other important concessions, Mary was made to stipulate to abstain from bearing the arms of England. But Mary, as long as her husband, Francis II. lived, refused to ratify the proceeding of her ambassadors; and though after his death, which occurred in 1560, she desisted from assuming any longer the arms, she refused to forego her claim to them.

In recording any of the political incidents of this reign, we repeat that our purpose is not historical; we merely select for narration such public acts as seem most suited to elucidate the intricate and inconsistent character of this anomalous princess. Of Sylla it was said, that he was *impar sibi;* but of the subject of our comments, it may almost be affirmed that she had two distinct and opposite natures, one wise, and the other silly. This renewed reprehension is elicited by the consciousness that we must now pass from the consideration of her public, to that of her private character; and recount what may be termed her "grand amours" with two or three, and her "less amours" with a multitude. This is not a pleasant occupation; and before it is commenced, we will again say what we can to subtract from her culpability.

If Elizabeth is not to be considered as a woman of unbounded and detestable vanity, with no sexual passions, but with an eminently sexual bent of *mind*, her domestic career can only be explained by supposing her to have been one of the most deliberately profligate and vicious of sovereigns. Now, it is perfectly true, that this last view may be entertained; many foreign writers have spoken of her as being inordinately sensual and licentious; and if her own subjects have generally been more sparing in their censure,

their silence and omissions *may* be attributed to the unbounded subserviency to regality which then existed. Unlimited indeed, and painful and humiliating to posterity to read, was the extent of complaisance entertained for thrones in that day, when men may almost be supposed to have feared even to *think* the truth of one of whom poets wrote "there is a divinity doth hedge a king," and whom the prosaic believed to have possessed a divine right and mission. Yet deep-rooted as was the national servility, how brief was the time required to eradicate it, and to substitute an equally exaggerated disrespect and animosity! But though this contrast is striking, and forces one to reflect, as Candide and Pangloss say, "on the mutability of all sublunary affairs," yet it is but the common and natural consequence of extremes. Elizabeth, like Louis XIV. carried imperial rule and personal despotism to perfection. James, like Louis XV., strove as wilfully and obstinately, but not as skilfully and successfully, to walk in the same path; and the third generations of both, inheritors and imitators of their predecessors' policy and principles, perished on the scaffold, to introduce plebeian insolence and despotism, the reign of what Dryden designates in one of his noble lines, the

> "Scum,
> That rises upmost when the nation boils."

But though it is possible to regard Elizabeth as a debauched and utterly unprincipled woman, it would *not* be possible, under this view, to reconcile all the inconsistencies of her character, and make a unison of her discords. But if she be admitted to have been very clever, and very heartless, yet mentally sexual, and possessed and irritated by a voracious and insatiate vanity, which could only be appeased by the grossest food from *men*, the riddle, of which the innumerable complications have not been half displayed, is solved, and Elizabeth stands intelligibly before the mind, draped much after Fontenelle's delineation, but the materials somewhat more coarse.

> "Nature well known, no prodigies remain;
> Comets are regular, and Wharton plain."

For the sake of truth, therefore, and for the sake, too, of the delicacy of our readers, we will again affirm our belief that Elizabeth's historical "amours" were but flirtations; stupid, ridiculous, and most reprehensible, yet still only flirtations. Having thus, we trust, demonstrated this our persuasion, we shall now proceed, with diminished diffidence, to narrate some of the many disagreeable passages in the life of our wilful and unexemplary queen.

The affair of Raleigh and his cloak is universally known; and we shall therefore prefer to relate some incidents connected with her partiality to Leicester, which are not equally generally notorious. Sir James Melville, the ambassador of Mary at the court of Elizabeth, was an observing man, well skilled in the world, and an accomplished courtier. He had been selected by his mistress for this office as a sort of spy upon the weaknesses of her rival; and also as a suitable person to ingratiate himself with her, and thus qualify himself to promote a good understanding between the two queens. How competent he was for observation, the following extracts from his work will shew:—

"The ceremony of creating Lord Robert Dudley earl of Leicester was performed at Westminster with great solemnity, the queen herself helping to put on his robes, he sitting with his knees before her with a great gravity: but she could not refrain from putting her hand in his neck, smilingly tickling him; the French ambassador and I standing by." He subsequently adds, "The queen, my mistress, had instructed me to leave matters of gravity sometimes, and cast in merry purposes, lest otherwise I should be wearied; she being well informed of that queen's natural temper. Therefore, in declaring my observations of the customs of Dutchland, Poland, and Italy, the buskins of the women were not forgot, and what country weed I thought best becoming gentlewomen. The queen said, she had clothes of every sort; which, every day thereafter so long as I was there, she changed. One day, she had the English weed, another the French, and another the Italian, and so forth. She asked me, which of them became her best? I answered, in my judgment, the Italian dress; which answer I found

pleased her well; for she delighted to shew her golden-coloured hair, wearing a caul and bonnet as they do in Italy. Her hair was more reddish than yellow, and curled in appearance naturally. She desired to know of me what coloured hair was reputed best? and whether my queen's hair or hers was best? and which of them two was fairest? I answered, the fairness of them both was not their worst faults. But she was earnest with me to declare which of them both was fairest? I said that she was the fairest queen in England, and mine in Scotland. Yet she appeared in earnest; I answered that they were both the fairest ladies in their countries; that her majesty was whiter, but my queen was very lovely. She inquired which of them was of higher stature? I said, my queen. Then, said she, she is too high; for I, myself, am neither too high nor too low."

Having learned from Melville that his mistress sometimes recreated herself by playing on the harpsichord, an instrument on which she herself excelled, she gave orders to Lord Hunsden that he should lead the ambassador, as it were casually, into an adjoining room, where he might overhear her perform. When Melville, as if ravished with the harmony, broke into the queen's chamber, she pretended to be displeased with his intrusion; but soon, affecting to be appeased, demanded of him whether she or Mary best performed on that instrument?

On another opportunity, she was equally ridiculous before the ambassadors of Holland. The incident is thus related by Du Maurier:—

"Prince Maurice, being one day in a pleasant humour, told my father that Queen Elizabeth was, as the rest of her sex, so weak as to love to be thought handsome. That the States, having sent to her a famous embassy, composed of the most considerable men, and, among others, a great many young gentlemen; one of them having, at the first audience, steadfastly stared at the queen, turned to an Englishman, whom he had known in Holland, and said, that he could not conceive why people spoke so slightingly of the queen's beauty; that they did her great wrong; that he liked her extremely; and added many far stronger and less

delicate expressions of admiration; and all the while he spoke, he gazed from time to time rapturously on her, and then again turned to the Englishman. Elizabeth, whose eyes were more fixed on these private persons than on the ambassadors, as soon as the audience was finished, sent for her English subject, and commanded him, under pain of her displeasure, to tell her precisely what the Hollander had said to him; for she was quite assured, by the manner and gestures of both, that she had been the subject of their conversation. The gentleman for a long time hesitated to comply, alleging that only trifles were spoken, equally unworthy and unfit to be communicated to her majesty; but Elizabeth peremptorily persisting, he was at length compelled to tell her the love which the Dutchman expressed for her person, and the very phrases in which his admiration was conveyed. The result of this affair was, that each ambassador was presented with a gold chain worth two hundred pounds; and each of their retinue with one worth twenty-five pounds; but the Hollander who had lauded the queen's beauty in language which cannot be repeated, received a gold chain worth four hundred pounds, which chain he wore about his neck as long as he lived."[1]

In Sir Walter's Scott's "History of Scotland" is a passage which records her vanity with such whimsical gravity, that it must be transferred to these pages in his own words:—

"Throughout her whole reign, Queen Elizabeth, pre-eminent as a sovereign, had never been able to forbear the assertion of her claims as a wit and as a beauty. When verging to the extremity of life, her mirror presented her with hair too grey and features too withered to reflect, even in her own opinion, the features of that fairy queen of immortal youth and beauty, in which she had been painted by one of the most charming poets of that poetic age. She avenged herself by discontinuing the consultation of her looking-glass, which no longer flattered her, and exchanged that monitor of the toilet for the false, favourable, and pleasing

[1] Abridged from "Les Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de Hollande," 1680.

reports of the ladies who attended her. This indulgence of vanity brought, as usual, its own punishment. The young females who waited upon her turned her pretensions into ridicule; and, if the report of the times is true, ventured even to personal insult, by misplacing the cosmetics which she used for the repair of her faded charms, sometimes daring to lay on the royal nose the carmine which ought to have embellished the cheeks."[1]

This statement of sorry, but ludicrous absurdity, recalls to mind the lines of Swift:—

"Three colours, black, and red, and white,
So graceful in their proper place,
Removed on to a different site,
Form a most frightful, hideous face:
For instance, when the lily skips
Into the precincts of the rose,
And takes possession of the lips,
Leaving the *carmine* to the nose."

And also the epigram of Prior:—

"From her own native France, as old Alison pass'd,
She reproach'd English Nell with neglect, or with malice,
That the slattern had left, in her hurry and haste,
Her lady's complexion and eyebrows at Paris."

Scarcely can it be believed that the individual who has just been exhibited in forms at once so ridiculous and re-

[1] Sir Walter Scott's "History of Scotland," vol. ii. "Queen Elizabeth seems to have been a favourite comic theme with this great and good man. In one of his letters, he mentions the rapturous and almost perennial fits of laughter into which he and his family were thrown by a friend's transmission to him of a drawing of Queen Elizabeth, representing her dancing, according to Melville's statement, 'high and disposedly.' He writes, in reply, 'The inimitable virago came safe, and was welcomed by the inextinguishable laughter of all who looked upon the capricoles.' Mr. Lockhart adds, 'That this production of Mr. Sharpe's pencil, and the delight with which Scott used to expatiate on its merits, must be well remembered by every one who used to visit the poet at Abbotsford."—LOCKHART'S *Life of Scott*. What may be the sentiments of the many, the writer of this note certainly cannot pretend to determine; but, speaking for himself, he can declare that there are few things could occasion him more amusement than the sight of a drawing cleverly executed, representing Elizabeth in her private chamber, dancing "high and disposedly."

pulsive, can, under another phase, have extorted from even a Jesuit the following exalted praise:—

"Elizabeth is one of those extraordinary persons whose very name imprints in one's mind so great an idea that the noblest descriptions that are given of her are much below it. Never crowned head understood better how to govern, nor made fewer false steps, during so long a reign. Charles the Fifth's friends could easily reckon his mistakes; but Elizabeth's foes were reduced to invent them for her. Thus, in her is verified this of the Gospel, 'That often the children of this world are more prudent in their views and aims than the children of light.' Elizabeth's design was to reign, govern, and be mistress; to keep her people in obedience, and her neighbours in awe; affecting neither to weaken her subjects nor to encroach on foreigners, yet never suffering any to lessen that supreme power which she equally knew how to maintain by policy or force; for none at that time had more wit, management, and penetration than she. She understood not the art of war; yet knew so well how to breed excellent soldiers, that England had never seen a greater number, or more experienced, than those which existed during her reign."[1]

Yet of this great and penetrating sovereign was Lord Robert Dudley for many years the declared favourite. He had even great influence in her councils, though as utterly unworthy of public as of her private distinction. Proud, insolent, selfish, ambitious, deficient in generosity, honour, and humanity, and atoning for none of his vices by the possession of either talent or courage, he contrived to blind and sway the queen solely by the charms of his person, address, and carriage. Such was her infatuation that, during a large portion of her reign, he was in constant hope of becoming her husband; and to obtain this great object of his selfish desires, he was supposed to have murdered a lady whom he had privately married. This is the man, odious as he was, whom Elizabeth had the craft to propose to be united to Mary, well knowing that that unfortunate sove-

[1] "Histoire des Révolutions d'Angleterre," tom. ii. Paris, 1693.

reign would never descend to so unequal and ignoble an alliance. But with this offer was connected one amusing feature; the excessive fear of Leicester lest the proposition should be accepted. He was furious against Cecil, with whom he believed it to have been originated, as a wily scheme intended to have made him equally distasteful to both princesses. But the truth is, that Elizabeth, in spite of all her partiality, valuing him somewhat differently from what he valued himself, was the real concocter of the project, well assured that it would never be realised. It is this knowledge of his perfect security which imparts such a ludicrous air to Leicester's profound consternation and apprehension.[1]

Elizabeth, though usually only too full of dissimulation and chicanery, never abounded more in these detestable qualities than during the whole long term of her negotiation and intercourse with Mary. Artifice followed artifice; affected urgency only cloaked real opposition; when she seemed to hasten, she was only labouring to retard; and the expression of a wish to be circumspect was only the mask for some incentive to precipitancy. In fact, her whole life was one continued stratagem in dealing with any whom she disliked; and great must have been the ability of those who could have discriminated her true objects from her false representations. For years, by her treacherous and malignant manœuvres, she contrived to prevent the re-marriage of a youthful and royal widow, who possessed certainly none of her own incapacity and dislike for wedlock, and who had a greater number of *real* suitors than probably even Elizabeth herself had ever attracted. No doubt that, with regard to some of the candidates, political reasons existed to render an English sovereign reluctant that they should obtain the hand of the Scottish queen; Don John of Austria, for instance, would have been but a sorry neigh-

[1] This conduct reminds one of the moral of the epigram recorded by Grimm:

"Voudriez vous faire bientôt
Une fortune immense et pourtant légitime,
Achetez La Harpe à ce qu'il vaut,
Et le vendre à ce qu'il s'estime."

bour for the British crown. But even when the proposition was made to her that Mary should be united to Darnley, a match to which no public obstructions existed, the rancorous opposition and finesse were not only not suspended, but appeared to be augmented.

The subject of marriages was indeed a fruitful source of torment to her: the very possibility of any body connected with the royal blood of England, or of any favourite of herself, daring even to contemplate wedlock, seems to have had the power of rendering her almost insane with wrath and malice. This morbid state of mind was the cause of her cruel treatment of the unhappy Lord Hertford and his consort Lady Catherine Grey. Her conduct to these distinguished persons was atrocious: she fined them ruinously, committed them to the Tower, and detained the husband in captivity during nine years, without even attempting to allege against them the commission of the smallest crime, excepting that gravest and blackest in her distorted vision—wedlock. In the case of the union between Mary and Darnley, she was not equally arbitrary, because she had less power of injury, and probably also on account of the division of her opinions on the subject. She knew that Mary would and must ultimately marry: how, therefore, could she hope to find for her a consort more likely to coincide with the interests of the British crown than an English noble and subject? Such a marriage not only brought no foreign strength or influence to the Scots, but it gave to her rival a husband over whom she must always have been enabled to exert a personal influence. In all her negotiations, therefore, connected with this union, she was more than usually paradoxical and mendacious. As a ruler, she could not but feel that she desired it; but as a weak, vain, and envious woman, she abhorred to see another, especially one whom she chose to view as her arch enemy, obtaining that which she deemed to be an advantage and an enjoyment, and from the possession of which she knew that nature had debarred herself. Her feelings may be supposed to have been somewhat akin to those which are represented to have belonged to Asiatic despots, who have not arrived to the throne and the pleni-

tude of barbarian power until they have been deprived, by the sanguinary policy of their predecessors, of what they esteem as the chief means of self-indulgence.

The truth is, that if any one of the present day desires to acquire an entire knowledge of Elizabeth, he must search for it not only among the English and Scotch, but among foreign contemporary writers. The ambassadors of these times were the most wily and insinuating of men, and the most acute and cautious of spies; and there is no doubt that they obtained information at the courts to which they were accredited, often not accessible even to the most influential of the natives. Imagine how profoundly subtle must be the man who would be selected by such a woman as Catherine de Medici to be her emissary at a state over which presided such a woman as Elizabeth! From these men proceeded, especially after the death of the latter, many valuable particulars and disclosures, all of which were recorded by the continental authors; and, to name only three, he who has not perused Du Maurier, Leti, and principally Bayle, has not a complete notion of this extraordinary princess.

Her conduct in relation to the contemplated marriage of herself with two successive Dukes of Anjou was in complete accordance with the determination she expressed to Melville and so many others, "that she was resolved to die a virgin." It is evident that she never had the smallest intention to unite herself to either of them; though, to establish this opinion in his mind, the reader must not limit himself to a consultation of the pages of Hume. This great historian reveals that, with regard to the elder duke, the whole negotiation was equally a stratagem both on the part of Catherine and Elizabeth; but with regard to the second, he seems to think that her affections were involved, though the object of them was, what he does not state, "a *very* ugly man." The most amusing feature of this grand contention of wile between two such illustrious practitioners as the queen-mother of France and the maiden-ruler of England is, that each being far too clever to fail, only succeeded by each cheating the other. The object of Catherine was to prevent suspicion arising in the mind of either Elizabeth or the

Huguenots of her sanguinary resolutions with regard to the latter, by courting the alliance of a Protestant princess for her son. The object of Elizabeth, in responding to the snare, was the knowledge that she could render it the means of weakening the ties between France and Scotland, and of intimidating Spain. The purposes of both the arch-deceivers were obtained, and both, therefore, were mutual dupes; yet one would have thought that either of two such persons might safely have said to the other, what Grimbald demands of Philidel,—

"Wouldst thou, a devil, hope to cheat a devil?"

After even the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew, still the scheming queen would not manifest her horror and disgust for the diabolical perpetrators; but rather than offend France utterly, and appear isolated to Spain, she consented that an attempt should be commenced to negotiate a marriage between her and the Duke of Alençon, the younger brother of her previous suitor. This affair languished for no less a term than nine years; when Alençon himself, who had succeeded to the title of Anjou, and *was*, probably, innocent—being restless, weak, and ambitious—sent over an ambassador to plead his suit, preparatory to his own visit to England. This emissary, whose name was Simier, seems to have been a clever, specious man, and completely qualified to fool the queen "to the top of her bent." So entirely did he succeed, that at last even the jealousy of Leicester, who had now been the predominant favourite for so many years, was aroused, and he began to fear that the affections of the queen had really been won for either the agent or the principal. To render the former, if not both, odious, Leicester spread a report that Simier had gained an ascendant over her majesty, not by natural means, but by incantations and love-potions. In revenge for this libel, the object of it communicated to the queen, what none had hitherto dared to disclose to her, that Leicester had committed no less heinous an iniquity than that of having married, without his sovereign's knowledge, the widow of the Earl of Essex. This was touching Elizabeth on her sore, or rather her mad, point. Her fury was awful: she threatened to confine the criminal in the Tower; and why she

did not execute her threat, seems now quite inexplicable. The consequence of this recrimination on the part of Simier was such a feud between him and Leicester that the latter is supposed to have employed an assassin to rid him of his enemy. As soon as the report of this sanguinary intention reached the queen, she issued a proclamation taking the French minister under her immediate protection; so cleverly had this wily man ingratiated himself with one who had an irresistible affection for all the idlest and emptiest gallantries and levities.

At last, the principal himself arrived in London; and though, as we have stated, he was her favourite aversion, a *very* ugly man, she assumed towards him such an attitude as could not fail to make him believe that ultimately she would bestow upon him her hand. A succession of balls and courtly festivities perpetually ensued; the people were deceived as well as the lover; and a citizen wrote an angry attack on majesty, entitled "The Gulph in which England will be swallowed by the French marriage." The writer was apprehended, tried, and sentenced to lose his right hand as a libeller; but such was the courage, and such the almost slavish loyalty of the man, that as soon as the sentence had been executed, with his left hand he grasped his hat, waved it round his head, and shouted, "God save the queen!"

Robertson says, "Elizabeth had long amused the French court by carrying on a treaty of marriage with the Duke of Alençon, the king's brother. But whether, at the age of forty-five, she really intended to marry a prince of twenty,[1] whether the pleasure of being flattered and courted made her listen to the addresses of so young a lover, or whether considerations of interest predominated in this as well as in every other transaction of her reign, are problems in history which we are not concerned to resolve. During the progress of this negotiation, which was drawn out to an extraordinary length, Mary could expect no assistance from the French court, and seems to have held little correspondence with it; and there was no period in her reign wherein Elizabeth enjoyed more perfect security."

[1] He was born March 18th, 1554, therefore at the present period, 1581-2, was about twenty-six years old.

All these suppositions are most sensible and probable, and if we add to them the fact that for a time Elizabeth greatly feared that if rejected, her suitor would have married the daughter of Philip, we find at once her motives for the performance of this amatory farce. But farce, as well as tragedy, must have its last act, for the sake of both actors and spectators; and as soon as Elizabeth found that she had thoroughly wearied both herself and others, she dropped the curtain on an exhibition which had been sustained for simply *ten* years, and gave the cajoled and unfortunate duke his *congé*. He walked down the stairs expressing, very naturally, unbounded disgust; and railing vehemently against the inconstancy of women in general, and of islanders in particular. A ring which the royal jilt had given him he cast from him in his wrath, then fled the country, repaired to the Netherlands, whence he was soon expelled; returned to France, and there died, the dupe, if not the victim, of a ruthless intrigante and coquette.

Of the public incidents of this reign we shall take no further notice. The destruction of the Spanish Armada is a tale known by heart, and the other great event, the decapitation of Mary, is almost equally notorious. We shall, therefore, merely report what a pious and benevolent pope remarked upon the latter subject.

Pope Sixtus, having caused the Count de Popoli to be beheaded, rejoiced with his favourites at having obtained the head of a count. But when he was acquainted with what had befallen in England, he began to esteem nothing in the world to be compared, either in felicity or greatness, to Queen Elizabeth; of whom, as if he bemoaned the conquests of Alexander, he said, "O beata fœmina, che a gustata il piacer di far saltare une testa coronata!"[1]

We shall now resume Elizabeth's personal history. Three of her chiefly distinguished lovers being now disposed of, we have only to deal with the last and most influential—Essex. Robert Devereux, who bore this title, which he rendered tragically celebrated, was born in 1567, conse-

[1] "O blessed woman, who has tasted the bliss of chopping off a crowned head!"—D'Aubigné, *Histoire Universelle.*

quently was thirty-four years younger than Elizabeth. Though Leicester never entirely acquired her favour after the revelation to her of his marriage, it was not until after his death that Essex seems to have laid any hold upon the partiality of the queen. In 1591, when she confided to him the command of the expedition despatched to support Henry IV. he had evidently attracted her favourable notice; but in 1597, when Lord Effingham was intrusted by her with secret orders to prevent Essex from exposing himself to the chief risk in the attack upon Cadiz, her predilection had become so strong that she seems not even to have possessed the decent desire to disguise it: yet at this time she had nearly perfected thirteen lustres, or, in other words, had just arrived at the sober age of sixty-five. Through all stages of society may occasionally be seen the disagreeable spectacle of women with ill-regulated minds, whose lives have been wholly worldly and heartless, beaming in the decline of their day, unboundedly and most self-tormentingly infatuated with regard to some stripling. This was Elizabeth's painful lot and exemplary doom; she who had never felt at all, when feeling would have been natural and respectable, was the morbid and wretched prey of an amorous delusion of the head, when time had rendered any sexual demonstration in her most undignified, irrational, and indecent. The *turpis senectus* so often exhibited among the ancients has never, perhaps, had a more humiliating illustration among the moderns.

In the pages of Hume may be found so interesting and graphic an account of the whole intercourse between Elizabeth and Essex, of all her wilfulness and weakness, and all his excesses and temerities, that we shall abstain from a repetition of the well-known tale; limiting ourselves to merely reminding the reader that this preposterous attachment was brought to its tragical conclusion by an incident in every respect worthy of it,—her refusal to renew his patent for the sale of sugared wines. All the preceding provocations and contumelies of his besotted, but incensed mistress, he had borne with an heroic equanimity; but this bitter prohibition of his sweets entirely derationalised him, and

converted his studious forbearance into insane rebellion. But instead of following, *totidem verbis*, his frantic career, we shall merely make a few quotations which are connected with it, and which seem to develope still further the personal character of Elizabeth.

Lord Bacon, great as he was intellectually, had certainly but little resolution, and was a most supple courtier. His conduct with regard to the unfortunate Essex in the hour of his disgrace was unmanly and discreditable. Even, however, in those days of unbounded sycophancy, his selfish attempts to ingratiate himself with Elizabeth, by the shameless sacrifice of his generous friend and patron, seem to have entailed upon him the public condemnation; for he wrote an "Apology in certain Imputations concerning the late Earl of Essex," to justify himself. In this document are many curious passages illustrative of the infirmities of the wayward and imperious queen, and of the humiliating subserviency she obtained from her subjects. Bacon pretends that in all his seeming hostility to the disgraced peer, he was an unvoluntary agent; and that he was perpetually striving to deprecate the wrath of her majesty. He states that he does well remember that after the Earl of Devonshire was appointed by her to the office of lord lieutenant of Ireland, he said to her, "'Surely, madam, if you mean not to employ my Lord of Essex thither again, your majesty cannot make a better choice,' and was going on to shew some reason, and her majesty interrupted me with great passion.

"'Essex!' said she; 'whensoever I send Essex back again into Ireland I will *marry* you: claim it of me.'"

"Still harping on my daughter!" Here is another instance of Elizabeth's feelings with regard to marriage, and of the singular infatuation with which she was always dwelling on this tormenting bugbear of her imagination.

He then proceeds to argue how great must have been his intercessions in favour of the earl, for that they were sufficient to offend her; and the *proof* that she had received offence, was, that when he went to her "divers times upon law business, *methought* that her face was not so clear and open to me, as it was at the first."

Again, as an additional proof of his constancy to the fallen, he adds:—

"About that time her majesty, taking a liking of my pen, for that which I had formerly done concerning the proceedings at York house, commanded me to pen that book,[1] which was published for the better satisfaction of the world, which I did, but so as never secretary had more particular and express directions and instructions in every point how to guide my hand in it; and not only so, but after that I had made a first draught thereof, and propounded it to certain principal counsellors by her majesty's appointment, it was perused, weighed, censured, and altered, and made almost a new writing, according to their lordships' better consideration, wherein their lordships and myself both were as religious and curious of truth as desirous of satisfaction, and myself, indeed, only gave words, and form of style, in perusing their direction. After it had passed their allowance, it was again exactly perused by the queen herself, and some alterations made again by her appointment; nay, and after it was set to print, the queen, who, as your lordship knoweth, as she was excellent in great matters, so was she exquisite in small, noted that I could not forget my ancient respect to my lord of Essex, in terming him ever *my lord of Essex*, *my lord of Essex*, almost in every page of the book, which she thought not fit, but would have it made *Essex*, or the *late Earl of Essex*, whereupon of force it was printed *de novo*, and the first copies suppressed by her peremptory commandment."

Was ever a more lame, impotent, and lawyer-like plea? But the object of its quotation here is certainly not to criminate Bacon, but to shew, in the most characteristic manner, the universal peremptoriness and wilfulness of this authoritative and wayward sovereign. Nothing was too large or too small, too wide or too narrow, to escape her supervision and imperious interference. A curious extract from the pages of Hentzner, a traveller cited by Hume, shall now be laid before the reader; and we imagine we shall then have finally demonstrated that a residence at

[1] "The Declaration of the Treasons of Lord Essex."

the court of Elizabeth could neither have been very pleasant nor at all encouraging to a man of sense, of feeling, and self-respect.

"No one spoke to Queen Elizabeth without kneeling, though now and then she raised some with waving her hand. Nay, wherever she turned her eyes every one fell on his knees. Even when she was absent, those who covered her table, though persons of quality, neither approached it, nor retired from it without kneeling, and that often three times."

This was not a school in which to have reared high-minded and honest men. The intensity of their emulation stimulated the talents of her ministers and courtiers; the state and its mistress had brilliant and indefatigable servants; but among them all Diogenes might have failed to discover the object of his search.

We shall now extract from the pages of Bayle, the account of her death, and the occasion of it:—

"After the execution of the Earl of Essex, the queen was a pretty long time as merry as before, particularly during the embassie of Mareschal de Biron. Therefore 'tis very likely, that if she died for grief upon account of the Earl of Essex, 'twas not so much because she had put him to death, as because she came to know that he had recurr'd to her clemency in such a way as she had promised him would never fail. M. du Maurier will explain us this little mystery:—It will neither be needless, says he, nor disagreeable, to add here what the same Prince Maurice had from Mr. Carleton, the English ambassador in Holland, who died secretary of state, so much known under the name of Lord Dorchester, a man of very great merit, viz.—That Queen Elizabeth gave a ring to the Earl of Essex, in the height of her passion, bidding him to keep it well; and that whatever he might do, she would forgive him, if he sent her back the same ring. The earl's enemies having since prevailed with the queen (who, besides, was provoked by the earl's contempt of her beauty, which decayed through age), she caused him to be tryed for his life; and in the time of his condemnation, still expected that he would return her that ring, when she might pardon him according to her pro-

mise. The earl, in the last extremity, had recourse to the wife of Admiral Howard, his kinswoman, and entreated her, by means of a person he trusted, to deliver that ring into the queen's own hands; but her husband, one of the earl's mortal enemies, to whom she imprudently revealed it, having hindred her from performing her message, the queen consented to his death, full of indignation against so haughty and fierce a man, who chose rather to die than fly to her clemency. Some time after, the admiral's lady being fallen sick and given over by her physicians, sent the queen word that she had a secret of great importance to disclose to her before she died. The queen being come to her bedside, and having caused every body to withdraw, the admiral's lady delivered to her preposterously that ring from the Earl of Essex, excusing her not delivering it sooner, because her husband would not let her. The queen withdrew instantly, struck with a mortal grief, passing fifteen days sighing, without taking any sustenance, laying herself down on her bed with her cloaths on, and getting up a hundred times in the night. At last she famished and grieved herself to death, for having consented to the death of her lover, who had recurr'd to her mercy."

Thus died a woman, who, with all her levity and lack of modesty, is yet most probably entitled to demand of posterity to inscribe on her tomb, "*Here lies a virgin queen;*" though posterity, or at least the austere portion of it, may, in acceding to her claim, feel disposed to stipulate, that the orthography of the last word shall be changed, and that it shall be written "quean." Even in her own day, such was the opinion of some of the Puritans; but widely different were the impressions she left in the minds of the many. As a specimen of the unbounded admiration which her subjects continued to express for her after her death, we will extract from old Camden a species of epitaph, which he composed for her. We print it as we find it in the original folios, determined that the encomiastic antiquary shall not be deprived by us of any of his loyal intentions to be emphatic.

"Alas! how inconsiderable is her monument in comparison of the noble qualities of so heroical a lady! She

herself is her own monument, and a more magnificent and sumptuous one than any other. For let these noble actions recommend her to the praise and admiration of posterity :— RELIGION REFORMED, PEACE ESTABLISHED, MONEY REDUCED TO ITS TRUE VALUE, A MOST COMPLEAT FLEET BUILT, OUR NAVAL GLORY RESTORED, REBELLION SUPPRESSED, ENGLAND FOR XLIII. YEARS TOGETHER MOST PRUDENTLY GOVERNED, ENRICHED, AND STRENGTHENED, SCOTLAND RESCUED FROM THE FRENCH, FRANCE ITSELF RELIEVED, THE NETHERLANDS SUPPORTED, SPAIN AND IRELAND QUIETED, AND THE WHOLE WORLD TWICE SAILED ROUND."

Yet, after all, we must not be too prone to be perpetually lauding her political sagacity and conduct. Her success and glory were probably as much the effect of chance as of talent. Not by benevolent objects wisely adopted and resolutely pursued, but by accidents of temper and disposition, she happened to be the ruler for her time. If her people had not been as pliant and servile, as she was wilful and imperious, instead of an increase of the national power, rebellion and ruin must have occurred. If her actions be closely investigated, the sources of the public prosperity will be found more in her vices than in her virtues; yet during her reign, England obtained so vast an advance in the European system, that not only her own subjects, but succeeding generations, have been unable to scan her excepting through an atmosphere of light which dazzles and confuses their judgment. Even the philosophical and dispassionate Hume is repeatedly yielding to what may be termed an hereditary incitement to commend extravagantly her talents for empire; and the consequence is that he is constantly contradicting in one page what he advanced in a prior one. Yet no one knew better than this great historian the real causes of her splendid career; for, after repeating a series of her most arbitrary, dishonest, and impolitic public acts, he adds :—" Notwithstanding this conduct, Elizabeth contrived to be the most popular sovereign that ever swayed the sceptre of England, because the maxims of her reign were conformable to the principles of the times, and to the opinions generally entertained with regard to the constitution."

# ANNE, QUEEN OF JAMES I.

BY JOHN FOSTER, ESQ.

1575 } ANNE. 1618 } *Married* 1589. JAMES. { 1566 1625

THE citizens of London, towards the close of the sixteenth century, saw a Danish court represented at the Globe theatre, for which some leading traits had been taken from the existing royalty of Denmark. The lesson of drinking deep had been for some years taught at the school of Elsinore; and customs of intemperance, 'more honoured in the 'breach than the observance,' had made the heavy-headed revel of the Danes the talk of other nations. The temperate virtues of economy, of delicacy, or self-control, certainly did not reign in the palace where the queen of James the First was born.

Anne was the second daughter of Frederick II., third king of Denmark, in the line which succeeded that of Christiern II., deposed for his extravagant excesses. She was born on the 12th of December 1575. Her grandfather was the greedy Lutheran who absorbed the whole property of the church into his civil list; and who strengthened his crown by uniting to it in perpetuity his father's duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. Her father became wealthier still by the tolls of Elsinore, and by enormous duties on a particular and very popular beer. Her brother, younger than herself by fifteen months, who succeeded to the Danish throne in his eleventh and was crowned in his twentieth year, became James the First's boon companion, and was the king so celebrated in *Howell's Letters* for having drank thirty-five toasts at the great banquet at Rhensburgh. He was carried away in his chair at the thirty-sixth, and left the

Anne of Denmark

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officers of his court unable to rise from the floor till late next day.

Little is known of the youth of princess Anne but that she was borne about in arms till she was nine years old. Before she was ten there was talk of her marriage at her father's court. A daughter of Denmark, in the preceding century, had been wedded to a Scottish king; and questions of territory, involving the ultimate possession of the Orkney and Shetland Islands, remained unsettled between the two countries. These now induced the proposition of a similar alliance, and the hand of this young princess was offered to the reigning king of Scotland. Four years had to pass, however, before state objections to the marriage were removed; and when it was celebrated by proxy at Cronenburg, on the 20th of August 1589, Anne's father was dead, and the kingdom was governed by a regency in her brother's name. From Cronenburg, at the close of the ceremony, a fleet of twelve Danish ships set sail for Scotland, to convey the wife to her new home; but adverse winds arose, and after twice making the Scottish coast the Danish admiral was twice driven back to the coast of Norway. It was not thought expedient to hazard a third attempt; and the young queen remained at Upslo till her husband should be made acquainted with this unlooked-for interruption to her voyage. A messenger was sent to James.

He swore at once that witchcraft was at the bottom of it, and he had great faith in his particular power over witches. He had been busy torturing and burning old women for this imaginary crime while Elizabeth of England was murdering his mother; and his experience gave him confidence that he might voyage safely to Upslo himself, and bring his wife safely home. Of any notion that such an enterprise might be prompted by conjugal eagerness he has been careful to disabuse posterity; having drawn up a statement of its secret reasons for the members of his privy council, in which he laboriously clears himself of that imputation. He begins the paper by stating that public and not private considerations had governed him altogether in the matter of his marriage; for as to his 'ain nature,' God be his witness, he

could have abstained 'langer nor the welfare of his country' could possibly have permitted. As to the journey over sea he was now about to make, he describes it as a determination of his own, 'not ane of the haill council being present;' and which he had taken thus privately as a contradiction to the common slanders that his chancellor led him daily by the nose, and that he was an irresolute ass who could do nothing of himself. Besides, he characteristically adds, there was really no danger. Set aside the witches, and he was quite safe. 'The shortness of the way; the surety of the passage, 'being clean of all sands, foirlands, or sic like dangers; the 'harbouries in these parts sa suir; and na foreign fleets 'resorting upon these seas;' are among the amusing assurances he gives his council that he is not going to put himself in jeopardy, for his wife or any other mortal.

In November 1589, at Upslo, James and Anne, he in his twenty-fourth and she in her fifteenth year, for the first time saw each other. He presented himself unannounced, just as he had landed, 'buites and all;' and straightway volunteered a kiss, 'quhilk,' startled not a little at the first sight of her lord, 'the queen refusit.' Whatever her dreams may have been, on this wind-swept coast of Norway or by the stormy steep of Elsinore, of the lover she was to meet from over sea, they could hardly have prepared her for the waddling, babbling, blustering, unprincely figure, that thus suddenly proclaimed itself the Scottish king, and tried to fling its arms around her neck in a paroxysm of admiration. The account of James's person which was given a few years later, on authority which has never been disputed, will explain the somewhat natural repulsion awakened by such attempted caresses. The son of an unhappy mother and a miserable marriage, struck even before his birth by the paralysing terror of Rizzio's murder, James was born a coward, and never lived to be able to endure even the sight of a drawn sword. He was of middle stature, and with a tendency to corpulence, which the fashion of his dress very much exaggerated. His clothes were so made as to form a woollen rampart round his person. His breeches were in great plaits and full stuffed, and his doublets quilted for

stiletto-proof. He had little or no beard; and his large eye so rolled after any stranger that came into his presence, that 'maney for shame have left the roome, as being out of 'countenance.' His tongue was greatly too big for his mouth, and hence he not only slobbered his words in talking but his person in drinking. It was, says honest Balfour, 'as if eatting his drinke, wich cam out into the cupe in 'eache syde of his mouthe.' His skin was as soft as taffeta sarsenent; and it felt thus, we are told, because he never washed his hands, but only rubbed his fingers slightly with the wet end of a napkin. Finally, he never could walk straight. His steps formed circles; and such from his birth was the weakness of his legs that he was 'ever leaning on other 'men's shoulders.' From the first salute of such a companion for life, from the rude embrace of such an indecent clown, the young princess might reasonably shrink a little. She was herself less handsome than she desired to be thought; but she had the spirit and attractiveness of youth, with some boldness of feature she had great liveliness and beauty of expression, and she preserved these charms to middle age.

The marriage was celebrated at Upslo on the 23d of November; a third celebration took place at Cronenburg in the following January, amid festivities that did justice to the jocund fame of Denmark; and James found the Danish drink so much to his taste, and so approved the depth of the carousing, that from month to month he delayed his departure. They were months of unrestricted feasting and debauchery, varied but by visits to Tycho Brahe, whose astrology he reverenced and laughed at his astronomy; by marvellous revelations on the subject of witchcraft; and by scholastic disquisitions on predestination and freewill. The young queen having thus early foretaste of the life she was to look for in Scotland, uneasy thoughts of that impending future became soon her unwelcome companions; and she, too, had her visits to astrologers, in the hope of fathoming the years that were to come. They 'flattered' her, says Carte the historian, with such computations of James's horoscope as promised his early death. He was to live till he was king of England, and was then to lose his

senses and perish in a prison. Already able with calmness to contemplate such a catastrophe, Anne of Denmark landed with James on the shore at Leith, on May-day 1590.

Her first experience in her new dominions was of her husband's poverty and unpopularity. Unwilling contributions, even to the loan of silver spoons, had to be levied for the feast of her coronation; and unruly ministers of the kirk would have omitted that coronation ceremony which made her the Lord's anointed. Nevertheless she was anointed as well as crowned queen; and fountains ran thin claret at the Edinburgh Cross, and pageants were exhibited at the Nether Bow, and for her principal home she selected the palace of Dumferline; and, not without sundry discontents and bitter personal disputes, her dower was settled, her revenue, and her household. James meanwhile had completed bills of indictment against divers witches; and three or four wretched old women, after torture to induce confession, were burnt for having conspired with witches in Norway to raise the storms that had delayed the queen's coming into Scotland. Elated by his success in this affair he soon after wrote his *Demonologie*. He could find no better use for the learning whipped into him by George Buchanan, than to help, by its means, to make the rest of the world as besotted with superstition as himself. In much later years, when, on inheriting the English throne, he had given audience to one of the most accomplished men of Elizabeth's court, the only record this able courtier could preserve of the interview might rather have concerned a witch-finder than a so-called learned sovereign. 'His majesty did much 'press for my opinion touching the power of Satan in mat-'ter of witchcraft; and asked me, with much gravity, if I 'did truly understand why the devil did work more with 'ancient women than others.'

That he had really a fair share of what the world agrees to call learning, is nevertheless not to be denied. But it never profited or bore generous fruit with him. When his great teacher was reproached for having made him a pedant, he answered that it was the best he could make of him. He was probably the most ignorant man that was ever esteemed

a learned one. When it was proposed to him to marry a daughter of Denmark, he had to ask where Denmark was, and what its kings were, and whether they were not but a better sort of merchants, and if they were really held in esteem by anybody but only such as could speak Dutch. He scrambled into a reputation for worldly cleverness by a species of low natural cunning and the vulgar art of circumventing an adversary. Henri Quatre referred to this when he called him the wisest fool in Christendom. It was in no respect his learning that obtained it for him. His learning never helped him to a useful thought or a suggestion of practical benefit. Its highest achievements were, mystically to define the prerogative as a thing set above the law, to exhibit king-craft as his own particular gift from heaven, to denounce presbytery as the offspring of the devil, to blow furious counterblasts to tobacco, to deal damnation to the unbelievers of witchcraft, and to pour out the wraths of the Apocalypse upon popery. Before he was twenty he had proved the descendant of saint Peter to be Anti-Christ; and when he now had finished libelling and burning the witches, he secretly set as eagerly to work against seditious priests that should attempt rebellion against Anti-Christ himself, or on any pretence make resistance to settled authority. His young wife had soon found wit enough to see, however, that to such seditious priests he entirely owed his throne; and she had no lack of spirit to feel that he should either have had courage to take open part against them, or honesty to refrain from intrigues with his mother's turbulent faction. But it was the peculiarity and privilege of James to entitle himself to contempt from every party in the state, and he had not been slow to merit it from his queen.

Selfishness, in truth, he seldom scrupled to avow as the only allegiance he owned. By the instinct of self-preservation he tried and tested every thing. Nor, however odious in itself, may it be denied that he had some excuses for this, in the straits through which he had passed in his youth. Alternately swayed between the two contending forces; his person now seized by the nobles, the presbytery now governing by his name; he came at last to see his only safety in

making ready use of either, as occasion happened to serve. Artifice and falsehood became thus his cherished councillors; and his whole idea of government merged into mere temporising habits of deceit, such as he afterwards dignified by the name of king-craft. That he was in the condition of a king *de facto* he owed to the presbyterians who placed him on the throne, but only from the papists' opposing faction could he obtain admission of the more coveted rights of a king *de jure*. It thus fared with him alike in religion as in politics; and if he hated anything more than the presbyter who claimed a power of controlling the actions of his prince, it was the jesuit who preached the right of the pope to release subjects from their allegiance. He had no firm ground in either whereon to make a stand, for enmity or friendship. Straightforwardness, directness, self-support or self-reliance, were things entirely unknown to him. His mind, like his body, shuffled on by circular movements, and had need of the same supports. Hence his favouritism, which grew from this want and weakness, had nothing of man's friendship in it. It was the adhesion of the parasitic plant, incapable of self-sustaining life; and it shewed the same creeping fondness for corrupt and rotten alliances. From the days of Arran to those of Somerset and Buckingham, his tastes were in this respect the same. The habits they engendered were as plainly visible in him now, as when hereafter on a wider scene they challenged the disgust of Europe. We have remarked how carefully he warned his councillors against attributing his marriage to any personal liking of his own, and he took as open pains at all times to avow indifference or aversion to the female sex. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to have it pointedly noticed to him in the presence of the whole court, as it was in one of Ben Jonson's masques, that he was indifferent and cold to the fascinations of women. He disliked their society and despised their attainments. He loved ribaldry, swearing, and buffoonery too well, and was too passionately fond of the chase, to admit of any rivalry or restraint to these more delightful indulgences. But he preserved a seemly intercourse with his queen. 'The 'coldness of his temper,' says Walter Scott in his *History*,

'prevented his regarding her with uxorious fondness; but 'he was goodnatured and civil, and the queen was satisfied 'with the external show of attention.'

Let it at the same time not be wondered at, if in these days of her carelessness and youth Anne sought also other satisfactions. She is said to have found them in the society of more pleasing men than her husband; as well as in those habits of extravagant expense, of pleasurable indulgence, and personal display, which the records of her life in both kingdoms agree in attributing to her. No specific proof exists that should doom her name to insertion in the Scandalous Chronicle, but such popular rumours and beliefs of the time as found vent in contemporaneous songs and ballads are sufficiently abundant; and, without suggesting any thing illnatured, it seems certain that her preference for the duke of Lenox in 1593 must have been somewhat strongly marked, to give currency to the scandal at that time received against her, and to justify in some degree the doubts which James, with characteristic generosity and manly self-respect, professed to entertain of the paternity of the son who was born to him in the following year. In the year preceding, it is no less certain, her name had been mixed up with that 'bonny earl of Murray' whose handsome face and melancholy death made him the hero of innumerable songs; and concerning whom old Balfour relates that the queen, more rashly than wisely, having some few days before his death 'commendit' him in the king's hearing, with too many epithets, as the properest and most gallant man at court, the king replied, 'An if he had been 'twice as fair, ye might have excepted me.'

Anne's first child, a son, christened Henry, was born at Stirling early in 1594. Great were the festivities at his birth and baptism, and very welcome must have been the gorgeous presents that poured in as 'God-bairn gifts,' for some cups of massive gold that queen Elizabeth sent were soon 'meltet 'and spendit.' Anne's second child, a daughter, christened Elizabeth, was born at Falkland in the autumn of 1596; and the mother fell into sad disfavour with the presbytery for trusting her to the charge of a Scottish noble who had

married a roman catholic wife. 'Guid Lord,' prayed one of them in the pulpit, 'we must pray for our queen for the 'fashion's sake; but we have no cause, for she will never do 'us ony guid.' The truth seems to have been that Anne, though bred as a 'spleeny Lutheran,' had incurred unpopularity with the kirk less for her favours to episcopacy or her toleration of popery, than for a general indifference to all such religious pretensions. She was Erastian. Nevertheless her daughter Elizabeth was educated without a touch of heresy; became in after life the heroine of the protestant cause; and through the youngest of her ten children, the electress Sophia of Hanover, settled the house of Brunswick on the English throne. Anne's third child, also a daughter, was born at Dalkeith at the close of 1598, was christened Margaret, and died in infancy. In November 1600, her fourth child, a son, christened Charles, was born at Dumferline; but the events that directly preceded this boy's birth were of a strange and exciting kind, and very gloomy were the portents which attended his entrance into the world.

The quarrels of the king and queen during the years just recounted had been notorious past concealment. The guardianship of her eldest son was at times the ostensible ground, at others questions of economy and debt, at others avowed and open jealousy. Now it was chancellor Maitland about whom they hotly contended, now the duke of Lenox or Alexander Ruthven, and now the earl of Marr; nor did Anne scruple to identify herself with that league of James's enemies, who had lately failed in a desperate attempt to seize his person and usurp his authority. So public were these differences become that the French ambassador reports to his master the fact of Anne having threatened her husband's life; whereto the gallant Henri Quatre observes in reply, that James should save himself by anticipating her. But a nearer view of these contentions is supplied by the correspondence of sir Ralph Winwood, to whom, shortly before Anne's confinement at Dumferline, sir Henry Neville thus writes. 'Out of Scotland we hear there is no good 'agreement, but rather an open dissidence, between the

'king of Scots and his wife; and many are of opinion that 'the discovery of some affection between her and the earl 'of Gowrie's brother, who was killed with him, was the 'truest cause and motive of all that tragedy.' The writer refers to the tragedy which is known as the Gowrie conspiracy, which was enacted in August 1600 at the house of the Gowrie family in Perth, and which is still one of the darkest mysteries in the blood-stained annals of Scotland.

The Ruthvens of Gowrie had been concerned for two generations in deeds which affected the person of James. The son of the Ruthven who first struck at David Rizzio was the earl of Gowrie who expiated on the scaffold his share in that 'raid of Ruthven' to which he contributed such honesty of intention as there was, most of the bravery, and all the humanity. In consenting to his death, to please the profligate Arran whose life lord Gowrie had saved, James forfeited his deeply-plighted word; and it was supposed to have been the uneasy remembrance of this which chiefly induced him, three years later, to restore the family estate and honours. John, the present earl of Gowrie, had passed his youth in Italy, from which he had borne away every attainable prize of accomplishment and learning; his brother Alexander was only less learned, handsome, and active than himself: and, at the period to which this narrative has arrived, there were probably not two men in Scotland from whom a greater career was expected; who were already so much the darlings of the people, to whom they represented that extreme party in the kirk for which their father had died; or who, to all outward appearance, enjoyed so much of the favour of the crown. A great post in the government was supposed to be in reserve for Gowrie, Alexander had received special confidence as principal gentleman of the bedchamber, and their sister Beatrice was the most trusted maid-of-honour to the queen. A week or two before the catastrophe to be described, James is said to have seen a silver riband belonging to his wife round the neck of Alexander Ruthven; and though the incident can hardly be accepted for a truth, it marks the popular belief of the dangerous height to which the Gowrie family again

aspired. Such was their condition on the 5th of August 1600.

At an unusually early hour that morning, the court being then at their summer seat of Falkland, near Perth, James disturbed the slumbers of his queen by the noise of his hunting preparations. To her impatient questioning of why he left so early, he replied that he wished to be astir betimes, for he expected to kill a prime buck before noon. Before noon, however, he had left the chase; and shortly after, by his own account, he was engaged in a mortal struggle, hand to hand, with Alexander Ruthven, in the family house of the Gowries at Perth. In the evening of the day, through a howling wind and rain, he returned to Falkland, the hero of such a bloody tragedy as had not been transacted even in Scotland for many a day. He had left the bodies of lord Gowrie and his brother dead and mangled on the floor of their own private dwelling, to which he declared they had by false representations enticed him unattended for the purpose of seizing his person and revenging their father's death, but to which he had himself been able to summon his retinue in time to baffle the traitors, and murder them where they stood, unguarded and unresisting, in the midst of men whose fealty was sworn to them. Never was a story so pertinaciously told as this, so recommended by oaths and asseverations at court, so propped by the terrors of the scaffold, so backed by public thanksgivings ordered at market-crosses, and so generally scouted and discredited. The utmost extent of belief it would seem to have obtained was expressed in the remark of the shrewdest of James's courtiers, that he believed the story because the king told it, but that he would not have given credit to his own eyes had he seen it. The ministers of the kirk, however, would not sanction even such scant faith. They remembered the hereditary grievances of the Gowries, were grateful for their championship of the extreme presbyterian party, could see no motive but madness for such a projected assassination of the king, and were at no loss for powerful reasons why the king should have been anxious for the assassination of both the Ruthvens. While seemly professions of horror, there-

fore, and thanksgivings of decent loyalty, rose up from all well-affected quarters, the ministers pertinaciously refused to be dismayed, surprised, or thankful. They would neither express unfeigned gratitude for the king's deliverance, nor belief that he ever was in danger; and in this they were joined by the queen, whom they had formerly, in certain open differences with James, lectured from their pulpits on the duties of a wife's submission, but whose rebellion in this case they could hardly quarrel with.

Anne was vehement and inconsolable in her sorrow for the fate of the Ruthvens. Tidings so terrible travel on the wind, and all the news of the dreadful day had reached Falkland some hours before the king's return. He found her plunged in grief that no sense of joy for his safety could assuage; and it was long before the scenes of altercation and reproach which then began, ceased to be the gossip of the time. She hoped he had succeeded in the chase, she is reported among other things to have said to him; and that the buck he had promised to slay was sufficiently noble. Beatrice Ruthven she would still have kept near her person; and though the king persisted in thrusting her out, their determined and secret correspondences became a public scandal. Nor did Anne afterwards scruple to remark to a noble of the court, who in one of her quarrels for the custody of her children had been told to remind her of the powers which the state had vested in the king, that 'the king should not find *her* so easy a prey as the 'earl of Gowrie.'

It is not necessary to the purpose of this narrative that the subsequent events which threw a strong colour of truth on the king's statement of his danger, and which undoubtedly revealed the existence of a conspiracy in which the Ruthvens had taken part, should here be related. Enough has been said to illustrate the disposition of the queen to her husband, and the circumstances which attended the birth of her second son. She was as far advanced in her pregnancy when the shock of those incidents occurred, as Mary of Scots when she beheld the death of Rizzio. She left Falkland for the castle of Dumferline, and there awaited her

period in seclusion and sorrow, praying 'that Heaven would 'not visit her family with its vengeance for the sufferings of 'the Ruthvens.' On the bodies or bones of the two dead Ruthvens, meanwhile, king and parliament sat according to reverend custom; and ultimately sentenced them to ignominious exposure on the 19th of November. It proved to be the day on which the second son of James and Anne was born. He was christened Charles, and afterwards inherited the English throne as the first of that name. His baptism was sudden, for he was hardly expected to outlive his birth; and it was through an infancy and boyhood of almost hopeless feebleness he struggled to his ill-fated manhood. His complexional weakness, incapable alike of stern resistance or of manly submission, was thus unhappily a part of his most sad inheritance. He was nearly six years old before he could stand or speak; his limbs being weak and distorted, and his mouth mal-formed. He walked with difficulty always; the stuttering hesitation in his speech remained with him to the last; and these were but the types of that wretched weakness of purpose, and obstinacy of irresolution, for which his subjects brought him to the scaffold. Verily the sins of the parents are visited upon the children.

The last year of James as a mere Scottish king was probably the quietest he had passed in his troubled sovereignty. As his succession to the English throne drew nearer, his authority in his hereditary kingdom grew more strong. Many of his enemies had perished, others had become impoverished; and all began to think it a wiser and more profitable game to join their king in a foray on the incalculable wealth of England, than to continue their turbulence against him for the poor prizes of his barren and intractable Scotland. But what tamed the laity, made the clergy more furious. They saw their sovereign, seated on the English throne, and surrounded by the pomps of prelacy, newly armed with engines of oppression against themselves; and never was kirk so rebellious or king so abusive. He protested before the great God that highland caterans and border thieves were not such ungrateful liars and vile per-

jurers as these 'puritan pests in the church;' and, in return, synod after synod flamed up against his libels as unprincely and ungodly. He was in the thickest fury of this contention when the sycophants who had bribed Elizabeth's waiting-women for tidings of her last breath, hurried headlong into Scotland to salute him as English king.

He set out upon his happy journey southward on the 5th of April 1603. The queen did not accompany him. She had been delivered of a third son, who was christened Robert and died soon after his birth, in the preceding year; she was now again with child; and it was arranged that she should follow more slowly within a certain period after the king's departure. But of that departure she at once availed herself to renew from a better vantage-ground the old struggle for the custody of her eldest son; and the trouble she gave the nobles with whom the king had left authority, receive amusing expression in the letters of the time. The president of the council writes that to utter any thing like reason or wisdom was but to incense her majesty further against them all, and to augment her passions to greater peril. The peril already incurred had cost the life of a young prince, born prematurely, and dead as soon as born. The lord Fife adds that this passion of her majesty could not 'be sa weil mitigat and moderat as by seconding and 'obeying all her directions, quhilk alway is subject to zour 'sacred majistey's answers and resolves as oracles.' His sacred majesty's answers for once deserved to be oracular, for he really wrote sensibly enough. He counselled his wife to leave her froward womanly apprehensions; reproached her with a folly he advises her to cure, that he can never account well of an honest and wise servant but she must straightway insist it is to compare and prefer him to herself; and shrewdly bade her, in conclusion, think of nothing but thanking God for the peaceable possession they had got of England.

It was indeed something to be thankful for. His progress to his new kingdom had been an unexpected triumph. Statesmen and sycophants (much the same thing in those days), courtiers, lawyers, clergy, all classes and conditions

of public men, had rushed racing against each other, as for life or death, for the first golden beams of the new-risen sun. As Ben Jonson said, in his masterly poet-phrase, they thirsted to drink the nectar of his sight. No matter that his sight turned out to be anything but nectar, rather indeed the sourest kind of small beer; they drank it with not less avidity. He hanged a thief without trial at Newark; he made public avowal of his contempt for women; he 'launched out into indiscreet expressions against his own 'wife;' he suffered high-born dames to approach him on their knees; he shrank with ludicrous terror from drawn swords, and caused them instantly be sheathed; his dress, his walk, his talk, confounded the congregation of courtiers; and Carte even takes upon himself to say that 'by the time 'he reached London, the admiration of the intelligent world 'was turned into contempt.' The contempt, nevertheless, was well disguised. Magnificent entertainments awaited him at Newcastle and York; with splendour not less profuse sir Robert Cary received him at Widdrington, the bishop of Durham at Durham, sir Edward Stanhope at Grimston, lord Shrewsbury at Worsop, lord Cumberland at Belvoir castle, sir John Harrington at Exton, the lord Burghley at Burghley, sir Oliver Cromwell at Hinchinbrooke, sir Thomas Sadler at Standen, and sir Henry Cocks at Broxbourne, at which latter place the greatest man then living in this universe (save one) awaited to do him prostrate service. 'Methinks,' said Francis Bacon, after his interview, 'his majesty rather asks counsel of the 'time past than the time to come;' and closing up his prophetic vision against the great To Come, that wonderful genius took his first base wages in the service of the obsolete Past. Nearer and nearer London, meanwhile, the throng swelled more and more; and on came the king, hunting, feasting, creating knights by the score, and receiving worship as the fountain of honour. Visions of levelling clergy and factious nobles, such as had haunted him his whole life long, now passed from his aching sight for ever. He turned to his Scotch followers, and told them they had at last arrived in the land of promise.

But he had yet to see the most important man in this promised land. He was awaiting the royal advent at his seat of Theobalds, within a few miles of London, on the 3d of May; and strange must have been the first meeting, at the gate of that splendid mansion, between the broad, shambling, shuffling, grotesque monarch, and the small, keen, deformed, crook-backed, capable minister; between the son of Mary queen of Scots, and the son of her chief executioner. It is hardly too much to say that Robert Cecil had secured James his throne. He exercised no doubt the wise discretion of a statesman in the unhesitating course he took; he satisfied the national desire, and he brought under one crown two kingdoms that could not separately exist; but it remains for ever a reproach upon his name, that he let slip the occasion of obtaining for the people constitutional guarantees which could not then have been refused, and might have saved half a century of bloodshed. None such were proposed to James. He was allowed to seize a prerogative which for upwards of fifty years had been strained to a higher pitch than at any previous period of the English history; and his clumsy grasp closed on it without a sign of question or remonstrance from the leading statesmen of England. 'Do I mak the judges? do I 'mak the bishops?' he exclaimed, as the powers of his new dominion dawned on his delighted sense: 'Then, Godis 'wauns! I mak what likes me, law and gospel.' It was even so. Cecil suffered him to make law and gospel as he listed; left him, by whatever modes best pleased him, to incur contempt and sow rebellion at home; and contented himself, by a resolute and sagacious policy abroad, with keeping England still respected and feared in her place amid foreign nations. No one served the king so ably, or, there is reason to believe, despised him so much. In her latter years Elizabeth had exacted of her ministers that they should address her kneeling, and some one congratulated Cecil that those degrading conditions were passed away. 'Would to 'God,' he replied, 'I yet spake upon my knees!' Not a fortnight after he had received James, indeed, he tells his friend Harrington how heavily it goes with him; how dull to him

is the lustre of the new-begotten court; how the breathless crowding, hurrying, feigning, and suing, 'doth not well for a 'cripple;' and how earnestly he wishes that he waited still in the presence-chamber of his great dead mistress. Yet had he no lack of attention to complain of. He was the first peer created by James. At Theobalds he received the barony of Essenden, was made viscount Cranbourn a few months later, and in the year following received the earldom of Salisbury. He was too capable a man to be one of James's favourites, but too useful to incur his hatred or disregard; and the position he assumed at the first council at Theobalds, he held till death. From that council James had but one rebuff. He asked them to send the crown jewels to his queen that she might make proper regal display on entering London, but Cecil answered firmly that the regalia of England should not leave the kingdom for a day.

Anne was now upon her journey. She left Edinburgh on the 2d of June with her two elder children: Charles being still so sickly that he could not travel. Many incidents shew that she was still in no temper of agreement with her husband; and his failing to meet her at York, as originally settled, is supposed to have been connected with these differences. The aldermen of York, however, did their best to supply a welcome of all needful splendour; and at each stage in her progress she was joined by English ladies of the highest rank, who hastened to do her suit and service. Thus her temper seems to have softened by the way; and the lady Anne Clifford (afterwards so famous as countess Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery) gives favourable account of her majesty on seeing her at sir Thomas Griffin's seat, though she makes sad complaint of the fleas which she says the Scotch ladies had brought up with them. At sir Robert Spencer's seat of Althorpe a midsummer masque was acted in her honour, for which the services of Ben Jonson had been engaged. The great poet addressed her as Oriana (oriens Anna), and hailed her as highest, happiest queen; but the highest, happiest inspiration of his genius had certainly not responded to this first sudden call of the subject. The king joined her at the next stage of her

progress; and the festivities at Grafton, lord Cumberland's seat, at Salden House, the seat of sir John Fortescue, at Aylesbury, the residence of sir John Packington, and at Great Hampden, where sir Alexander Hampden lived, were redoubled. Lady Anne Clifford takes occasion to remark that at these various entertainments the queen 'showed noe 'favoure to the elderly ladies;' but she adds that 'she giveth 'great contentment to the world in her fashion and cour- 'teous behaviour to the people.'

At length Windsor was reached (the plague at this time raging in London), and grand festivities were held there early in July. The commencement of disputes in the court, and of those national jealousies which were one of the scandals of the reign, is to be noted at the same time. Two noblemen gave each other the lie in the presence of the queen, who nevertheless failed to obtain notice of the affront till she had made angry appeal in writing to the king. The coronation took place at Westminster on the 17th of July. The ceremony was made as brief as possible, for eleven hundred people had perished that week of the plague. But one of the court newsmen of the day informs us that 'queen Anne went to coronation with her seemly hair 'down-hanging on her princely shoulders, and on her head 'a crownet of gold. She so mildly saluted her new subjects 'that the women weeping cried out with one voice, God 'bless the royal queen.' The royal queen was straightway blessed with an absurdly extravagant dower and household; fixed upon Somerset House, the name of which was changed to Denmark House, for her private residence; and began the court and state of queen-consort of England.

That she began with a disposition to make her court the head-quarters of intrigue, would seem to be unquestionable. The famous Sully, charged with a special commission from Henri Quatre, soon reported to his master that James had no control over his queen; that, with a stronger mind than his, she did not care to conceal her contempt; and that she was available to cultivate dissension. The despatches of M. de Beaumont were not less explicit. 'It is said,' writes the French ambassador to his court, 'that Cecil is doubtful

'as to his position; finding the king partly better informed, 'partly more obstinate than he thought. Cobham calls 'Cecil no better than a traitor. Raleigh is hated throughout 'the kingdom. The new queen is enterprising, and affairs 'are embroiled.' If M. de Beaumont had known Cecil better, he would not have thought the worse of his prospects because affairs were embroiled. It is from the nettle danger that such men pluck the flower safety. Cecil knew that when Elizabeth should have ceased to breathe, England would be too small for himself and Raleigh to contend for power within it; and there is reason to believe that among the first words he spoke to James were those which deprived that formidable rival, already out of favour with the people for his conduct to Essex, of his captaincy of the guards and wardenship of the Stannaries. He precipitated him into rebellion. Within a few weeks after Beaumont wrote, Raleigh, Cobham, and the leading men of their party, were seized upon a charge of treason. Nor, having made the charge, could Cecil afford that the accused should escape. The scruples of our day were unknown in theirs; and a statesman of the sixteenth century prepared to drive his rival to the scaffold, as a statesman of the nineteenth hopes to drive his out of Downing Street.

The unscrupulous brutality of Coke was employed against Raleigh (in the 'Taunt him with the license of 'ink,' of *sir Toby Belch* to *sir Andrew Ague Cheek*, 'if 'thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss;' it is pleasant to note Shakespeare's sympathy for the gallantest and most illustrious of contemporary Englishmen); and though he defended himself with a temper, wit, learning, courage, and judgment, which all men pronounced incomparable, a verdict was obtained. He went into court on the day of his trial, as M. de Beaumont rightly describes him, the most unpopular man in England; he left the court the most popular of Englishmen, but he left it a convicted traitor. Those who would have gone a hundred miles to see him hanged in the morning, would have gone as far to save his life before they parted in the evening; but Cecil could now narrow the field of his displays, and put a dis-

tance between him and his adherents that no zeal could overleap. The gates of the Tower were opened to receive the greatest man of action which that age had produced, and he never again beheld its outward walls for more than thirteen years. 'There is nobody but my father,' exclaimed prince Henry, 'who would keep such a noble bird shut up 'in a cage!' Cecil knew he could rely upon his gaoler. When he escaped at last, it was when Cecil's death, and the king's debts, had left anything attainable by corruption. He was liberated on payment of a bribe to two courtiers of some two thousand pounds; he received the king's commission for an expedition to Guiana on promise that its results should load the king's coffers with gold; and on failure of the expedition, and because Spain clamoured for the death of this bravest and most renowned of her enemies, he was murdered without trial by means of his sentence of fifteen years preceding, as if the king's commission could have run to a man dead in law!

Meanwhile the eventful incidents which led to his imprisonment had not passed without their lesson to the queen. It may be remembered to her honour that she never ceased to feel a sympathy for Raleigh, the chivalrous wonder of whose life would seem to have seized her fancy; but she could not behold him thus suddenly rendered powerless without an awe-struck sense of the power of his adversary. There is no ground for supposing, that, beyond the distaste she still never hesitated to make unscrupulously manifest against her husband, she took any active part throughout his English reign in counterplotting against his ministers. M. de Beaumont, after a little more experience, and when she had piqued him by her too obvious preference of the Spanish ambassador, reported her to his court as proud, vain, obstinate, turbulent, incapable of governing or being governed, yet ambitious of power. The cardinal Bentivoglio, on the other hand, though not in all respects complimentary, speaks with warmth of her pleasing and inoffensive qualities, her grace, good nature, and accomplishments; while Arthur Wilson says that she was not a busybody, or an embroiler of other people's business; and one of the court newsmen writes to

Winwood that, though her wishes are with the Spaniard, better news is that, she carrieth no sway in state matters, and '*præter rem uxoriam* hath no great reach in other affairs.' The truth, which doubtless lurks somewhere amid these varying statements, was probably approached most nearly by Molino: who wrote that she had an ordinary appearance, and lived remote from public affairs; that she was very fond of dancing and entertainments; that she was very gracious to those who knew how to promote her wishes, but to those whom she did not like was proud, disdainful, not to say insupportable. That she was neither proud nor disdainful to Cecil, deformed dwarf as he was, there is now no lack of evidence, even to the period of his death. James himself often refers in his coarse vulgar way to his wife's good understanding with the 'great little proud man.' For be it added that Cecil, beside his other successes, had a reputation for *bonnes fortunes*. Lady Anne Clifford naively describes the ladies of doubtful character, the Suffolks and Walsinghams, who were 'the great favourites of sir Robert;' and Francis Bacon, who published his essay on deformity some month or two after the deformed statesman's death, seems to have penetrated that as well as every other mystery. 'Whosoever,' says the Chancellor of Mankind, 'hath anything fixed in his 'person that doth induce contempt, hath also a perpetual 'spur in himself to rescue and deliver himself from scorn; 'therefore all deformed persons are extreme bold.' It is to this extreme boldness James often coarsely refers in his letters to his 'little beagle' (so he had nicknamed Cecil for his sure scent, his keen pursuit, his faithful service). 'Ye and 'your fellows there are so proud,' would run the dignified monarch's epistle, 'now ye have gotten again the guiding 'of a feminine court in the auld fashion, as I know not how 'to deal with you. . . . and for your part, master Cecil, 'who are wanton and wifeless, I cannot but be jealous of your 'greatness with my wife.' It is with some similar covert allusion that Arabella Stuart protests in one of her letters she will not tell tales out of the queen's coach; but in another letter the same lady (who, though in the same relation as James to the throne and put forth as its claimant by Raleigh

and his party, had not yet become the victim of the king's despicable cruelty) reports favourably of the queen as contrasted with the rest of the court, on the occasion of its sojourn at Woodstock. 'If ever,' she writes, 'there were 'such a virtue as courtesy at the court, I marvel what is 'become of it, for I protest I see little or none of it but in 'the queen; who, ever since her coming to Newbury, hath 'spoken to the people as she passeth, and receiveth their 'prayers with thanks and thankful countenance, bare-'faced (that is, without a mask), to the great contentment 'of native and foreign people.' Ladies protected their faces in those days with masks, when riding. It had been one of the popular habits of Elizabeth to lift her mask to the common people, as she rode along; and here Anne shrewdly copied her.

Unhappily for Anne's name in history, however, this favourable contrast between herself and the court cannot be said to have continued. She became identified, as years passed on, with its worst extravagance and excess. David Hume remarks, with melancholy truth, that the history of James's reign is the history of the court, not the nation; and this court, with king and queen at its head, became a scene in which all the actors were without exception odious, profligate, or, in some sense or other, despicable. Its likings were those of Comus and his beastly crew; and such genius as it employed in its service, it degraded almost to its own level. To be a courtier of the highest mark was to indulge all gross propensities with hardly a cover to their nakedness. Elizabeth's circle had been far from the exactest model of decency; but there was strength of understanding in the queen, and it acted with constraint on the vices of those around her, as it served to veil her own. When a vulgar Satyr became chief of the revels, and when such noble poets as Beaumont and Fletcher condescended to make themselves echoes to the revellers, this check of course passed wholly away. Every thing was in foul excess, and the most frightful corruption to satisfy it became a thing of course. Women and men were engaged alike. Lady Glenham took a bribe of a hundred pounds to induce her

father to transact some dishonourable service. Arabella Stuart herself, who had intrigued for the promise of a peerage for one of her uncles Cavendish, would not, when the time came for claiming it, open her mouth 'so wide as 'a bristle might enter,' because he had omitted mention of any gratuity 'which might move her to spend her breath 'for him.' Elizabeth had long disused, had even prohibited, the brutal sports of the cockpit; James revived them, and took delight in them, at least twice every week. From morn to eve, the cockpit, the bear-garden, or the chase; from eve to night, the pleasures of the table; predominated almost daily. The fee of the chief huntsman has not been preserved; but the fee of the master of the cocks was equal to the united salaries of two secretaries of state. 'Our sovereign,' wrote Cecil to lord Shrewsbury, within a year after the accession, 'spends a hundred thousand pounds yearly in his 'house, which was wont to be but thirty thousand. Now 'think what the country feels, and so much for that.' In the seventh year of his reign that surplus of expense above revenue continued, and his debts were half a million. His necessities became flagrant and shameful. His treasurer Buckhurst was stopped in the street for wages due to his servants, and the purveyors stopped the supply to his table. It would have been hard to say which was most degrading, the extremity of the want or of the means adopted to supply it. Impositions by prerogative were resisted, in the teeth of scandalous decisions by the lawyers, till every member of the house of commons was counted 'viper' or 'traitor.' Fees were got from knighthood till nobody would be knighted; and Bacon, at even *his* wit's end, suggested 'knighthood with 'some new difference and precedence.' Hereupon baronetcies were invented, were offered for a thousand pounds each to any who thought fit to be purchasers, and made the king richer by some hundred thousand pounds. The peerage was not less openly put up to sale. A man became a baron for five thousand pounds, a viscount for ten, and for twenty might obtain an earldom. The court, meanwhile, never thought of releasing itself by abating its monstrous extravagance; and while monopolies, increasing on all sides, and exorbitant

Star-chamber fines, swelled the popular discontent, the court did not scruple to turn even its commonest amusement to the exasperation and oppression of the people.

The chase, for example, had become well-nigh an innocent pastime, but James made it hateful again; hateful as it was under the Norman kings, as well as contemptible, which then it was not. 'I shall leave him dressed for pos-'terity,' says Osborne, 'in the colours I saw him in, the 'next progress after his inauguration; which was as green 'as the grass he trod on, with a feather in his cap, and a 'horn instead a sword by his side. How suitable to his age, 'calling, or person, I leave others to judge from his pictures.' But upon the whole it was no laughing matter. Among the state papers of the time are found very remarkable correspondences in proof of the intolerable grievance it became. It will be enough to mention here the elaborate protest forwarded to Cecil by Matthew Hutton, archbishop of York, in which the venerable prelate, as one that honoureth and loveth his most excellent majesty with all his heart, petitions earnestly for less wastening of the treasure of the realm, and more moderation in the lawful exercise of hunting, both that poor men's corn may be less spoiled, and other his majesty's subjects more spared; and to which Cecil makes answer, not by denying, but by excusing the royal prodigality on the ground of the necessity for a liberal expenditure at the beginning of a reign, and by defending hunting as a manlike and active recreation, such as those to which the good emperor Trajan was disposed. The courtly minister should have called the sport womanlike as well, the queen following it as eagerly as her husband. She is the 'queen and huntress, chaste as fair,' of Ben Jonson's celebrated lines. She handled the cross-bow, too; and was in the habit of shooting with it at the deer, from a stand. But not with remarkable success. She mistook the king's favourite dog for the deer on one occasion, and disabled him for ever. Hawking was another of her favourite amusements; nor can it be reckoned much to her honour that she took prominent part in these sports as carried on by the court crew that surrounded her, when, according to a

most honourable witness, 'the manners were such as made 'me devise the beasts were pursuing the sober creation, and 'not man in quest of exercise and food.'

After the hunting came the feasting, and here the historian's task is less easily discharged. He is under the reserves of modern usage and manners, and can touch the theme but slightly. There is some indication of the habits of the court in the arrangements for the reception of the queen's younger brother, the Danish duke of Holst, an awkward youth whom Arabella Stuart laughs at as 'the Dutchkin,' and who had twenty dishes of meat allowed him every meal. But the Danish king's visit two years later gives us clearer insight into the court entertainment, and fashionable feasting of the day. He stayed a month; during which time, says a contemporary writer, 'the court, city and some 'parts of the country, with banquetings, masques, dancings, 'tiltings, barriers and other gallantry, besides the manly 'sports of wrestling, and the brutish sports of baiting with 'beasts, swelled to such greatness, as if there were an intention 'in each particular man this way to have blown up himself.' The allusion is to the great plot then recently exploded, by which Guido Faux and his friends would have blown 'the 'Scotch beggars back to their native mountains;' and the same allusion is similarly made by another not less trustworthy writer. 'The gunpowder fright is got out of all our 'heads, and we are going on, hereabouts, as if the devil was 'contriving every man should blow up himself, by wild riot, 'excess, and devastation of time and temperance.' It is perhaps fortunate that the more particular account which has transpired of these banquetings, masques, and dancings, riots and excesses, should be by an eye-witness so faithful and honourable, so incapable of exaggeration or falsehood, as sir John Harrington; for it would not otherwise be credible. He was an invited guest at Theobalds when Cecil entertained the two kings there, and tells his friend Mr. secretary Barlow that English noblemen whom he had never seen before even taste good liquor, he now saw follow the fashion, and wallow in beastly delights. They had women, he adds; and wine of such plenty as would have astonished

each sober beholder; and while the two royal guests were lovingly embracing each other at table, he saw the ladies abandon their sobriety, and roll about in intoxication. Cecil had himself invented a masque for the occasion, in which, for a compliment to the modern Solomon, the queen of Sheba was the principal personage; and the other actors were Faith, Hope, Charity, Victory, and Peace. But alas! the lady who personated her majesty of Sheba tumbled helplessly at the feet, or rather in the face, of the majesty of Denmark, who thereupon got up and would have danced with Sheba, 'but he fell down and humbled himself before her, and was 'carried to an inner chamber and laid on a bed of state, 'which was not a little defiled with the presents of the 'queen which had been bestowed on his garments.' Nor did it fare better with the other actresses. Hope tried to speak, but had drank too much; and withdrew, 'hoping' the king would excuse her brevity. Faith left the court in a no less staggering condition; and when Charity, unable to cover the sins of her sisters, was obliged to follow, she found them, in the condition and action of sea-voyagers unused to the sea, in the lower hall. Victory herself triumphed as little, being, after much lamentable utterance, 'led away like a silly captive,' and laid to sleep on the outer steps of the antechamber; while Peace, not so helpless in her cups as she was violently quarrelsome, most rudely made war with her olive-branch 'on the pates of those who did 'oppose her.' So ended the ever-memorable masque invented by Cecil for delectation of the two delicate kings.

Let the reader imagine James passing from such scenes as these, to those in which he sought to palm himself off upon his subjects as adorned and furnished forth with sparkles of divinity, as the lieutenant and viceregent of God. His treatise on the *True Law of Free Monarchies* in which he proves monarchy to be the true pattern of divinity, and in no respect bound to the law, is a satisfactory exposition of his principles on this head. Briefly they were these: that as it is atheism and blasphemy to dispute what God can do, so it is presumption and high contempt to dispute what a king can do, or say that a king cannot do this or that; and

he more emphatically adorned and recommended them by his peculiar graces of speech. An unimpeachable witness was present at the famous Hampton Court conference, when he affected to sit in judgment as moderator between the high church party and the puritans; and when, having heard the former at great length and with much graciousness, he interposed with scurrilous abuse as soon as the latter began to speak. He 'bid them awaie with their snivellinge; more-'over, he wishede those who would take away the surplice 'might want linen for their own breech. The bishops,' adds the writer naively, 'seemed much pleased, and said his ma-'jestie spoke by the power of inspiration.' Bishop Bancroft, indeed, flung himself on his knees, and protested his heart melted for joy 'that Almighty God had, in his singular 'mercy, given them such a king as had not been seen since 'Christ's time.' The chancellor Ellesmere cried out that he had never seen the king and priest so fully united in one person, and archbishop Whitgift asseverated that his majesty spoke by the spirit of God. Was it marvellous that the conceited sovereign should, at his next meeting with the house of commons, warn them that 'while he was a god on earth, he 'was also a god *of* earth; and that though his will was not to 'be questioned, his temper might be provoked?' Was it not fitting that even the fires of Smithfield should again be lighted by this brutish idol of the church? Was it not natural and right that the burner of Edward Wightman and Bartholomew Legatt, the torturer and murderer of the white-haired old puritan Peachem, and the persecutor to death of the virtuous and learned Vorstius, should be found in the person of this deified Scotch pedant and king, and writer of that declaration against the latter wise and tolerant reformer which was dedicated to 'our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, 'by His most humble and most obliged servant, JAMES?' But let not mention be made of these things, even as here, without expression of the horror and disgust they awaken; or without the hope that history may yet do justice on the memory of their author, and deal out ampler retribution for sins which were but half expiated by the blood of his unhappy son. The records of civilised life offer no other

instance of such pretensions amid a society of rational freemen. We have to turn for a parallel to the pestilential swamps of Africa, where one of those prodigious princes whom we bribe with rum and trinkets to assist us in suppressing the slave-trade lately announced to an English officer, 'God made me after His image; I am all the same 'as God; and He appointed me a king.' This was precisely James's creed; and after delivering it to his subjects in words exactly similar, he might be publicly seen of them, as Harrington describes him at the masque of Cecil, 'wallowing 'in beastly delights.'

But were all the masques of the reign like that? Do not we owe to other and more tasteful exhibitions some of the most exquisite products of Ben Jonson's genius? The fact may be true, and the taste continue more than doubtful. Without attempting to depreciate an entertainment which has given us the *Comus* of Milton, it is certain that these shows were as tasteless as they were extravagant; and it is not less certain, that, in an age remarkable for the grandest gathering of poetic genius that the universe had witnessed, Mr. Campion was a more popular masquer than Ben Jonson. In short, one really cannot discover any higher court-object in these celebrated masques than that of personal and not very decent display; or feel that Jonson's participation in them was other than the merest accident. Cardinal Bentivoglio seems to hit the point of the matter when he thus writes of the queen, for the information of the Roman court. 'She delights beyond 'measure in admiration and praises of her beauty, in which 'she has the vanity to think that she has no equal. Hence 'she makes public exhibitions of herself in a thousand ways, 'and with a thousand different inventions; and sometimes 'to so great an excess that it has been doubted which went 'furthest, the king in the ostentation of his learning, or the 'queen in the display of her beauty.' This is confirmed by a curious anecdote related by Osborne; who says he himself saw James one evening parting from the queen, and taking his leave at her coach side, 'by kissing her sufficiently to 'the middle of the shoulders; for so low she went bare,' he adds, 'all the days I had the fortune to know her; having

'a skin far more amiable than the features it covered, 'though not the disposition, in which report rendered her 'very debonair.' Other equally good witnesses confirm Bentivoglio's account. 'Her great passion is for balls and 'public entertainments, which she herself arranges, and 'which serve as a public theatre on which to display her 'grace and beauty.' For this she acted goddesses, negresses, and nereids, and displayed herself as the Indian princess or the Turkish sultana.

Thus she had arranged that pageant in Jonson's fine *Masque of Queens* wherein twelve ladies were exhibited sitting on a throne in the form of a pyramid, eleven of whom represented the highest and most heroical of queens that had ever existed, and the twelfth was Anne, *in propriâ personâ*, to whom the poor needy poet gives the name of Belanna, and who is unanimously chosen by the other queens to form the apex of their pyramid, as possessing in her single person all the virtues wherewith it had been the glory of each to be separately adorned! At the suggestion of her peculiar taste, too, Jonson introduced into his masque of *Blackness* twelve Ethiopian nymphs, daughters of the Niger, who have come all the way to Britain (as the country now begins to be called) in search of a wash to whiten their complexions, and who have nothing to do but shew their blackened negress-faces, and dance. Sir Dudley Carleton received an invitation to the latter masque, and one or two facts from his account of it may shew us what the thing generally was. This exhibition took place in the banqueting-house at Whitehall; and the first thing you saw on entering the room was a great engine at the lower end which had motion, and in which were the images of sea-horses with other terrible fishes, that were ridden by Moors. The indecorum was, adds sir Dudley, that there was all fish and no water. But now you saw near these harmless dragons a great shell in the form of a scallop, wherein were four benches; on the lowest of which sat the queen with my lady Bedford, while on the rest were placed the ladies Suffolk, Derby, Rich, Effingham, Ann Herbert, Susan Herbert, Elizabeth Howard, Walsingham, and Bevil.

'Their appearance was rich,' says sir Dudley, 'but too light 'and courtesan-like for such great ones. Instead of vizards, 'their faces and arms up to the elbows were painted black.' This specimen will be enough; though the close of sir Dudley's letter, and of the monstrous exhibition it describes, ought not to be omitted. 'The night's work was concluded 'with a banquet in the great chamber, which was so furi- 'ously assaulted that down went the tables and tressels 'before one bit was touched.' Another letter-writer of the time enables us to complete this picture of lumbering and ill-arranged profuseness, of tasteless yet almost barbaric extravagance. 'The show is put off till Sunday, by reason 'all things are not ready. Whatever the device may be, 'and what success they may have in their dancing, yet you 'should have been sure to have seen great riches in jewels, 'when one lady, and that under a baroness, is said to be 'furnished for better than a hundred thousand pounds. 'And the Lady Arabella goes beyond her; and the queen 'must not come behind.'

Nevertheless, let it be said of even such entertainments as these, that the occasions which for the most part they commemorated deserved yet more degrading celebration. The two marriages of lady Frances Howard, for example, pollute the memory of every thing and every one connected with them. Seven years after the queen and court had been dragged to the unseemly nuptials of two children of twelve and fourteen (Frances Howard and the earl of Essex), brought about by the king's desire, and celebrated by the poetry of Jonson; the same party were assembled to that marriage of the same Frances Howard, now divorced from lord Essex, with her notorious paramour Carr, the new-created earl of Somerset, which had for its poets Francis Bacon and Mr. Campion, and for its sequel, in less than three years, a trial in Westminster Hall, and the conviction of both bride and bridegroom as attainted murderers. The story of the rise and career of Carr, and his connexion with James, will not bear other than very casual allusion in these pages. With the death of Cecil in 1612 the king lost a restraint that had perhaps unconsciously interposed itself

as a check to his lusts of favouritism; for though the Ramsays, Hays, Humes, and Marrs, had managed very successfully to fatten on his weakness and vices, it is not till Cecil has disappeared that we get sight of the Somersets and Buckinghams. Carr was a poor but handsome young Scotchman, 'straight-limbed, well-favoured, strong-shoul-'dered, and smooth-faced,' when the king's eye fell upon him. He attended him at his rooms in illness, taught him Latin, made him within a few weeks a knight, a lord-treasurer, a viscount, a knight of the garter, and an earl; and taught the highest nobles of his court to veil their coronets before him, and its best-born and most handsome women to cater for his smiles. When Carr and the king appeared together, according to lord Thomas Howard, the king was to be seen leaning on his arm, pinching his cheek, smoothing his ruffled garment, and, while directing his discourse to divers others, still looking at Carr. He beggared the best to enrich him; and when the wife of Raleigh knelt at his feet to implore him not to make destitute the hero he had imprisoned, James spurned her from him with the words, 'I mun ha' the land! I mun ha' it for Carr!' On the eve of Carr's disgrace, and when they were about to part for ever, the king is described, by one who was present, to have hung lolling about his neck and slabbered his cheeks with kisses, 'at the stayres' head, at the middle of 'the stayres, and at the stayres' foot.' Nor, when the reign of the wretched minion was over, did the exhibition of his power with the sovereign cease. His life was spared, though a convicted murderer; and though his offices were taken from him, he received a pension of 4000*l.* a-year. Who can doubt that he was master of a secret which affected James's honour?

But what, meanwhile, was the opinion of their ruler becoming prevalent among the English people? An intelligent foreigner will describe it for us. 'Consider, for pity's 'sake,' says M. de Beaumont in one of his despatches, 'what must be the state and condition of a prince, whom 'the preachers publicly from the pulpit assail; whom the 'comedians of the metropolis covertly bring upon the stage;

'whose wife attends these representations in order to enjoy 'the laugh against her husband; whom the parliament 'braves and despises; and who is universally hated by the 'whole people.' The Frenchman's great master, Henri, shortly before he fell by the hand of an assassin, had spoken of the effects of such contempt when directed against the person of a sovereign, as marvellous and horrible; and in this case also they proved so, though in another generation from his who had made himself so thoroughly despicable. 'Audacious language,' pursues M. de Beaumont, 'offensive 'pictures, calumnious pamphlets, these usual forerunners of 'civil war, are common here, and are symptoms doubly 'strong of the bitter temper of men's minds; because in this 'country men are in general better regulated, or by the 'good administration of justice are more kept within the 'sphere of their duties.' Be it in justice added that the assertion in the same despatches that the queen had been using all her efforts to corrupt the mind of the prince by flattering his passions, and diverting him from his studies and exercises, out of contempt to his father, does not appear to be well founded. An heir apparent, in truth, wants no such teaching. From the experience of all history, we may call it his normal state to be in full opposition to the sovereign. The extravagant recklessness of James, who, before the prince was twelve years old, had surrounded him with an establishment more than sufficient for a sovereign, gave in this instance more effect to the hostility; but in itself it was only natural. As James's cowardly instincts were all for peace, Henry's flushed forth into passionate eagerness for war. As James lived upon the sight of Carr, Henry hated him so bitterly that the favourite was charged, and upon no mean evidence, with the prince's premature death. As James imprisoned Raleigh and laughed at his pursuits, Henry visited him in his prison, proclaimed every where sympathy and admiration for him, got him to write upon subjects in which he was interested and carried him materials for his *History of the World*. 'What!' was James's frequent comment on this wilful independence of his heir; 'will he bury me alive?' That, apart from what his position induced, however, the

prince had also worthy dispositions, all authorities seem to agree; and without doubting that the popular regret for his death was hyperbolical, and found vent in the bewailing of expectations that would never have been realised, it is as little possible to question that mere ordinary accomplishments, however high the rank that recommended them, could not have moved so general and so sincere a sorrow. Raleigh wept for him as his only friend; Drayton and Sylvester, whom he had pensioned, had good reason to mourn for him; Browne, Donne, and Ben Jonson made pathetic tributes to his virtues; Heywood and Webster offered earnest elegies; and old Chapman bewails in the prince his 'most dear and heroical patron.' The only disrespect to his memory was evinced by his father. 'His majesty,' says the prince's chamberlain, 'being unwilling and unable to stay so near the gates of sorrow, removed to Theobalds to wait there the event.' In other words, he never visited his son on his death-bed. Nor was this all. He forbade the wearing of court-mourning; and had the indecency, within three days after the death, to direct sir Thomas Edmondes at Paris to continue to negotiate poor Henry's marriage-treaty, only substituting the name of Charles. It requires great charity to believe that James disapproved of the crime imputed to Somerset, even though himself no party to it.

The queen, on the other hand, is said to have shed bitter tears; but to have found relief in the preparations and masquings that soon after began, for celebrating the marriage of her daughter with the count palatine of Bohemia. Elizabeth and Charles were now her only children. Two daughters had been born to her since her arrival in England (on the 7th April 1605, and the 22d June 1606), but both, after being christened respectively Mary and Sophia, had died in infancy. With this exception, and a suspected but very innocent flirtation with the young lord Herbert of Cherbury, her life presents few things more that are noticeable. Its general tenor of business and entertainment has been very fully presented to the reader. To offer more details would be to run the same circle of court-occu-

pation, conversation, and amusement. She had an illness soon after her daughter's marriage in 1613, and went to the waters at Bath. But she is next and speedily heard of, assisting at one of Campion's masques at Caversham, the seat of lord Knollys; 'vouchsafing to make herself the 'head of the revels, and graciously adorning the place with 'her personal dancing.' Perhaps the only festivity in her reign that she would not as willingly and graciously have adorned, was the septuagenarian old Howard of Effingham's marriage with his young wife of nineteen. She had a spite against the lady; and, in a letter which is no bad specimen of her liveliness, laughed at the king for his meddling to bring about such a wedding. 'I humbly desire your ma-'jesty to tell me how I should keep this secret, that have 'already told it, and shall tell it to as many as I speak 'with. If I were a poet, I would make a song of it, and 'sing it to the tune of *three fools well met.*'

Rarely were the latter years of her life, however, ruffled by even such differences as these with her husband. The new favourite himself she would seem to have tolerated, and lived on kindly terms with. Archbishop Abbott tells us, indeed, that it was she who had introduced Villiers to James, though reluctantly, and at the king's suggestion; obeying, in short, a new stroke of royal cunning. 'He would not now,' says the archbishop, 'admit any to nearness about himself, 'but such a one as the queen should commend to him, 'and make some suit in that behalf; in order that, if the 'queen afterwards, being ill-entreated, should complain of 'this *dear one*, he might make his answer, "It is come of '"yourself, for you were the party that commended him unto '"me."' Be this as it may, no violent dissensions seem in this case to have come between man and wife and the *dear one*. They are a very happy family party, and call each other names that betoken a delightful and unmisgiving familiarity. Villiers soared far beyond Somerset in corrupt rapacity as well as in grasping ambition: but the queen esteemed him her 'watchful dog,' her 'kind dog,' her 'faithful dog,' who is watchful and alert to prevent the 'sow' transgressing, the sow being the king; and when, in obedience to her

desire, he has 'pulled the king's ear till it was long as any 'sow's,' his majesty being at the same time informed that his dog has been commanded to make his ears hang like a sow's lug, she thanks him for 'lugging the sow's eare,' and tells him she will 'treat him better than any other dog.' The king himself calls Villiers, now marquis of Buckingham, not only his dog, but his dog Steenie; because he says his face is only to be compared to that of a saint with a glory round it, and there is exactly such a painted face of saint Stephen at Whitehall. He wears Steenie's picture under his waistcoat, near his heart; Steenie's white teeth, he says, continually shine upon him; and to Steenie he not unusually commences his letters 'Blessing, blessing, bless-'ing on thy heart's roots!'

But here the curtain falls on scenes and actors which have already perhaps detained the reader too long. The queen wrote the last letter preserved of her correspondence in October 1618. It was addressed to the marquis of Buckingham. 'My kind dog,' it ran, 'if I have any power 'or credit with you, I pray you let me have a trial of it at 'this time, in dealing sincerely and earnestly with the king, 'that sir Walter Raleigh's life may not be called in ques-'tion. If you do it, so that the success answer my expec-'tation, assure yourself that I will take it extraordinarily 'kindly at your hands.' We are not sorry thus to part from Anne of Denmark, though her well-meant intercession failed, alike with Buckingham and his master. Within a month after Raleigh's death, at the close of 1618, she was struck with the illness that proved fatal to her; and on the second of the following March, she died at Hampton Court of dropsy, in the forty-third year of her age.

Her death was lamented as premature and sudden; but it saved her from witnessing many family sorrows, which her memory might have embittered by connecting with many family sins.

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